BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1936

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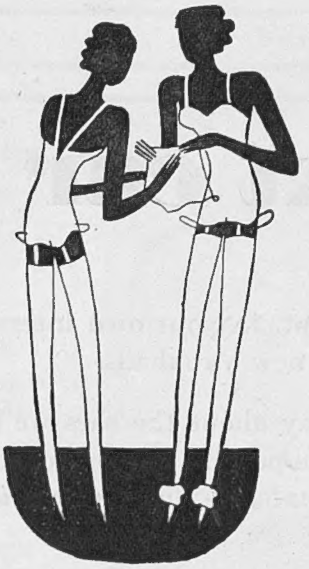

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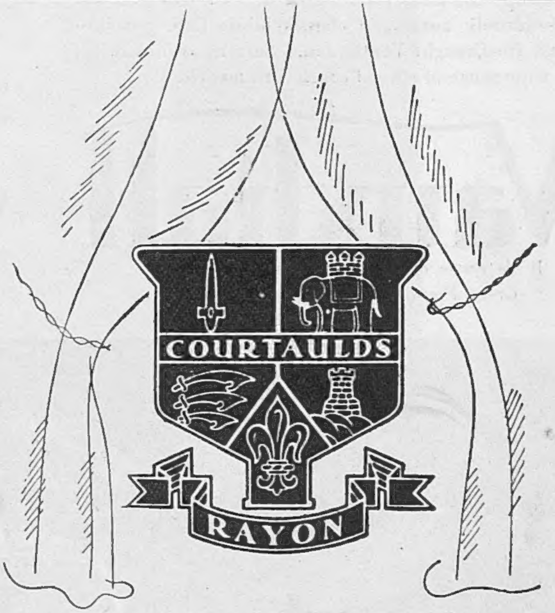

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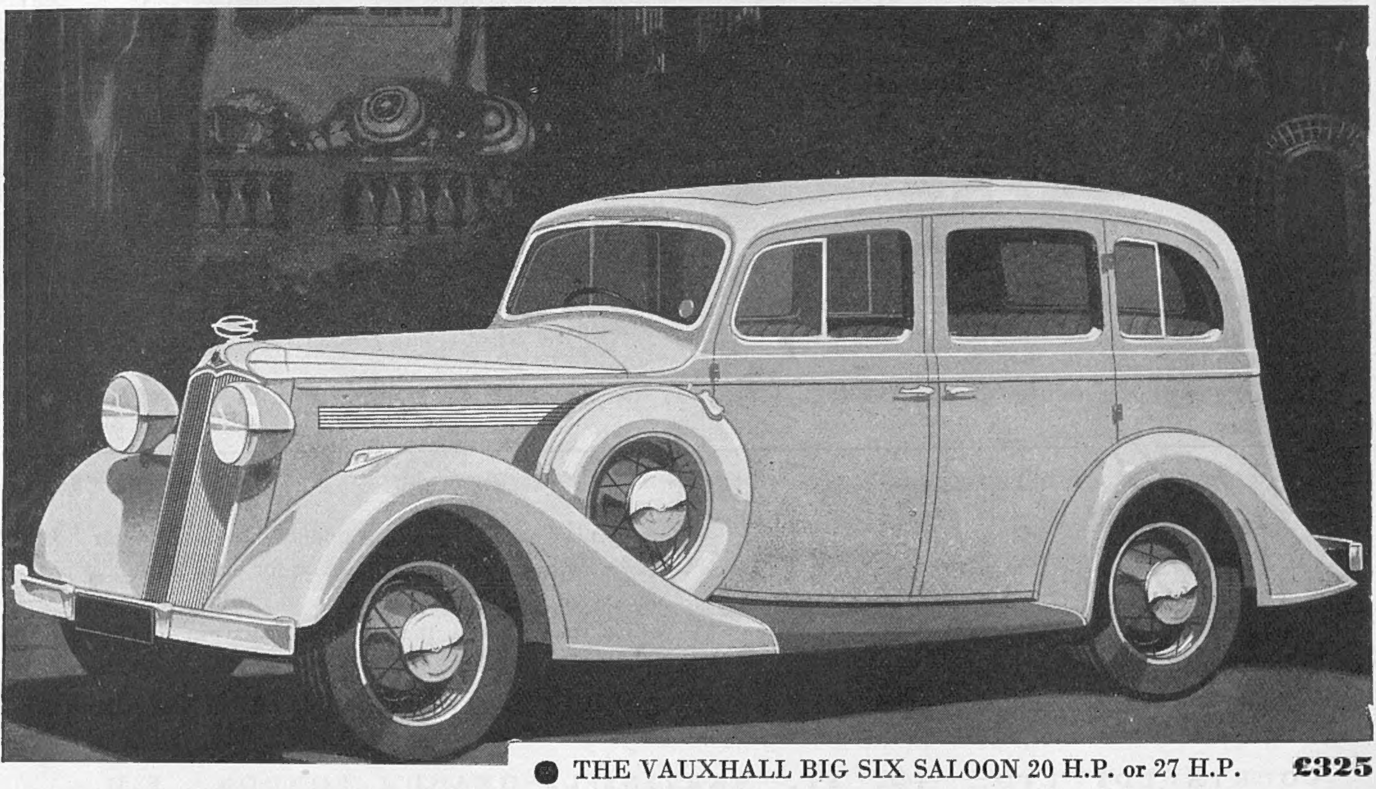

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 12, No. 3. MARCH, 1936

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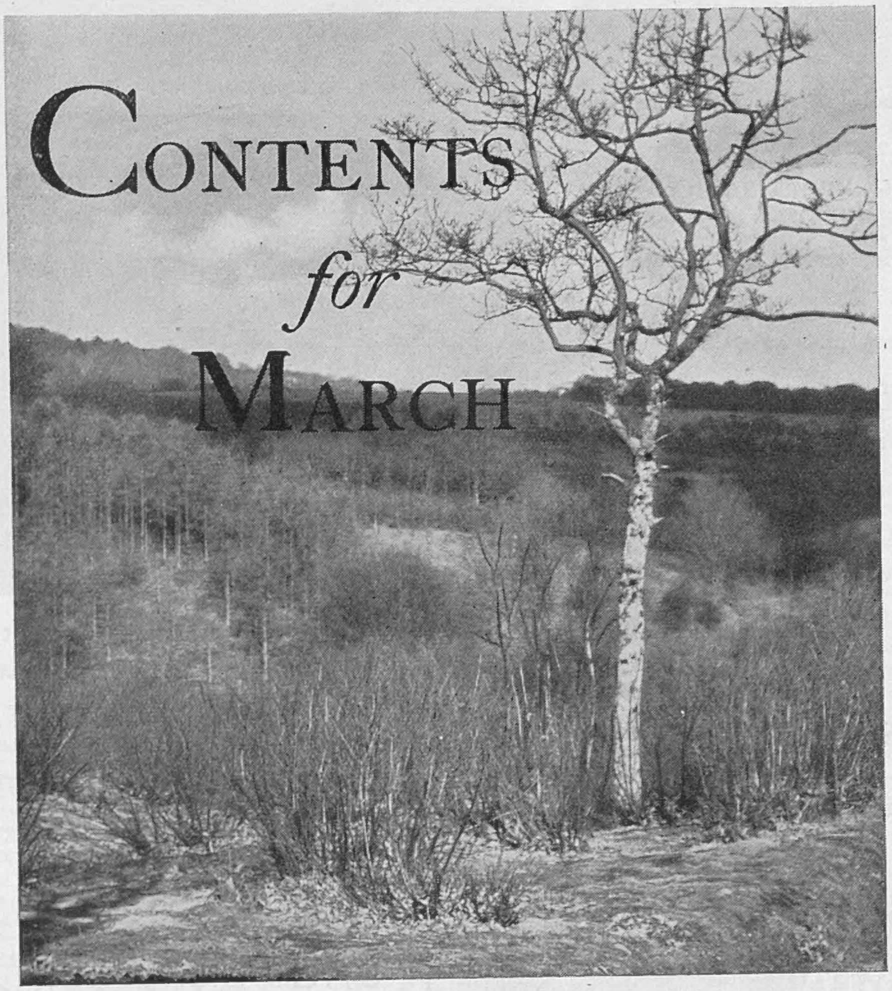

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 144. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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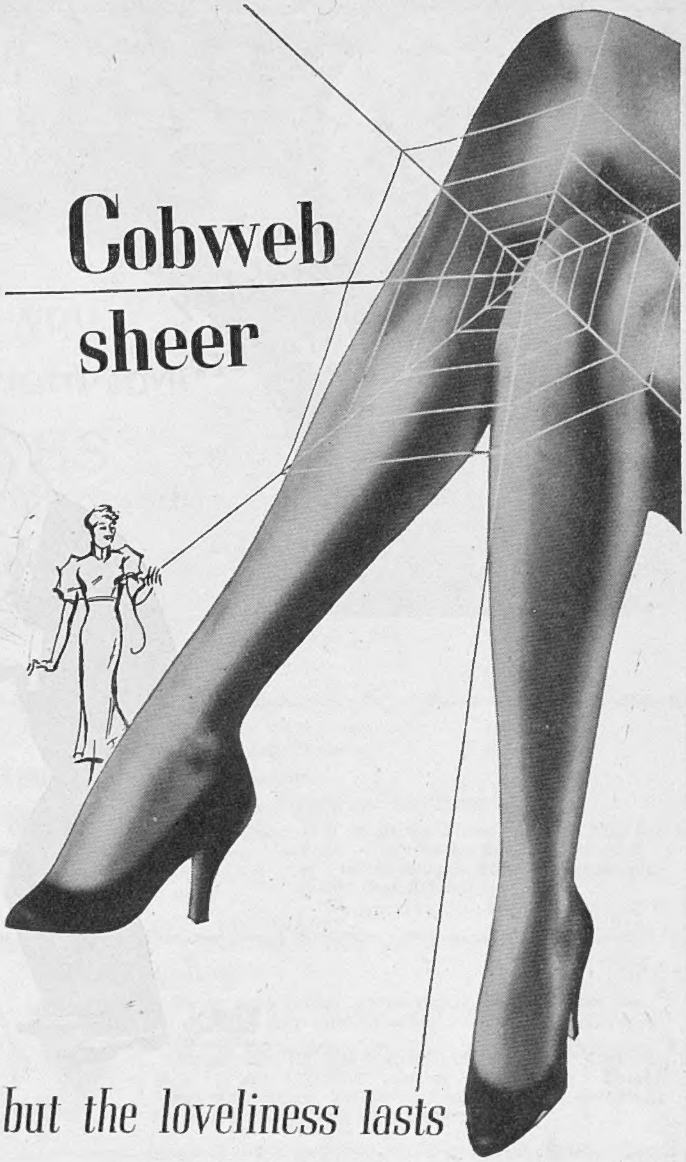

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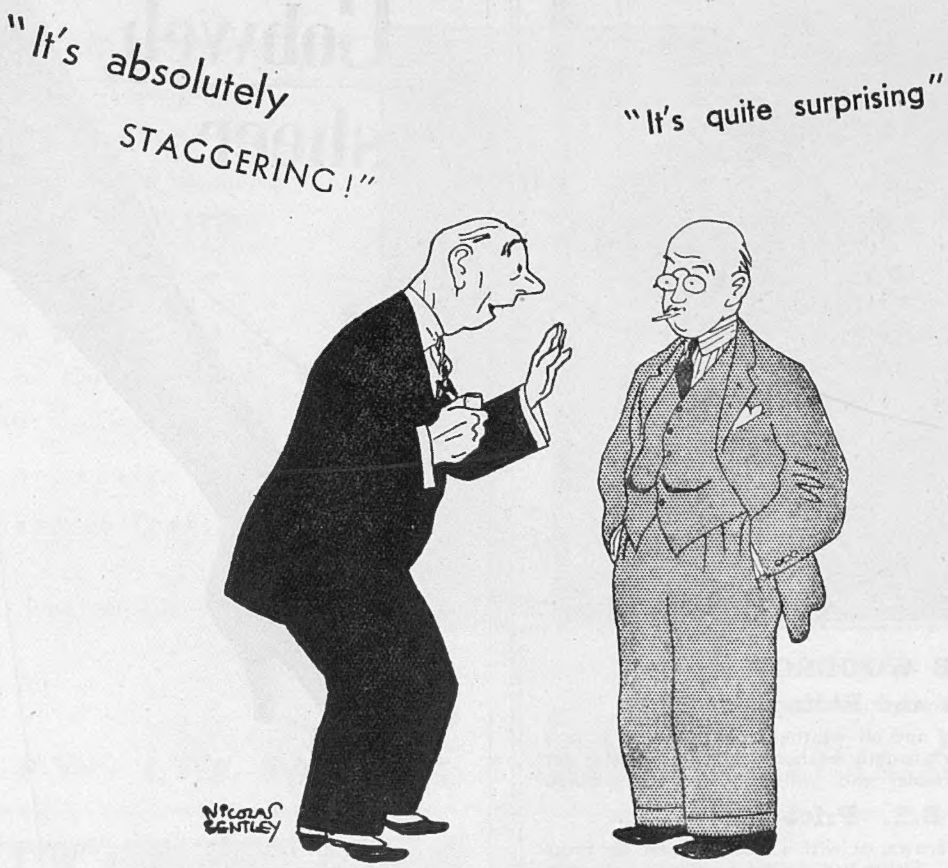
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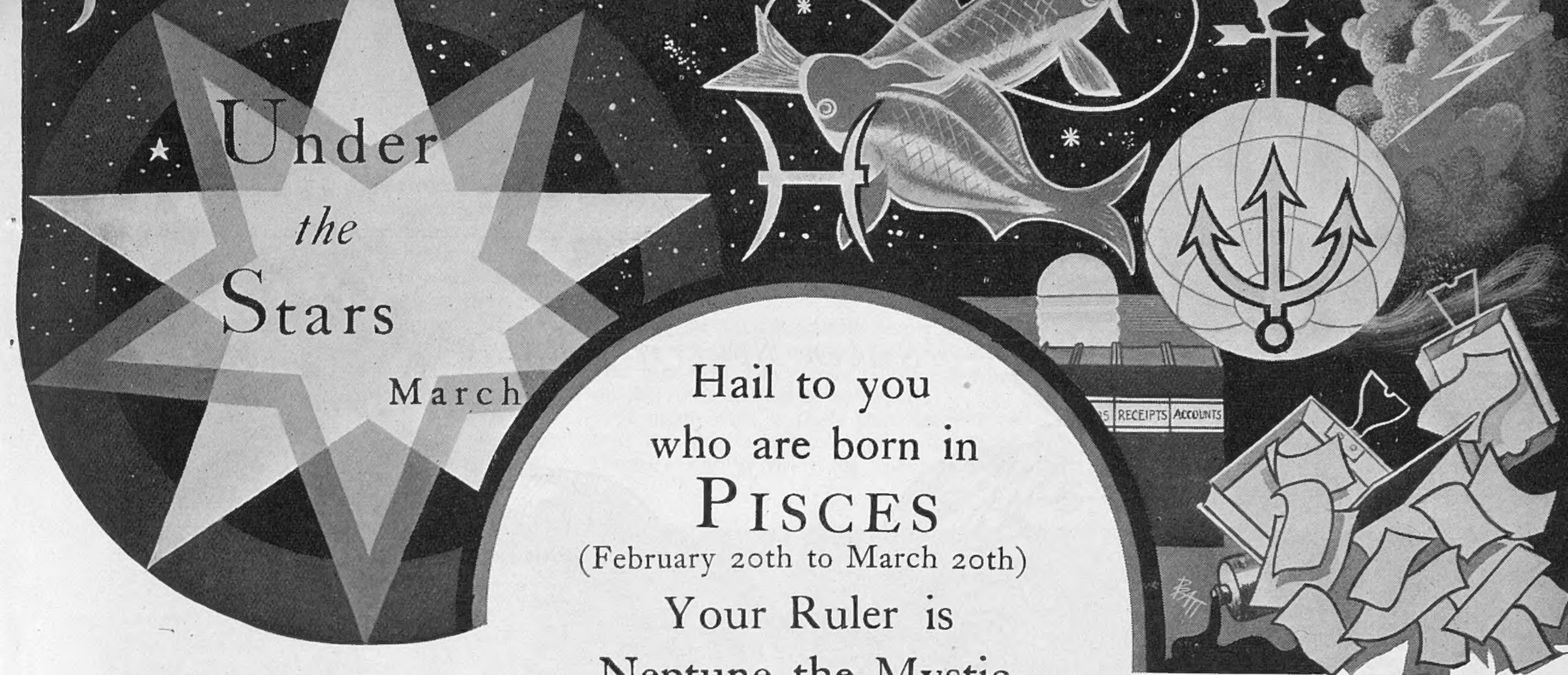


Under the Stars

March

Hail to you who are born in PISCES

(February 20th to March 20th)

Your Ruler is Neptune the Mystic

WAYWARD, elusive, provoking . . . . yet always captivating Children of Pisces. The sum total of human strength and weakness seems to have been packed into your sign.

Paradoxical in your ways, you have enough audacity to stop the world—and often bring those in your own world to a standstill—only to abandon control and your objective in a moment of misgiving.

Method, in you, vies with confusion: Despotism with slackness; frugality with spending; indolence with industry; self-sacrifice with self-indulgence; and gaiety is more than usually close to tears.

Yet you appear to be balanced. Give your opinion with authority; incline to lecture, and your views carry conviction, until the listener hears you state the contrary as fluently.

The symbol of Pisces is two fishes on a line pulling in opposite directions. "Bundles of inconsistencies tied by the cord of discontent," says one astrologer. But I think the trouble lies in the extreme reflectiveness of your sign. For you mirror your surroundings like water, now bright, then sullen; calm, then swiftly troubled. Consequently, the example of others powerfully moulds your thoughts and habits.

Born among conventional people, you will be conventional; among workers, a busy bee; among idlers—driftwood.

The admiration of your fellows is sun to your spirit. Alas! that your strongest motive is frequently to excite, and personal loss is as nothing if you can cause sensation. Hence, instances of orthodox, prim, little Pisces housewives, being taken once to a night club, to become night queens for ever after.

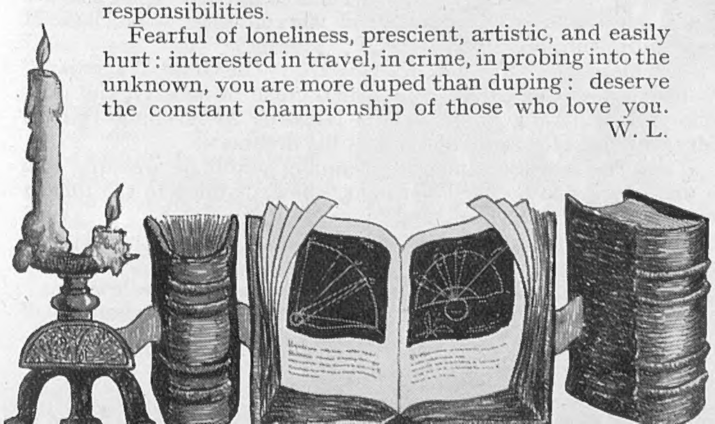
Yet those who can rise above the inherent weaknesses of this sign, who can withstand setbacks and disillusion and, most of all, bear pain—to which Pisces is supersensitive—easily become the leaders of mankind.

Michael Angelo and Epstein in Art. In astronomy, Copernicus—who discovered in the early 1500's that the earth went round the sun—in physics, Einstein. David Livingstone, the missionary explorer; Ibsen, the dramatist; our water diviners and leading psychics are all born in Pisces.

Even the least conspicuous among you are intriguing; possess rare charm and understanding; make capital hosts, diverting companions and tender friends, who willingly endure heavy burdens if entrusted with another's responsibilities.

Fearful of loneliness, prescient, artistic, and easily hurt: interested in travel, in crime, in probing into the unknown, you are more duped than duping: deserve the constant championship of those who love you.

W. L.



THURSDAY
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LUCKY DAY: Thursday.

STONE: Sapphire.

NUMBERS: Three, Six and Nine.

Characteristic: Few go to the Pisces-born for help in vain. They have a psychic divination, yet, oddly enough, are loyal to people rather than to ideas.

HEALTH

Never very robust, grows stronger as the years wear on. Potentially tubercular and susceptible to all types of infection.

Pisces rules the feet and lymphatic glands. Expect ailments and accidents affecting these parts. Never stand in the damp. Temperance in all things is essential, so banish drugs and intoxicants.

MARRIAGE

Unions are sympathetic rather than passionate, and often spring from some close bond of companionship during a period of distress.

Marriage is greatly desired, but the inborn restlessness of Pisces demands many interests, so married life should not be confined, isolated or restricted. You are best mated with those born in Cancer (June 22 to July 22), the home-makers. Or Scorpio (October 24 to November 21), who will either prove your ruin or salvation.

CAREERS

Almost any vocation is suitable if a tendency to drift and become a slave to feelings can be avoided. Astronomy and physics; art; the stage; the sea; geology and natural history research, and the Church, giving most happiness.

Women make excellent nurses, matrons, and manageresses: most capable housekeepers, and can well fill any position where they have to minister to the needs of others.

Fortunate periods: 21 to 28—for the outlet of talents—and 49 to 56, for enjoying the fruits of endeavour.

CHILDREN

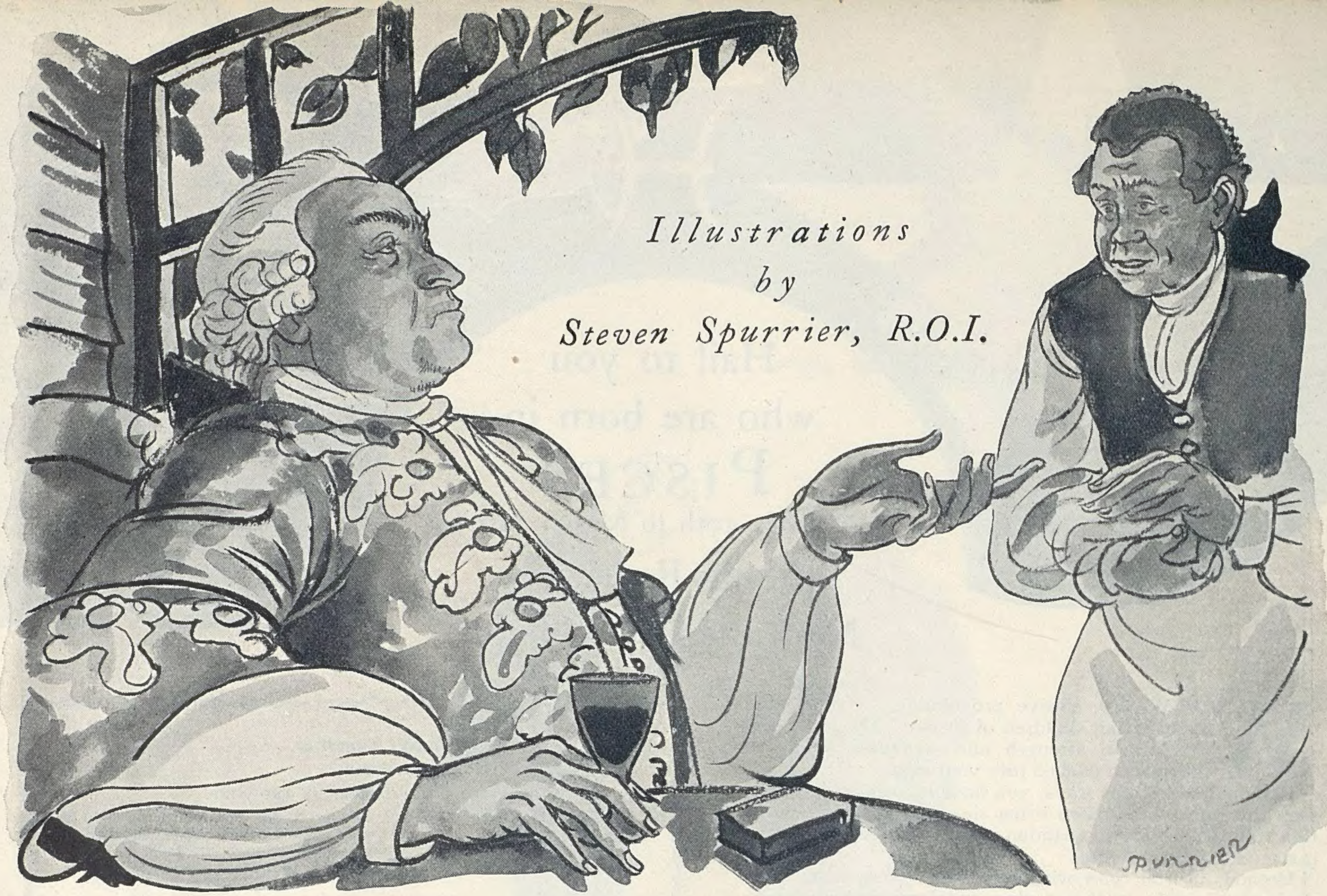
Are unexpectedly strong-willed, independent, magnetic and generous. Plug them with stories of adventure and heroism, taking care to keep their emotions in check and develop their practical side.

The lungs need watching between the ages of 14 and 21; so do the morals. A streak of morbidity is inherent, so pay attention to the rooms in which these children sleep—they need plenty of light and air—do not tell ghost stories or threaten them.

SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR

Alas! it seems almost certain that you will suffer to become wise. Look after your health. An illness, a parting, a delay or disappointment is likely to try those born between February 22 and March 17.

Those with birthdays between February 20 and March 1 may look forward to signs of office favour, or contact with those in power.



Illustrations
by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

Gentleman of the Road

Another adventure of Mr. Clarence Howard, "The Great Tragedian," in which he plays the rôle of Knight Errant

By Richard Keverne

FAINTLY, through the still hot afternoon, the sound of church bells came over the ripe cornfields to Mr. Clarence Howard's ears. Mr. Howard checked, his glass half-raised, to listen.

It was cool there in the arbour of the inn garden, and the wine was good. Mr. Howard quaffed his madeira and gave himself up to a teasing melancholy. Church bells often affected him in that way.

They called to some deep chord of memory. As Mr. Clarence Howard gazed through puffy eyes at the golden wheat, shimmering in the summer heat, his mind was far away. Mr. Howard had gone back through the years to a great house in Suffolk and a small boy who loved to dream the summer hours through in just such fields—only they were of barley there. And of a little church beyond, to which the small boy was taken with much pomp and ceremony to sit in a capacious pew, like a room, and dream, through seemingly endless preachments, of dead and gone men and women of his own name whose monuments met his eyes wherever he looked.

Sometimes he wondered what they would write of him when his own monument came to be placed with the others, as he was certain that it would be some day. Mr. Clarence Howard smiled unconsciously as he recalled those dreams.

It was a bitter smile, as though something hurt, and he smiled that none but himself should know it. Aye—what would they write of him? Even his name was not the same now. No scutcheoned monument of his would ever burden those sombre walls; yet if it did—— Some of the bitterness vanished from the heavy-jowled face as in mind he wrote his own epitaph.

There should be no ponderous Latin phrases to tell his imagined virtues. He would have it read quite simply:

"In Memory of Mr. Clarence Howard: The Great Tragedian."

The distant peal stopped in a final crash of melody, and only one lone bell rang on to hasten laggards to Evening Prayer. Mr. Clarence Howard came out of his dreams.

"Sentiment! Sentiment! Damme, you'll be weeping like a maid betrayed by her lover next," he exclaimed to the lifeless air, then his great voice rose.

"Hey, landlord!" he called. "Bring me another bottle, and see to it, you rogue, 'tis from the same bin."

An obsequious landlord came hurrying across the lawn.

"At once, your honour; at once. Aye, and it shall be of the same. There's no bad wine at the Wheatsheaf, but you'll travel far afore you'll find a madeira to equal my green seal. I'll warrant it——"

Mr. Clarence Howard answered testily:

"I' God's name, man, stop your babbling and fetch the wine. I've a tongue of my own that will better warrant its quality—when I taste it. See to it, man, see to it. And see to it that my mare's ready in twenty minutes. I've a journey ahead and I mistrust this brazen sky; there's a tempest coming out of it before long."

"Your honour's servant."

The landlord scurried off in no way perturbed by Mr. Howard's sharp tone. For he knew his portly patron, and it was a grand thing for the little Wheatsheaf to entertain so distinguished a guest.

Had not the flybills been plastered all over the countryside for weeks past telling that Mr. Clarence Howard with his Company of Comedians—From the Principal Theatres of London, Dublin, York and Edinburgh—was opening a short season at Saxonbury Theatre on the morrow? The landlord shouted brisk orders to his gaping servants as though he were the Great Tragedian himself, while Mr. Clarence Howard grew fretful in the arbour, for the last faint puff of breeze had died away and the air had become stifling, and instead of church bells a far-off roll of thunder came to him over the parched fields.

Yet when the wine came Mr. Howard's mood grew lighter.

"Aye—a sound wine, a generous wine!" he soliloquised, sniffing its rich bouquet as he drank, and the six long miles to Saxonbury seemed to dwindle with the contents of the bottle.

Mr. Clarence Howard lurched slightly when at length he rose, but he was in high good humour.

"Nay, nay, my good fellow," he responded to the landlord's admonitions, "I have affairs of moment that will not wait for all the tempests of your leaden sky. Like Ajax, I must defy the lightning. Know ye Ajax, landlord? A stout-hearted scamp—although, egad! I'd be hard put to it to tell much of him an the truth be told. Still—I undertake the rôle. You see Mr. Clarence Howard, the Great Tragedian, in his first appearance as Ajax, on this or any other stage." Mr. Howard bowed in stately fashion. "You are privileged, fellow. You are privileged," he added, thickly.

There was a glaze in the puffy eyes, a trembling of the hands as he gathered the reins. Mr. Clarence Howard was rather drunk.

YET he sat his saddle firmly enough once he was mounted, and the storm, which caught him a bare couple of miles on the road, helped to sober him.

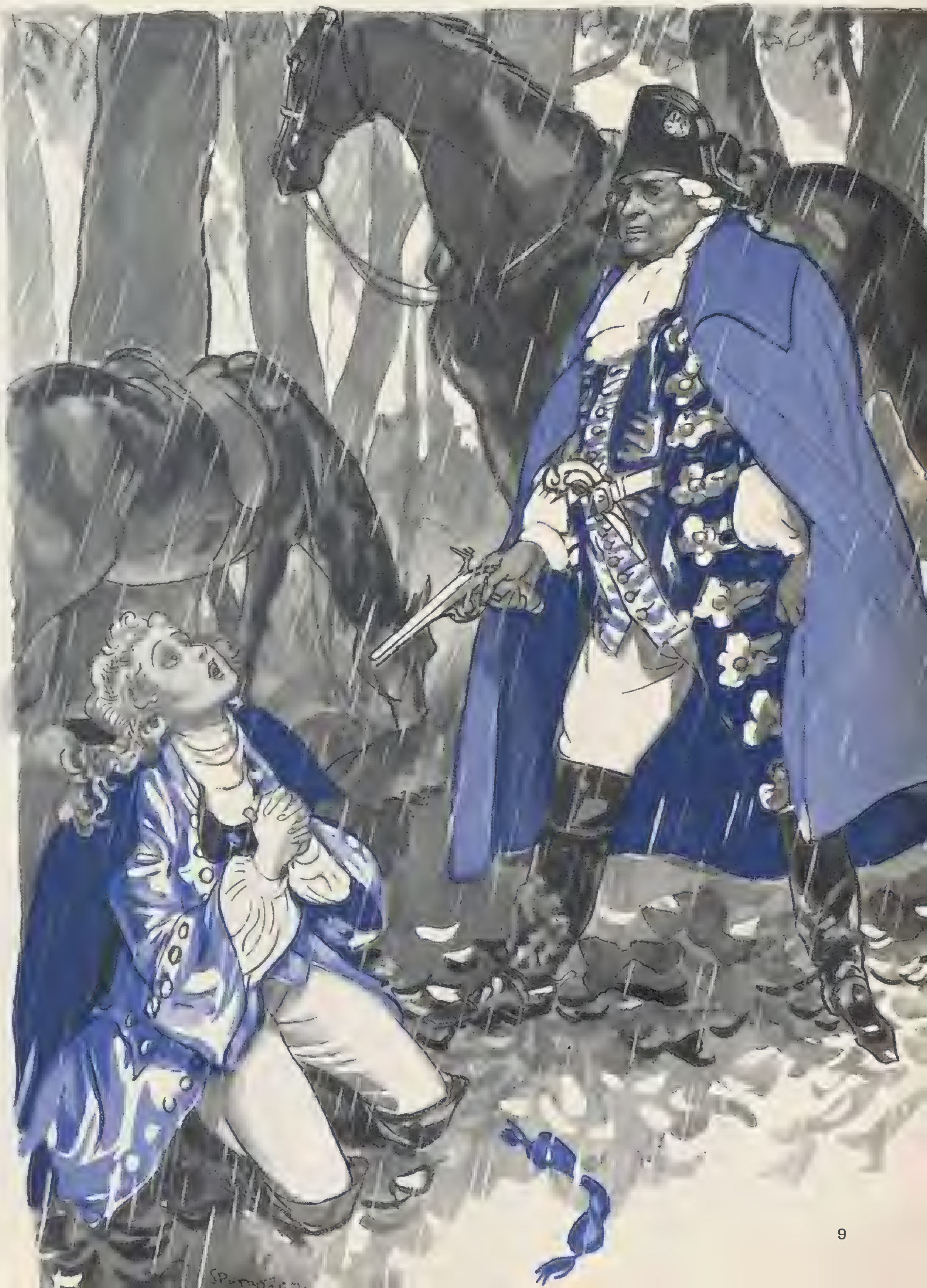
It came with a flash that seemed to tear the sky, and hard on it a crash of thunder and a drive of ice-cold rain. The mare shied. Mr. Howard leaned forward to pat her neck and comfort her.

"Nay, nay, Bess," he said, softly, "'tis nothing to Ajax and his steed. 'Tis but play-acting, old lady. Steady, Bess."

The mare whinnied, as though she understood the jest, and Mr. Howard pulled his long riding cloak about him, crammed his hat more firmly over his eyes and looked about for shelter.

It was a bare upland road that he was on, with never a house in sight, and but for a lone clump of beeches ahead never a hope of protection from the angry storm. Mr. Howard urged the mare to a canter.

They came to the trees in a torrent of



"'TIS a sorry end for any man." Mr. Howard stooped suddenly and whipped the fellow's hat from his head. "And worse for a maid," he added in a voice of doom, for it was a girl's frightened eyes that stared up at him from beneath a mop of fair hair that had fallen in disorder about her pale face

rain that blinded. Mr. Howard pulled up panting, and shook the moisture from his sodden hat. Then he laughed, patting his mare's neck once more: "Eh, Bess, 'i faith 'twas a poor interpretation of the rôle. We must do better, old lady, or give up the part. An audience would hiss us from the stage, and rightly, for a gutless Ajax who would not even defy the rain. But—eh? Egad! We have an audience, Bess."

Mr. Howard's eyes had caught a movement far back in the trees. The mare's head went up. Then through the tall, silvery boles a horseman approached. Mr. Howard stared uneasily as he saw more clearly. The rider was cloaked and muffled to the eyes. A high, firm voice rang out: "Stand!"

Mr. Howard looked into the muzzle of a great horse-pistol.

MR. HOWARD sat motionless as the horseman drew nearer.

"I stand, fellow," he answered, and eyed the man with apprehension.

Of his face he could see little save a pair of clear eyes, suggestive more of a stripling than of a hard-bitten Gentleman of the Road. A dark, loose riding-cape hung from his shoulders. There was something dandified about the man despite his careful disguise.

Mr. Howard inclined his head.

"And what would you with me, sir?" he demanded.

"I would your purse or your life. 'Tis the one or both. And, by God! no dallying; do, your life is forfeit. I mean business. Damme, sir—no dallying."

The fellow pressed closer, his pistol, none too steady, but a couple of feet from Mr. Howard's chest.

Mr. Clarence Howard never winced. He sat his horse like a statue, though his bushy eyebrows lifted suddenly. That queer turn of phrase: "Do, your life is forfeit," was familiar to his ears. 'Twas good Suffolk.

"I be wholly stammed," he answered swiftly, and that was good Suffolk, too, and he saw his man start. "Eh, lad, but you have the advantage of me, and Mr. Clarence Howard is no mean man of business. Take you his purse and leave him his life. I' faith, 'tis the better bargain—for Mr. Clarence Howard. Who steals his purse steals trash——" Mr. Howard's voice rang out in noble cadence. "Some thirty guineas of trash," he added, "and he counts his life worth more than that—aye, much more than that."

The muffled man let out an oath that sounded oddly futile, uttered in such youthful tones.

"Damme, sir, deliver, I tell you; deliver and cease your cackling. I care naught for your bargains. Your purse, and quickly," he finished, "or your life will not be worth a groat."

Mr. Howard shrugged his broad shoulders in resignation.

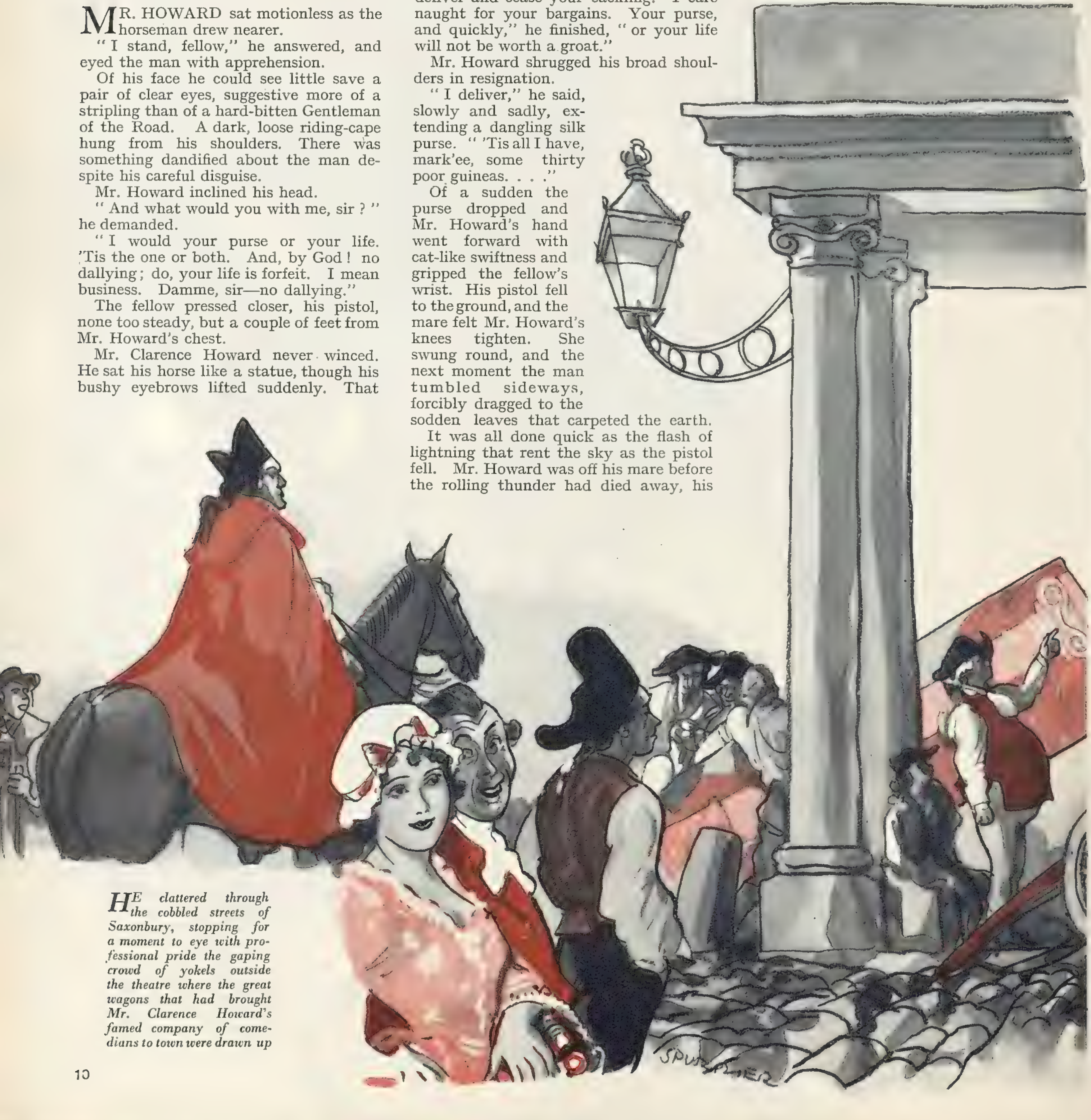
"I deliver," he said, slowly and sadly, extending a dangling silk purse. "'Tis all I have, mark'ee, some thirty poor guineas. . . ."

Of a sudden the purse dropped and Mr. Howard's hand went forward with cat-like swiftness and gripped the fellow's wrist. His pistol fell to the ground, and the mare felt Mr. Howard's knees tighten. She swung round, and the next moment the man tumbled sideways, forcibly dragged to the sodden leaves that carpeted the earth.

It was all done quick as the flash of lightning that rent the sky as the pistol fell. Mr. Howard was off his mare before the rolling thunder had died away, his own pistol out, aimed straight at the cowering figure on the ground.

"Such are the strange vicissitudes of fortune," he said dramatically. "Ponder it, fellow. 'Tis an example of the mutability of human life, which I, alas! have too often had occasion to experience. Power is but the chance of the moment: 'twas yours, 'tis mine, maybe 'twill be yours again—but not unless Mr. Clarence Howard be as big a fool as you, sir." Mr. Howard's voice grew sterner, and he spoke with impatience.

"'Twas a pitiable performance, pitiable! What call you yourself, rogue? Gentleman of the Road? Egad! You shame the profession! But 'tis all one, they'll hang ye just as carefully as if ye'd taken a thousand purses and robbed every mail on the North Road. The law



HE clattered through the cobbled streets of Saxonbury, stopping for a moment to eye with professional pride the gaping crowd of yokels outside the theatre where the great wagons that had brought Mr. Clarence Howard's famed company of comedians to town were drawn up makes no distinctions; a highway rogue is a highway rogue, and a gibbet's a gibbet, and the one fits the other as a glove the hand."

Mr. Howard waited for some response, but none came. The slim figure, prone at his feet, moved restlessly but answered nothing.

Mr. Howard frowned.

"Have ye ever thought of the gibbet, my little sucking Turpin? Have ye ever thought of it? They'll drag you to it on a hurdle with all the rabble of the countryside jeering as you pass." Mr. Howard's voice sank to an eerie whisper, each slow, sibilant word of which came clearly and distinct. "And they'll hang ye high as Haman. And leave you to swing and rot—till the crows pick your bones white—to swing and rot and chatter in the wind."

"Oh, my God! Stop! Stop, I beg you."

The answer came at last, and Mr. Howard smiled grimly.

"To swing and rot," he repeated deliberately. "'Tis a sorry end for any man." Mr. Howard stooped suddenly and whipped the fellow's hat from his head. "And worse for a maid," he added, in a voice of doom, for it was a girl's frightened eyes that stared up at him from beneath a mop of fair hair that had fallen in disorder about her pale face.

MR. HOWARD regarded the girl curiously for some moments.

"'Twas as I thought," he murmured, then with exaggerated gesture he bowed low.

"Madam, whom has Mr. Clarence Howard the honour to address?" he demanded gravely.

"I'll not tell you that," she answered, in sullen defiance.

Mr. Howard bowed again.

"Then I may not press the matter: 'twould be uncivil," he said. "Yet I'd count it a favour an you'd relent. There are many women, madam, who in his long life have tried to rob Mr. Clarence Howard. And most have succeeded—aye, most have succeeded." Mr. Howard smiled bleakly. "But they used women's weapons—tears and smiles and cajoleries, and lies and false promises and flattery. Never before has one done him the honour to bid him stand at the pistol's muzzle. 'Tis a new experience. Madam, I would thank you for it."

The girl had scrambled to her feet and was brushing the fair hair impatiently from her eyes.

"What are you going to do to me?" she asked in a dull way.

"Mr. Clarence Howard is at your service, madam," he responded gallantly.

"You are cruel. You're mocking me. You mean to give me to the constable to—to——"

"Nay, madam," Mr. Howard broke in, raising a hand in protestation. "You have but to command me."

"You lie."

"A man would die for that," said Mr. Howard shortly.

"Then prove it."

Mr. Howard inclined his head. "What would you have me do?" he asked.

"Shoot me, now. Kill me. 'Tis that I command. Or give me the pistol and I'll kill myself."

Mr. Howard looked straight into her grey eyes. There was life in them now, and fire. Though the girl's lips quivered, her voice was steady. Mr. Howard shook his head.

"I lied, madam," he said sadly.

She broke out in passion: "I knew it. You were but making sport of me. You'd have me hang."

Mr. Howard stopped her with an impatient gesture.

"Madam, 'i faith 'twould seem ye are so set on death that I can be of no service to you." He stooped and picked up his purse from the ground where it still lay. "Rather would I help you to live, but a woman will ever have her own way. Die an you will, or live an you will, but first permit me to obey one of your behests. Though you'll not accept Mr. Clarence Howard's service, pray allow him to deliver his purse." Mr. Howard bowed low.

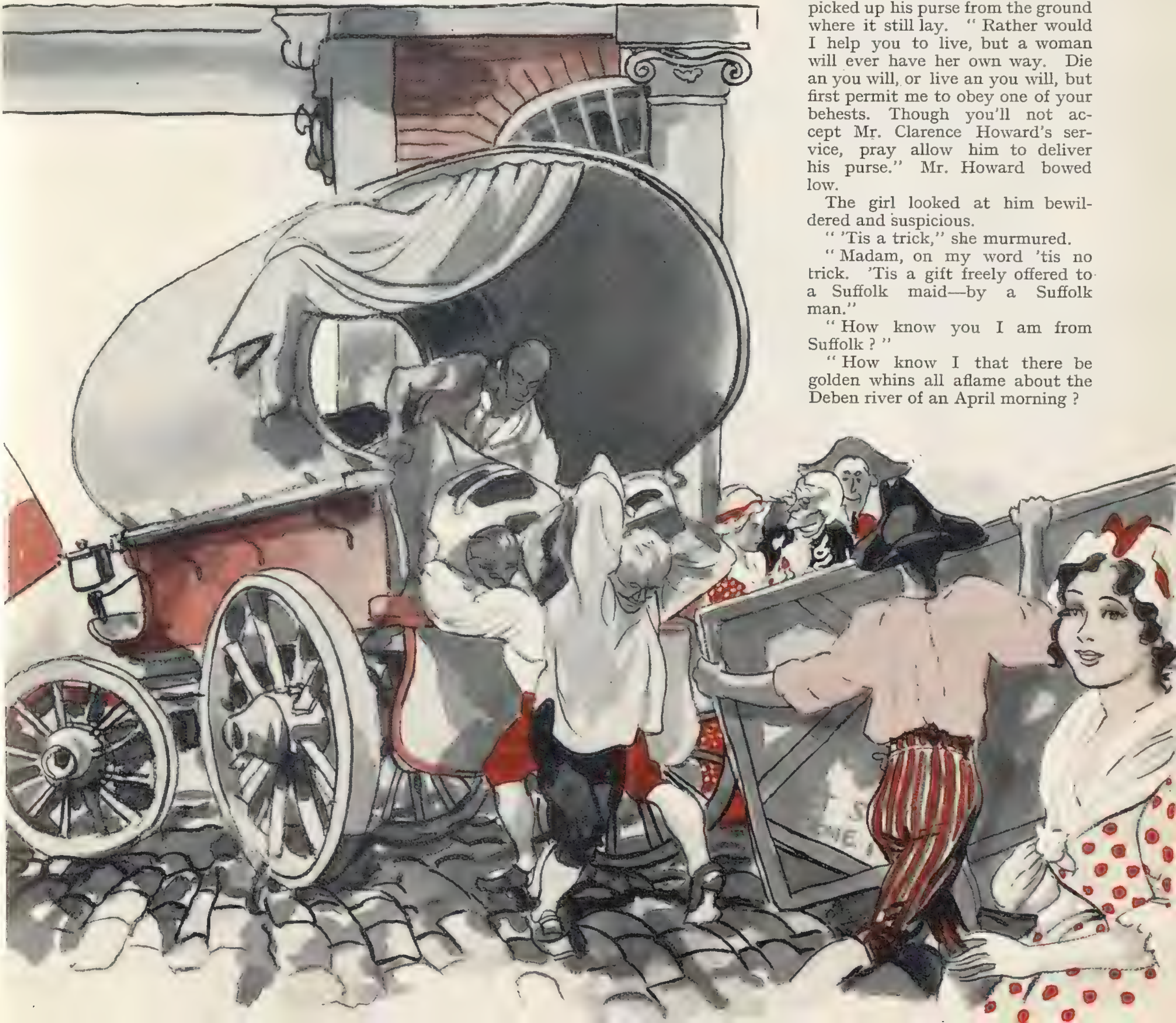
The girl looked at him bewildered and suspicious.

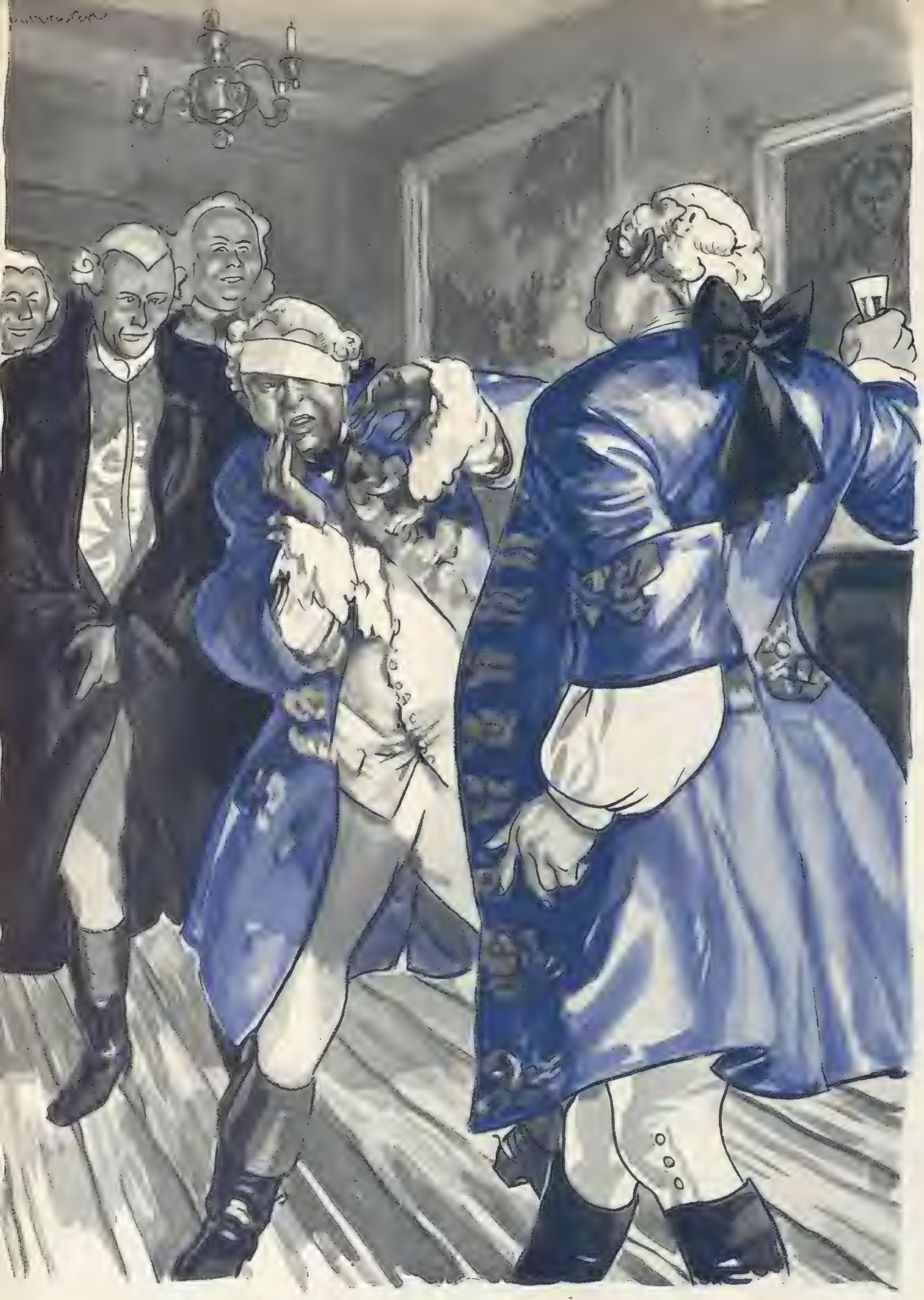
"'Tis a trick," she murmured.

"Madam, on my word 'tis no trick. 'Tis a gift freely offered to a Suffolk maid—by a Suffolk man."

"How know you I am from Suffolk?"

"How know I that there be golden whins all aflame about the Deben river of an April morning?





MR. HOWARD strode back and faced the man. His voice was low, yet each word came with eerie distinctness

How know I the purple of the ling on Wansden Walks, and the way the channel twists and twines by Iken churchyard? And the mud flats that gleam like burnished pewter in an autumn sunset, and the grey hansaws that fish by the edge of the tide? How know I Orford Castle and Wickham steeple and the lazy cattle on the lazy marshes, and the starving wind that comes with the spring? . . ." Mr. Howard's deep voice rose and fell melodiously. Into his puffy eyes had come a strange, eager light, for it was not all play-acting. "Do I not know my Suffolk? How then should I not know a Suffolk maid?"

She gazed at him through wide, wondering eyes as he spoke. It was more than the trick of the theatre that held her enthralled; there was a something else, a something that Mr. Clarence Howard hardly knew was there, a note of hunger.

"'Tis my home," she whispered, so faintly that he could scarce hear the words.

"'Twas mine," he answered softly.

And then her hard-kept control snapped. Of a sudden the tears came flooding to her eyes and she wept as though her heart would break.

Mr. Howard placed a kindly hand upon her trembling shoulder.

"What's your trouble, Suffolk lass?" he asked. "Tell it to a friend and 'tis half mended already."

"'Tis past all mending," she answered defiantly. "I only wish that I were dead."

Mr. Howard shook his head slowly, and an odd smile glinted in his puffy eyes.

"Nay, nay, lass; not dead," he answered, as though he spoke to console a frightened child. "'Tis a cold and irksome business to be dead. Aye and a strange, mysterious business too—have I not pondered it often! While ye live there's naught so bad but can be patched up somehow." He shrugged his broad shoulders. "But there's no mending once you're dead. 'Tis so final. The curtain down—forever."

"Sir, I say 'tis past all mending," she repeated. "I have killed a man—I fear. Nay, I hope," she added, with sudden heat. "Such a man should not live."

Mr. Howard's heavy face hardened.

"How now?" he ripped out. "You've killed a man? How was it?"

"I will not tell, sir," she answered, and then, woman-like, she told, her head down bent, half hidden in an arm that rested on the bole of a great beech tree, while the storm rumbled away over the hills, and the lines in Mr. Clarence Howard's heavy-jowled face grew deeper as he listened.

For it was the age-old tale of a knave and a maid, and the maid at the knave's mercy.

SUE MARJORAM, her name was, a tenant farmer's daughter, educated above her station, and for close on a twelvemonth past tire-woman to Sir Roger Frant's lady at Croyston Hall, a mile or so from Saxonbury. And of Sir Roger she spoke with loathing.

"Oh, sir, he was a very evil man," she said, as she told her pitiable story. "And yet he seemed all kindliness at first. But any woman should have known that fine gentlemen are not kind to poor maids for naught."

Mr. Howard nodded.

"Aye, 'tis the truth," he murmured. "He pestered you, eh?"

"Sir, he drove me frantic. And 'twas so vile of him with his own lady ill in the house, and me her maid. What could I do, sir?"

"Aye, what could you do?" Mr. Howard echoed gravely. "But 'tis what did you do, Sue?"

She met his gaze fearlessly.

"Sir, I am an honest woman," she answered proudly. "I would have none of his gifts and none of his attentions."

Mr. Howard bowed with dignity.

"I believe you," he said simply.

The girl talked on wildly, heedlessly, as though the very telling of her sorrows brought relief, and into her tale of human baseness Mr. Howard could read every vile trick of seduction—the ceaseless temptation, the threats, the cajolery, the slimy promises.

"But could you not have hinted your troubles to my Lady?" he broke in. "I'll wager such a story would have been no news to her——"

"Sir, I did. I could endure it no longer. I went to her only this morning to beg her to send me away, but Sir Roger swore to her that I was lying and sought to blame him for an intrigue he vowed he had discovered me in with Martin, the groom. And my Lady believed him. And I was to be turned out from the house like a common drab. But, sir, I would not wait for that shame, I ran away. I was crazed. But Sir Roger rode after me. He overtook me a mile from the house and laid hands on me. He vowed to drag me back and have me whipped, for I was bound in service to my Lady and 'tis the law, he said."

Mr. Howard nodded.

"Aye, 'tis the law, though a plaguey bad one," he agreed. "And you resisted him?"

"I was mad. We struggled, and I struck him with his own riding crop—I had to——"

"Ye struck him, Sue?" The grim lines in Mr. Howard's face relaxed for a moment. "That was fine of you——"

"And I think I killed him. He lay there on the ground with the blood on his face before I knew what I had done. And then I was in terror, sir. I took his cape and his hat and I rode off. And the madness grew in me. I was penniless and I thought to take a purse to help me on my way——"

"And where was your way?" Mr. Howard's voice was stern. He stared moodily at her, amazed at her frank story, stroking his heavy, dark jowl and frowning.

"To London, sir. There is one there who would help me could I but find her. She is my old mistress. She would understand."

Mr. Howard roused.

"Aye, lass, she might understand, but could she help? To steal a horse is bad enough, but to kill a man? Who is this old mistress of yours, Sue?"

"She is my Lady Parham, sir. Mistress Gelia Wayne that was——"

"What!" Mr. Howard's word rang out like a pistol shot. "What know you of Mistress Celia Wayne?"

The girl shrank back in alarm.

"Why, sir, I served her as waiting woman. She was my Lord Lavenham's ward—his brother's daughter—the wicked brother, Mr. Geoffrey's, who died——"

Mr. Howard winced. A flash of pain showed in the puffy eyes and a sudden hardness of expression came to his face. Then he laughed harshly.

"The wicked brother—aye, I recall the story now. A knave like your Sir Roger Frant, I've heard."

"So 'tis said, sir."

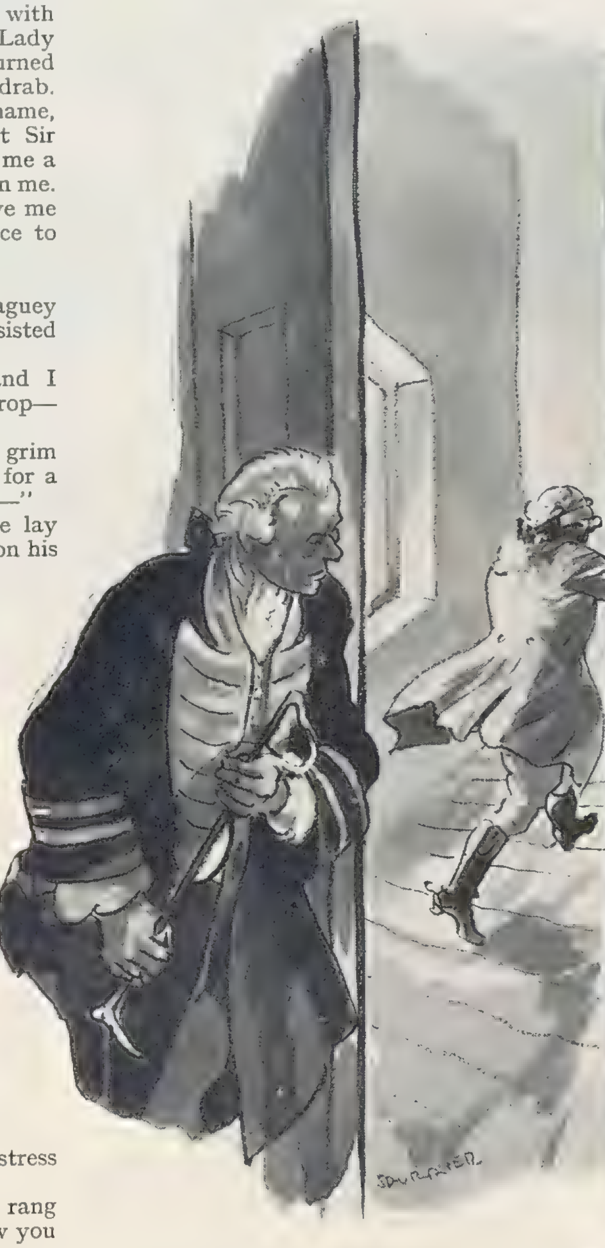
"And rightly, I doubt not. But tell me, child, how came you to serve my Lord Lavenham's ward—this Mistress Celia Wayne?"

"'Tis my Lord's land that my father farms, sir," she answered, "and we have always served at Wayne Hall. My mother served the old lord, and her mother before her. 'Twas she was nurse to my Lord and his brother."

Mr. Howard's voice sank low. There was a queer, yearning note in it as he asked: "And how was your mother's mother called, Sue? Caroline?"

The girl's face lit up with the first smile that had crossed it since their meeting.

"Why yes, sir; Caroline Stopher. You know? You knew my grandmother?" she exclaimed, eagerly.



SAM ANGEL pushed in at the door bearing Mr. Howard's riding crop. Sir Roger stared at it in terror, then turned and ran

Mr. Howard did not answer. For the second time that afternoon his mind had gone back to the small boy who had dreamed the hours away in Wayne church. That was forty years since, and the boy's name was Geoffrey Wayne and his nurse a plump, country woman, Caroline Stopher.

"You know her, sir—you knew my grandmother!" the girl exclaimed again.

Mr. Howard came out of his reverie.

"That's as it may be. Stophers and Marjorams, Buckles and Farrars, they're as thick as autumn leaves in Staverton woods, round Wayne. 'Tis of no moment. We deal with Sue Marjoram now. I must think what to do for her."

The fleeting, eager smile stripped from the girl's face.

"Alas! There is naught that you or anyone can do for her, sir," she said, despairingly.

Mr. Howard's great laugh rang out, in a carelessness that belied the heaviness of his heart.

"Eh? Eh? Eh?" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Nor man—nor woman—has said to Clarence Howard that there is naught that he can do but they lied. Egad, Sue! Get ye your spirit again. I'd have ye the wench that bid me deliver my purse or my life were not worth a groat. 'Fore God, lass: cease your croaking." His hand raised in solemn admonition. "A truce to all this talk of death or 'i faith you're like to get your wish. What have ye done? Struck a knave who molested you: well, let's hope he's dead, then he can't tell who struck him." Mr. Howard laughed again. "Or who took his horse and his cloak. Egad, 'tis that you did not kill him that I fear. But dead or alive, Mr. Howard will get you away, Sue. How now?—this old mistress of yours—my Lady Parham. She is in London, you say?"

The girl nodded.

"She is with Sir Richard at his mother's house in St. James's. 'Tis but a week since she wrote a letter to me—on my birthday——"

"By God! ye never had a better birthday present in all your days," Mr. Howard broke in. "Maybe 'twas a present of your life. Now listen, Sue. Take you my cloak——" He stripped his light riding cloak from his shoulders as he spoke. "Take you my hat, my purse, and take you my mare. But be good to Bess." Mr. Howard's voice softened as he turned to pat the horse at his side. "Be good to her, Sue. Of all her sex she's one that's never betrayed me yet. And ride ye to Mistress Celia. You should be with her to-morrow noon. And when you come to her, say that Mr. Clarence Howard, the Great Tragedian, presents his humble duty and begs her to help you—as he once helped her. You will remember?" Mr. Howard's heavy eyes fixed steadily upon the frightened girl.

"Aye, sir; I will remember: but I (*Continued on page* 134)

MISS GRACIE FIELDS, who is perhaps the most successful woman, as regards audiences and income, in the world

MISS MARTHA HARRIS, who studied the possibilities of the intelligent modern treatment of store window display and turned her knowledge to good account

(Below)
GLORIA, the famous mannequin, who has taken over the Press publicity department of one of London's leading stores

Modern Wo

MODERN woman has two faces. That is, of course, if you do not count the dull little masks of the pin-money ladies. . . .

There is the face of the Successful Woman of this twentieth century: serene and humorous. There is the other face that you will only see if you lift the lid from the seething cauldron of the struggle for bread and butter with occasional jam.

" Half a century of progress—nearly a quarter of a century of ' emancipation ' and what and WHOM have they got to show for it ? " growls the anti-feminist.

Who are the successful women whom we see to have prestige, power . . . cash, or all three ?

Take a quick, searching " cross-section" of the contemporary scene avoiding single stuntists, however spectacular, and casting a wide net to include the only woman Privy Councillor and the 24-year-old girl who gives luncheon parties of thirteen hundred people.

Meet, close-up, a red-haired woman who has burned her way to the heart of Parliament; meet a successful beauty who has dared develop her brains in commerce; hear the story of a famous international stateswoman who stood up to the evil vested interests of fifty-two nations—and two women who created careers in the newest profession of all. Meet a woman who earns round about ninety thousand a year: and a team of women who run a vital cancer research station on round about five thousand a year.

From these get your composite picture of the real modern woman . . . alert, cheerful, efficient and good looking. Forget the (probably mythical) " Elderly Colonel " whose picture of the Emanci-

MISS CHRISTINA FOYLE, who gives luncheon parties at which over one thousand people attend

A "Cross Section" of Successful Women, and the lid lifted from the World of the Underpaid

By Joan Woollcombe

DAME RACHEL CROWDY who, in her early thirties, was the first and only woman to be Head of a Section of the League of Nations

MRS. HAVINDEN, who to-day is a Director of the firm at which she started at the learner's desk

man has two Faces

Right:

THE Right Hon. Margaret Bondfield, the only woman to have been a Cabinet Minister and a Privy Councillor

Below:

ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P. and Trade Union Official

pated Female is composed of cocktails, lipstick, cigarettes and—lots of leg.

Meet, less seriously, two of the youngest, first . . . then come to the formidable company of the women who have stormed and conquered official positions and world-wide reputations.

You deserve (and get) shocks if you attempt to meet the most famous mannequin of recent years on the basis of beauty only. Meet "Gloria"—against her background of the Administration of the famous Store that dominates Oxford Street.

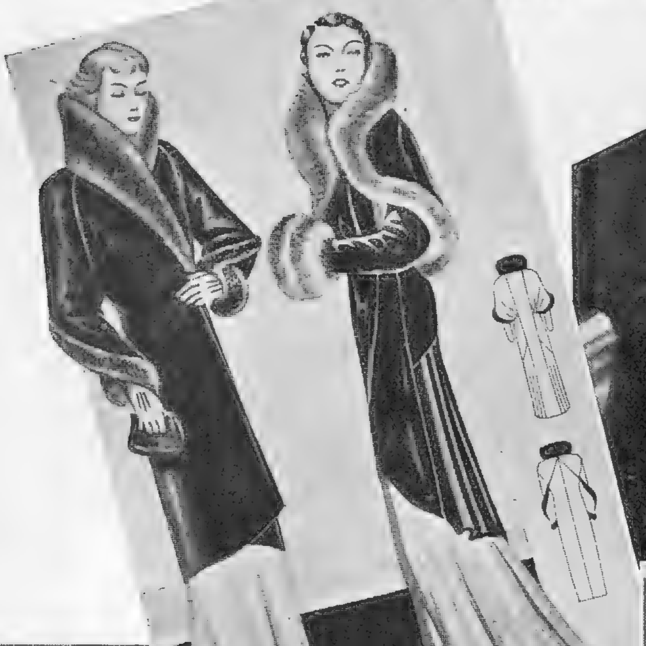
When first I met her I was, rather impertinently, interviewing a cross-section of moderns in respect of their reactions to . . . the Bible. I expected this famous beauty to be just about as intelligent as other beauties, less famous.

My second thoughts were not long in coming: "Gloria" came into her office looking like a spring morning—and talking like a Doctor of Divinity. After quite a short time I knew just where I got off—even though I had been (justifiably) proud of my knowledge of the Scriptures. When I asked her "Why do you know so much about the Bible?" she answered shortly, but quite sweetly, that "Life is a battle, anyway—and the Bible is the best battle-cry and the best comforter invented."

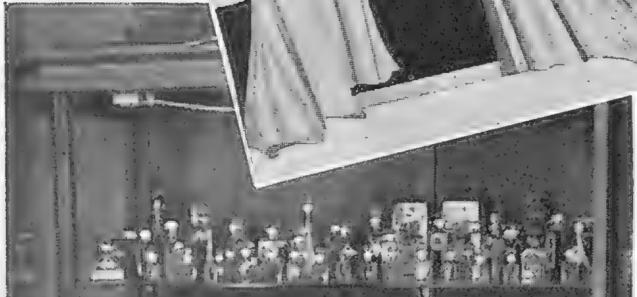
I met Gloria again, a few days back. She is still the soignée beauty, but she has added another chapter to the story; she has taken over the Press expert's chair of her Company. When this fell vacant she asked for, got, and has held it. She remains level-minded; she carries on with her fashion

(*Continued on page* 128)

"Comrade Natasha" returns to Womanhood



A PAGE reproduced from "Costume and Coat," a fashion paper published in Moscow



A WINDOW display of a Moscow perfumery shop, belonging to the State Trust Teshe. A large variety of face powders, lipstick, complexion creams, toilet waters, soaps and perfumes are shown. A lipstick can be purchased for fivepence

MANNEQUINS of the "Mozbeljo" women's Fashion Trust display new models for Moscow's women

A FASHION designer employed by the Moscvoshvey State Trust at work. He is seen adapting the styles from an English tailors' journal for Russians

Do you remember her photograph? We used to see it often in the papers. The Russian girl in leather jacket and high boots, a basque cap holding her short hair together, her features rather coarse, her smile displaying a set of strong and faultless teeth, but her hands clasping an iron rod. Comrade Natasha, female air ace, parachute jumper, taxi driver, tank commander, machine gunner, factory president, branch secretary of the Communist party of the U.S.S.R.

At times I wondered: How long will it all last? When will she revert to occupations more natural to her sex? When will she throw the greasy overall to her male companion, change into coloured silk dresses and put powder and lipstick on her face, where were now marks left by stray drops of motor oil?

WHEN WOULD COMRADE NATASHA RETURN TO WOMANHOOD?

Well, the time has come. But it is quite different from expectation. She has not given up her position in public life, nor has she left the factory. Her interest in the pleasant and more beautiful sides of life is breaking forth simultaneously.

Love is restored to its traditional rights, and romance is no longer sneered at. Family life is now strongly propagated in Russia, and the married are preferred to "unregistered couples." Having babies has almost become a national sport!

The perfume shops attain record sales, while the production of cosmetics rises sharply. Beauty parlours are opened up under the Soviet flag. Dancing is a craze.

On New Year's Eve fancy-dress balls were held all over the country, and

BRIGHTLY illuminated advertising kiosks contribute to the enlivenment at night of Moscow streets which looked dark and desolate five years ago

POSTERS on the walls of a large department store in Leningrad

"COMRADE NATASHA," who has returned to Womanhood

A more pleasant life, more comfort, more beauty, joy and gaiety. These are the slogans being used to-day in Soviet Russia

By Harry Speed

(who has recently returned from a tour through Soviet Russia)

the newspapers published illustrated reports showing the dancing couples just as you see in the society papers over here. Instead of speaking of Lady So-and-so or the Countess of So-and-so, the pictures were captioned: "Comrade Natasha, record-worker of the factory belonging to the Aerodynamic Institute, valsing with her husband, Comrade Ivan, best Brigadier in the assembling plant of the Ball-bearing Works, who has fulfilled his norms to 553% !"

FASHION journals, the possession of which was forbidden three years ago, are being printed and published, and dress-shops go in for impressive window displays. Foreign fashion designers are invited, and paid enormous sums, to create special types of modern toilettes suitable for Russia's women.

The latest and perhaps most vehement drive on which the Soviet propaganda machine has embarked is that for a more pleasant life."

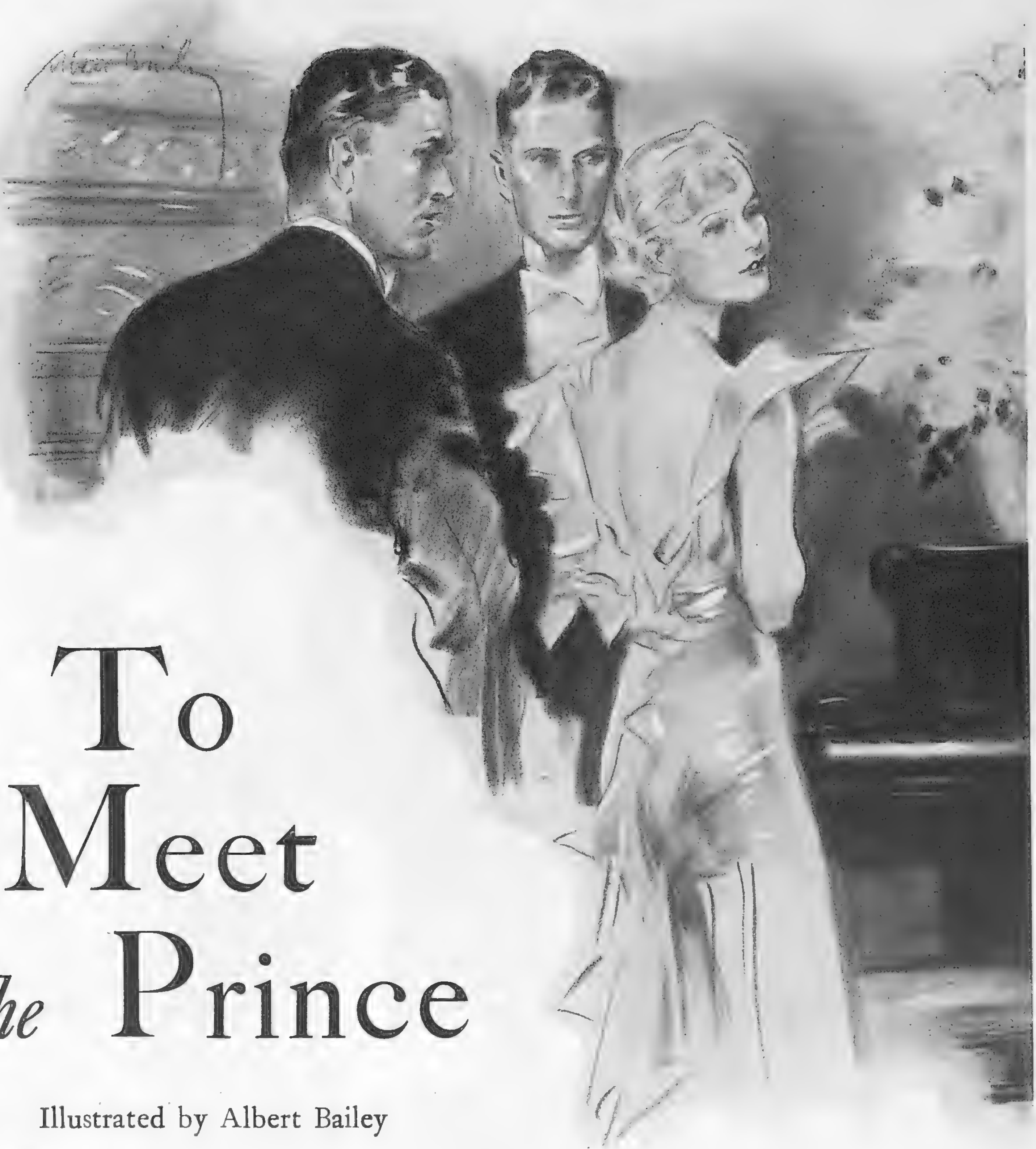
More comfort, the development of good and individual taste, beauty, joy and gaiety! These are the latest slogans which whip the popular mind into a new and forceful frenzy.

Stalin said: "Russia is vast and rich in natural resources. We want more people to populate and develop the country." With this request made through its highest exponent, the State has given itself into the hands of the women. Once they are called upon to fulfil their natural mission every accessory must be secured for them. Anything that makes them more beautiful and attractive, anything that will help them to inspire love and the urge to perpetuate one's bonds with them

(Continued on page 90)

RUSSIAN girls having a "perm." in a small State-owned beauty parlour in a new industrial town beyond the Ural Mountains

A MARRIAGE takes place in Red Russia. It takes five minutes, costs 2/6 and can just as easily be dissolved by mutual consent after suitable arrangements have been made for the children, if any, of the marriage



To Meet *the* Prince

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

"WHITE and purple flowers, the national colours of Moritzia," said Mrs. Durbin with smug satisfaction. "I'm sure His Highness will appreciate that compliment. Don't you think so, Monica ? "

Monica Grant did think so. It was her business to think as Mrs. Durbin did, to be a "yes girl" to this millionaire patroness between whom and herself was a frail link of distant relationship. Her business, too, as secretary-companion, to write the invitation cards for this, the most ambitious dinner-party Mrs. Durbin had ever attempted. A climber, Sophie Durbin, whose feet had at last reached that rung of the social ladder which entitled her to entertain a minor royalty.

"To meet H.S.H. Prince Rudolf of Moritzia," Monica was writing carefully on each stiff white card destined for her cousin's most desirable acquaintances, while Mrs. Durbin, savouring already the triumph which was bound to be hers in ten days' time, hindered her young amanuensis by voicing any culinary or floral inspiration which came to her.

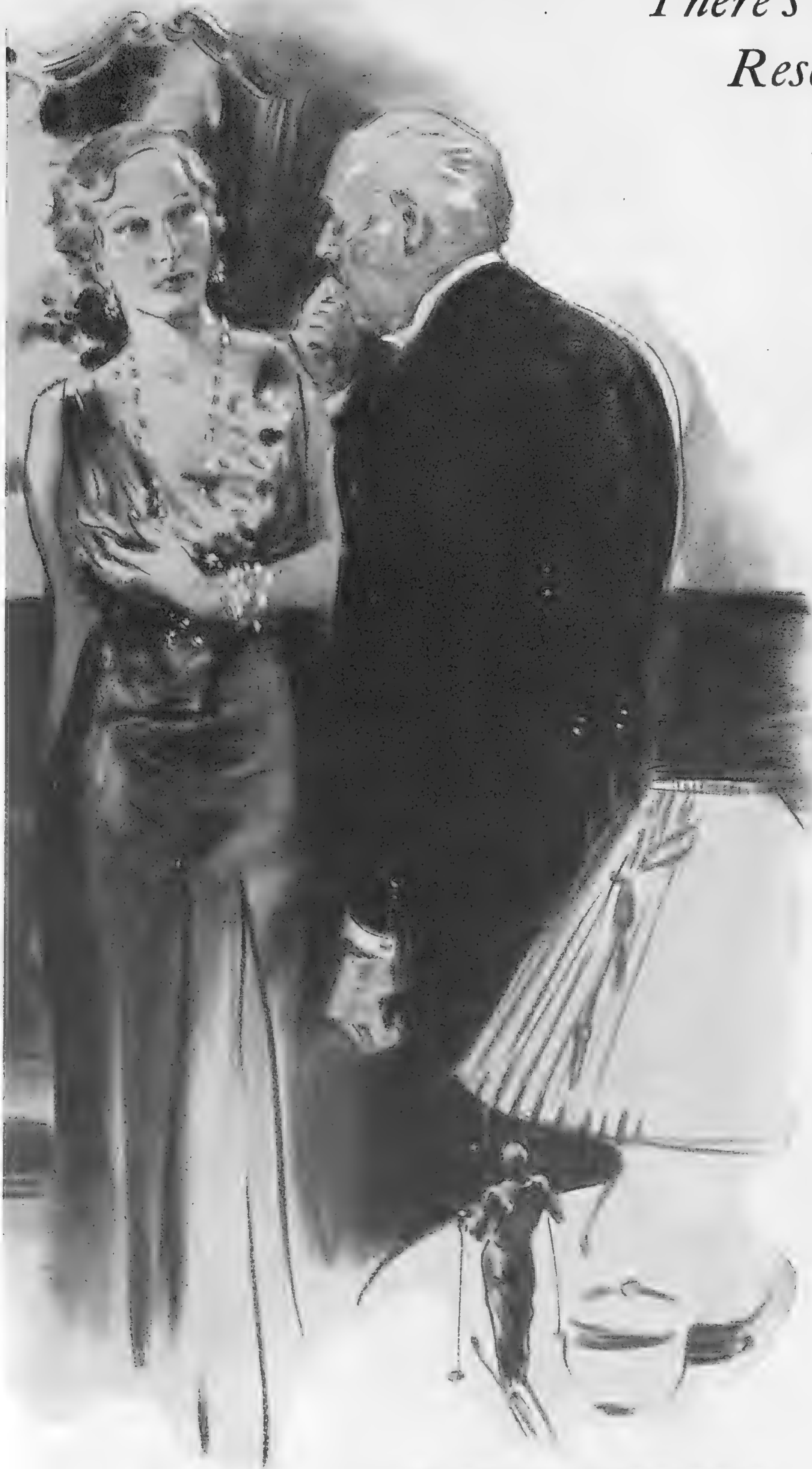
"Would His Highness, I wonder, prefer a sweet or a dry champagne ? "

It was evidently delightful to this daughter of a northern manufacturer to roll those two portentous words "His Highness" on her tongue. What matter if Moritzia was only a minute trans-Carpathian patch on the coloured map of Europe ? Its ruling house was authentically royal, even if its coffers had to be filled by hair-raisingly unorthodox loan operations on the Zurich market, and the heir to its uneasy throne so little known over here that he was willing to be fêted by a mere Mrs. Durbin, an acquaintance casually made at a small Austrian spa.

A prince was a prince, even if poor, and Mrs. Durbin had little doubt that her invitation would act as a tocsin, calling the faithful to their social rites, and that not one of the recipients of those expensive white cards would fail to respond to this glamorous invitation.

Lifting a bright head from her task, Monica answered the last question

There's nothing like Resource in a Social Dilemma



THE butler stepped across the intervening parquet and murmured to his mistress: "Two gentlemen downstairs enquiring for His Royal Highness on an urgent matter"

By Lady Troubridge

in a queer little embarrassed voice: "Adrian said that when he was in Moritzia on his holiday last year the champagne was terribly sweet."

"Adrian . . . ?" Mrs. Durbin's plucked eyebrows drew together.

"Adrian Venning," prompted Monica, in the same small, shy voice; because Adrian Venning, poor, obscure, an artist whose pictures nobody bought, was quite definitely and honourably her young man.

With an effort of memory Mrs. Durbin finally recalled the existence of this undistinguished person.

"Oh, yes. . . . Your friend. But no doubt he couldn't afford the best champagne."

"He drank it at other people's houses," said Monica a little stubbornly. "He painted pictures there, Cousin Sophie, and is having an exhibition of them next month at a gallery off Regent Street. They're lovely," she hurried on. "Great mountains with marvellous flowers growing wild, and rivers, and . . . and . . ."

But Mrs. Durbin palpably wasn't listening. Unknown artists who hungered for patronage and cheques for valueless pictures interested her as little as her obscure cousin's absurd love affair.

"The question is, what champagne they drink at the palace," she persisted. "Still, I'll take your hint and order it on the sweet side."

"You're a man short, Cousin Sophie." Monica had resumed the small, shy voice in which people ask favours. It was evident she had a man in mind to fill that vacant place, and Mrs. Durbin caught the message of those anxious blue eyes, that little falter in her voice. Interpreted these signs rightly.

"I hardly think, dear," she said suavely, "that your friend Mr. Venning would be quite . . . I mean, he might be embarrassed. These bohemians haven't always got the right clothes for a dinner of this sort."

And with a thin smile she returned to her study of the menu she held in one ringed hand.

"Sea trout . . .," she read out. "Or would lobster thermidor be better ?"

But quite obviously Monica didn't care. Those anxious blue eyes were emitting flashes of something very like indignation, and a violently pink colour had risen as far as her cheekbones.

"Adrian *has* got a dress suit, Cousin Sophie," she said chokingly; "and, after all, he does know Moritzia, which nobody else does. He'd be useful."

In her own mind she was thinking of Sir Moses Welberstein, the great art dealer and one of the invited guests, who could be uncommonly useful to Adrian, if he could only get this chance of meeting him. With all the energy and strength and vitality of her youth, she was willing Mrs. Durbin to ask him. But she knew her too well to appeal to anything so problematical as her good heart.

" He'll be useful. . . I know he will," she repeated doggedly. " He could talk to the Prince about his own country."

Mrs. Durbin's thin smile dismissed as obviously impossible any question of His Highness conversing with the obscure Adrian Venning. But she had not been blind to those blue flashes, and Monica herself was decidedly useful. No good putting her in a bad mood at this moment. Better allow Adrian Venning to be at the other end of the table, where he could talk quietly to Monica herself.

" Very well," she said without enthusiasm. " Ask this young man, if you wish ! "

" Oh, thank you, Cousin Sophie ! "

Monica drew the last of those impressive white cards towards her, writing the words, " To Meet H.S.H. Prince Rudolf of Moritzia " across the top with more satisfaction than she had written any of the others. But before she slipped it into the envelope and addressed it to that studio room in the purlieus of Chelsea where Adrian wooed the fugitive goddess, Fame, she furtively added two more words.

" Come early," she wrote, and underlined it ; because she, too, meant to be down early, and there would be time to tell him about Sir Moses. Time, too, if he was early enough, for them to kiss each other : a custom which she understood prevailed also even in Moritzia, and was never out of place in any solitary spot.

WITH the disconcerting punctuality of the truly royal, H.S.H. Prince Rudolf of Moritzia, unaccompanied by an equerry and wearing the green button of a Moritzian order in the lapel of his coat, was ushered into Mrs. Durbin's impressive drawing-room fully a quarter of an hour before he was expected.

Luckily the hostess was there. She had just broken up the tête-à-tête of two inconspicuous members of the dinner-party, who sat now at some distance from her and from each other, having moved apart rather quickly at her entrance. There was, therefore, no one else to witness her elaborate curtsey as she welcomed her guest, or to see the stiff, rather clumsy bow with which the slight, dark young man acknowledged it.

" I am, I see, too early." Prince Rudolf's accents were a trifle guttural, his whole air uneasy and preoccupied to a marked degree.

He also appeared to find the English tongue a little difficult to understand, though he spoke it well enough. Gradually Mrs. Durbin's trickle of small talk dried up, and she fell back on the polite necessity of presenting her cousin, Miss Monica Grant, and finally bringing to his notice Adrian Venning, whom she considered unworthy of being mentioned by name, and merely alluded to as " my cousin's fiancé."

As the two dark, slim young men stood together before the empty grate Monica had a moment of flashing pride, because of the two men, not unlike, her Adrian was so much handsomer and more distinguished looking.

Mrs. Durbin, however, was not likely to be struck by such a thought as this. What she did notice was the way the Prince's eyes darted to the door and then back again, as if he expected it to open at any moment and admit—not one of the carefully chosen guests invited to meet him, but an anarchist with a bomb concealed about his person.

" What's the matter with the man ? " she thought, forgetting his princely rank in her perplexity. Actually thinking of him as a human being obviously in a queer state of agitation. If he went on looking as if the Furies were after him, what would her dinner guests think ? She actually found herself looking appealingly at Adrian, who immediately started the topic of civil aviation in Moritzia.

For a moment the Prince's eye gleamed and he answered back eagerly. But then that hunted look came back, as his eyes slewed round to the opening door.

The butler's impassive face was creased with something like embarrassment as he stepped across the intervening parquet and murmured to his mistress : " Two gentlemen downstairs enquiring for His Royal Highness on an urgent matter. From the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, so I understood them to say, madam," and he coughed slightly behind his hand in an effort to minimise the disturbing words.

" But that's nonsense. . . ." Mrs. Durbin was losing her head. " They can't bother him now. Tell them to go away at once, Markham."

" I've told them, Madam. But they won't move."

Prince Rudolf, however, moved—and quickly.

" Permit that I go and speak with them a moment," he muttered, and before Mrs. Durbin could assent or protest, the royal visitor had left the room with surprising speed, and could be plainly heard talking with his mysterious interviewers in the hall.

A moment later another sound came to the three in the drawing-room. A sound which to Mrs. Durbin was exactly like the knell of doom. The closing of the front door.

" Surely he hasn't gone," she breathed, turning as white as the gardenias on her plump lace-covered bosom.

" Sounds like it," said Adrian Venning calmly. Then moving to the window, he confirmed the terrible news. " He's getting into a taxi with the two 'tecs, and they're driving off."

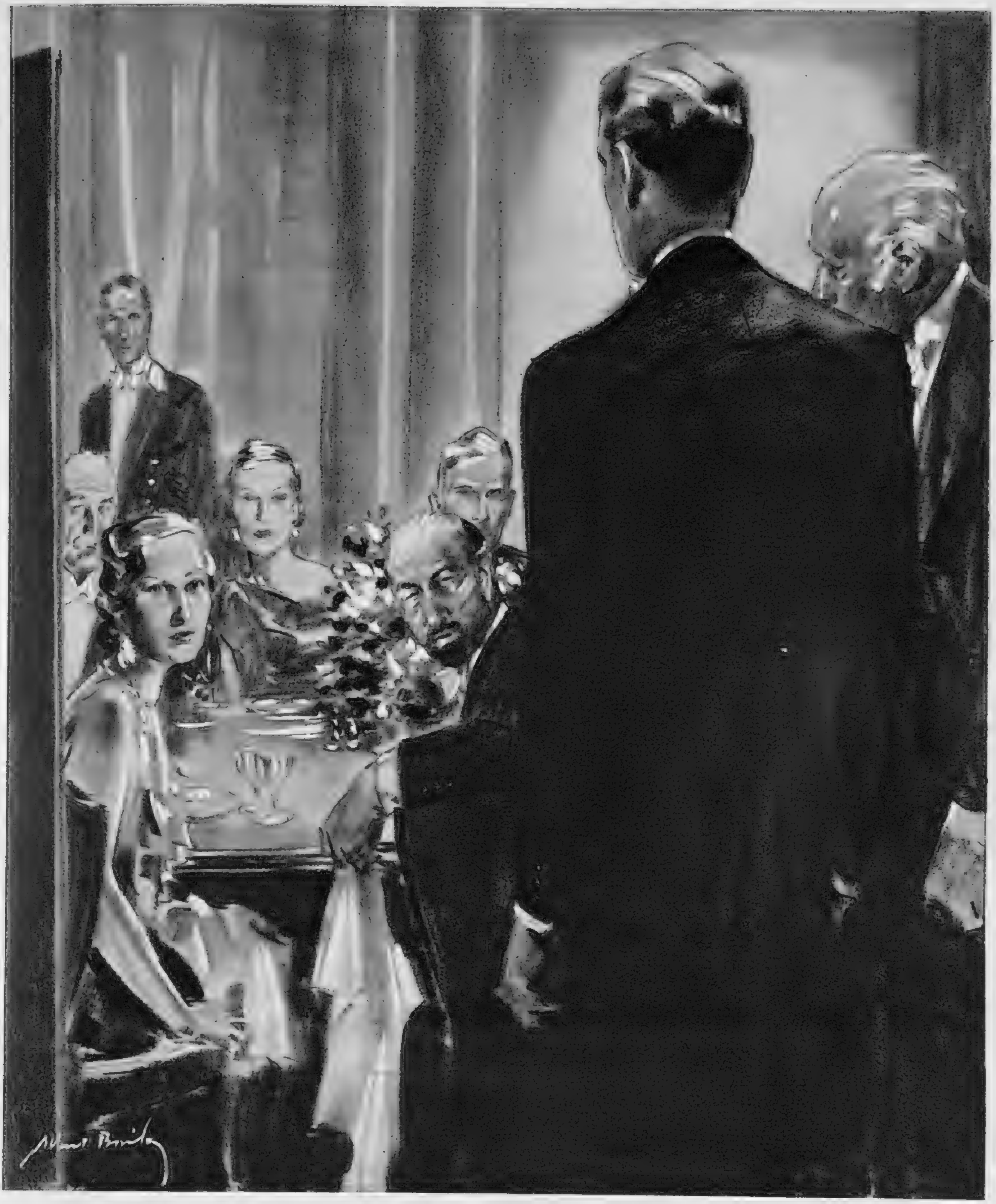
" But it can't be . . . it's not possible ! " Mrs. Durbin turned clay colour. " In five minutes my guests will arrive, and how can I tell them His Highness has been taken away by detectives, or whatever they are ? Oh, Monica, think of something . . . anything for me to say to them . . ."

Monica thought rapidly.

" Could you be taken ill, Cousin Sophie, and we could turn them all away from the door ? "

" But my beautiful dinner ! " wailed Mrs. Durbin on a note of sheer hysteria. "And Clancy Keeling coming ! Think what he'll write about it in his paper, if I ask everyone to meet a prince and then he isn't here. I shall be the laughing-stock of London."

" I DON'T think I shall be a bit happy with you," she said. " You're such a good actor and such an awful liar, I shall never know what you're up to ! "



Plackham was announcing in the hushed voice with which he might proclaim the arrival of a ghost: " His Serene Highness Prince Rudolf of Moritzia."

Monica nodded her bright head glumly. She had forgotten that Clancy Keeling, London's brightest and sometimes cruellest gossip-writer, would be among the guests. Time was moving on inexorably when Monica had her second brain wave. Darting forward, she seized the astonished Adrian by the arm, and walked him over to the sofa where Mrs. Durbin sat facing the ruin, not only of her dinner, but of her whole social career.

" Here 's your Prince," she said excitedly. " He knows the country, and he 's like him, Cousin Sophie. Didn't you notice it when they were talking ? I did. Quick . . . quick, Adrian. . . . Will you do it ? Cousin Sophie, will you agree . . . "

" But it 's absurd . . ." gasped Mrs. Durbin. " They 'll know him. . . . I shall look more of a fool than ever."

" None of your friends know me," said Adrian equably, " or the Prince, either, since he only arrived in England three days ago. Introduce them to me. I 'll do the rest."

" No, no ! It 's impossible," almost sobbed Mrs. Durbin.

" Yes, yes," said Monica, whose complete confidence in Adrian never wavered.

Adrian himself said nothing more, but as the door opened, (*Continued on page* 84)

(Left)

Pupils at the new Police College at Hendon receiving a lesson in anatomy

(Right)

In the exhibit room at the Police College. Examining some of the exhibits and the trunk in the Charing Cross murder case

Fighting crime in America. Experts examining pistol barrels with microscopes in the crime laboratory in the Washington Headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

A wireless receiving set for a policeman's helmet which enables him to receive instructions when on his beat

"TELL me how to dispose of the body, and I 'll guarantee to commit a murder that nobody will find out."

But we could not tell the Scotland Yard ex-detective-inspector how to dispose of the body. Or rather, we thought we could, and made a number of suggestions that seemed to each of us—an admiral, a stockbroker, a banker, an oil executive, and the writer—excellent, quite water-tight; until the old expert holed and sunk us, one by one.

"Ah, gentlemen," said the crime expert, who had not let his luncheon partridge cool off during what was, to him, the idle chat of amateurs and dilettantes, "do not be discomforted. You are only stating hypothetical cases. But clever men and desperate men have had to bend their brains and wills to the job; they 've had to twist and turn, and think and scheme, and take crazy chances, because they actually have committed a murder, and they knew they must get rid of the body, or get their necks broken at the end of a rope drop. But there you are—it 's the devil of a problem. The Brighton trunk murderer has been lucky so far. But you observe, he could only park that corpse—he couldn't dispose of it without trace.

"Crime," he added, "keeps on changing, but although almost every murder is different, murder is about the only crime that is always the same."

It was an interesting thesis. Crime has enormously developed and increased in our intricate and complex machine civilisation, with its characteristic phenomena of huge crowded cities, full of lootable stuff, and elaborate high-speed communications which favour the criminal during the commission of a crime, and menace him after it, when the hunt is on. Whether it has changed so decisively in fundamentals is a question on which many hairs can be split.

All the same, crime has changed, just as war has changed. The principles and motives may be the same, but the tactics change with the advent of fresh technical resources, and the range and speed have increased to a point bordering on the fantastic. It costs us in Britain now £25,000,000 annually merely to maintain the first-line defence against the weak, the vicious, and the warped members of our society. That is the bill for police, prisons, and reformatory schools. If one adds stolen property losses, insurance, and the rest, our national crime bill may be as high as £50,000,000 a year.

The Metropolitan Police College at Hendon, which was opened in 1935 for the training of recruits to the Police Force of London

Crime Changes

New Laws Make Innumerable New Crimes, but Crime Grows More Dangerous for the Professional Criminal as the Anti-Crime Forces Call to their Aid all the New Weapons Provided by Science and the Machine

By C. Patrick Thompson.

America puts her crime bill at more than ten times that amount, but then that is the most law-ridden and lawless country on earth, and crime is one of its major industries.

Britain, the most law-abiding nation, still cannot feel too complacent while undetected crime runs at around sixty per cent. of the total of cases of crime against property, and the number of persons found guilty of indictable and non-indictable crimes exceeds 600,000 a year, and the prisons receive 40,000 new inmates every year. The speed-up of crime in general largely explains both these figures. A criminal will often commit a number of crimes of the break-in and smash-and-grab and motor-stealing variety before he is caught. A woman housebreaker operating in the Midlands last year perpetrated 200 house-breaking feats before the police caught up with her. The period was only five months.

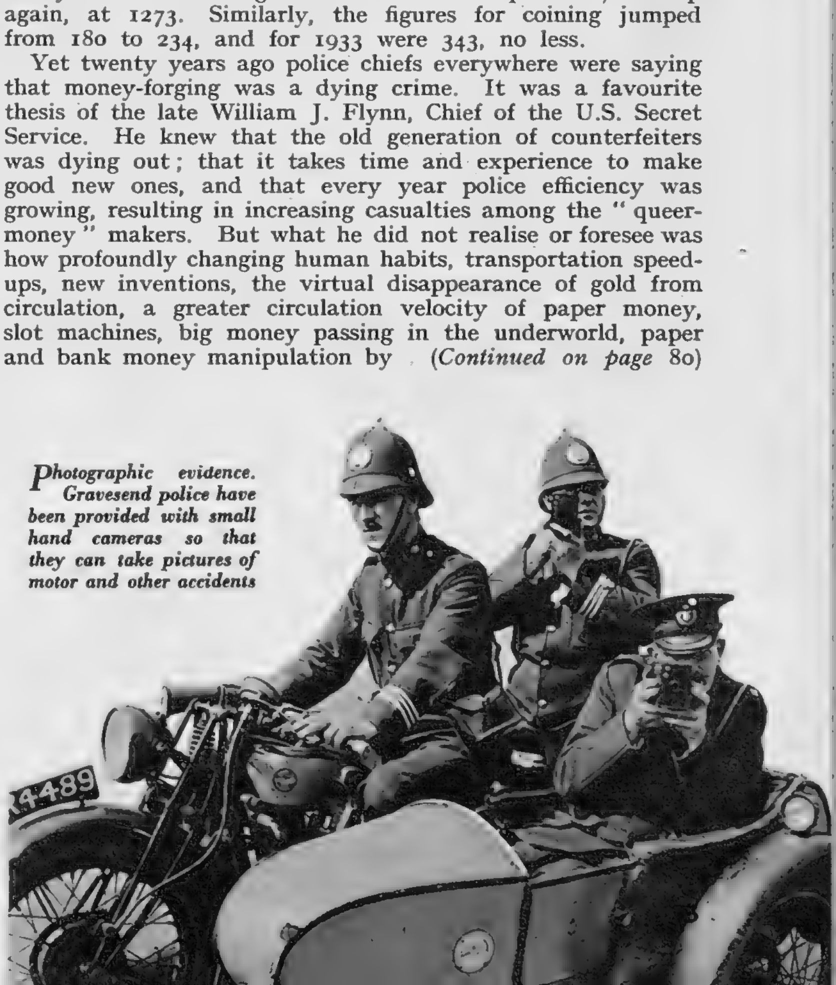
Last summer the police, hunting for the makers of very passable counterfeit £1 and 10s. notes, raided a country house, and found a complete plant for quantity production of banknotes, and wads of notes under the floors of the rooms. The time that passed between the discovery that a bogus-money plant was in operation somewhere and the raid which revealed a new bogus-money plant, with specimens and stocks of notes, was very brief. Our citizens have more cause for congratulating themselves on this triumph of detective routine work than they perhaps realise; for it means that our police machinery for the protection of the citizen and the State from the peril of mass-production and circulation of counterfeit money is superbly efficient.

It needs to be, because the money forger, favoured by the general phenomenon of gold scarcity and monetary disorganisation, with all its attendant phenomena, is more active than at any other time in history; and if he achieved anything like the large-scale success of house-breaking and motor-bandit gangs, and confidence-trick rings, the whole basis of off-gold paper currencies would be imperilled. Fear would spread like an epidemic. Losses through actual passing into circulation of "queer money" would be vast (they are big enough already).

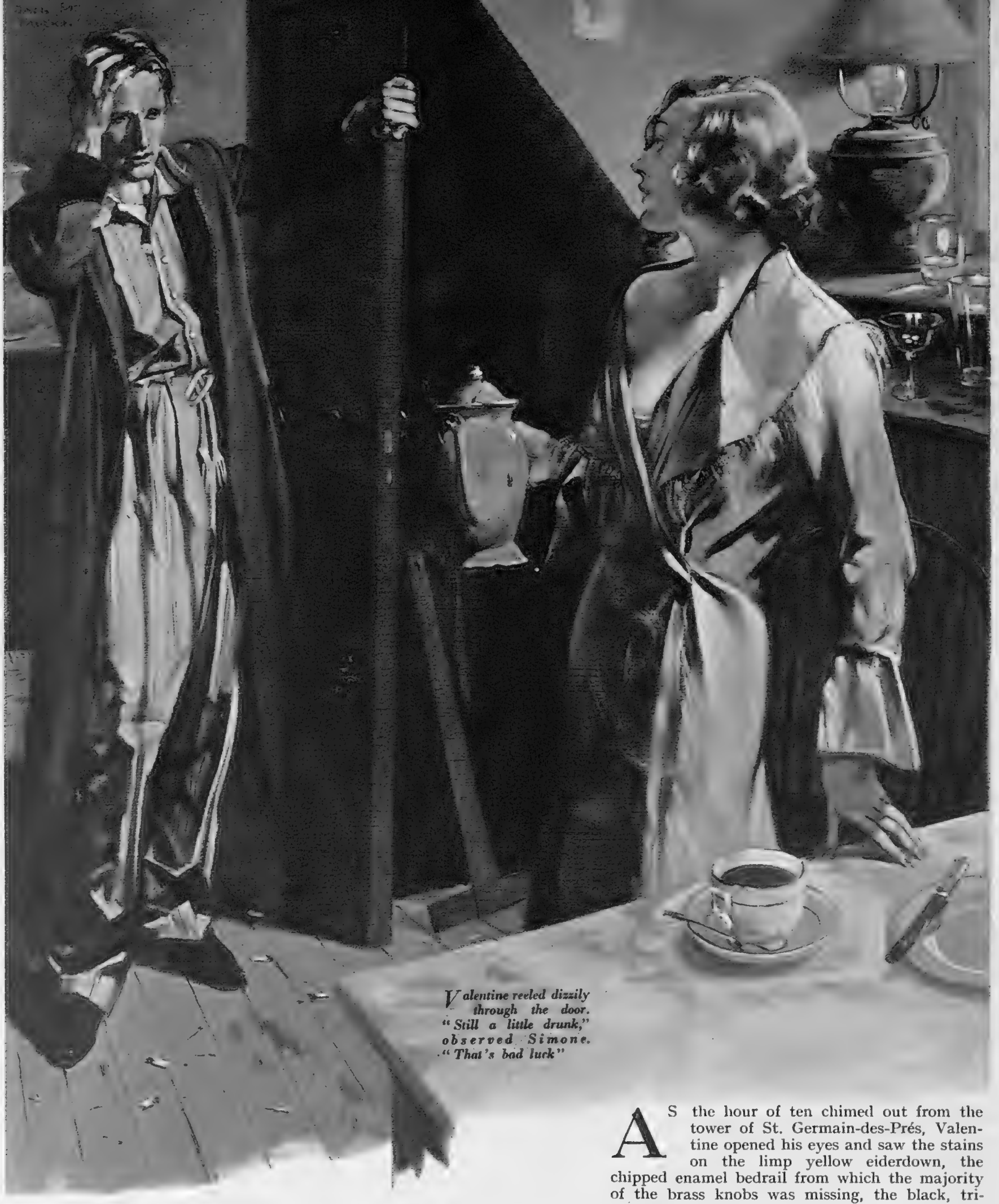
The crimes of forging and uttering, coining and uttering counterfeit coin, are increasing at an alarming rate in most countries; and Britain is no exception to this sinister world-phenomenon. In 1932, 1083 cases of forging and uttering were known to the police. This was a jump of 260 on the figure for the previous year, which again was well up on that of the year before. The figure for 1933 (the last year for which we have official statistics; our Home Office criminologists always take two years or more to get their tables and report out) was up again, at 1273. Similarly, the figures for coining jumped from 180 to 234, and for 1933 were 343, no less.

Yet twenty years ago police chiefs everywhere were saying that money-forging was a dying crime. It was a favourite thesis of the late William J. Flynn, Chief of the U.S. Secret Service. He knew that the old generation of counterfeiters was dying out; that it takes time and experience to make good new ones, and that every year police efficiency was growing, resulting in increasing casualties among the "queer-money" makers. But what he did not realise or foresee was how profoundly changing human habits, transportation speed-ups, new inventions, the virtual disappearance of gold from circulation, a greater circulation velocity of paper money, slot machines, big money passing in the underworld, paper and bank money manipulation by

(*Continued on page 80*)



Photographic evidence. Gravesend police have been provided with small hand cameras so that they can take pictures of motor and other accidents



Valentine reeled dizzily through the door. "Still a little drunk," observed Simone. "That's bad luck"

Out of the Frying-Pan of the Latin Quarter into the Fire of English Correctitude — and Back Again!

As the hour of ten chimed out from the tower of St. Germain-des-Prés, Valentine opened his eyes and saw the stains on the limp yellow eiderdown, the chipped enamel bedrail from which the majority of the brass knobs was missing, the black, triangular crack in the jug that didn't match the basin, and the trickle of rain which was dripping from the skylight. Inside his head a dozen hammers were beating softly, cruelly. The taste in his mouth was of last night's absinthe and last night's cigarettes.

The door of the bedroom was open. In the studio, Simone was singing the eternal "Papillons de Nuit." He could smell coffee. He could also smell stale tobacco, and the *cabinet* drain. "*C'est minuit,*" shrilled Simone, "*et Montmartre est en fête.*" Perhaps a fellow who didn't know Paris, who didn't know Montmartre and its fêtes, who was young enough, or silly enough to believe that it 's a fine romantic thing to be an artist, could have enjoyed her singing, could have heard her without wanting to leap from bed and snatch up the cracked jug and hurl it through the door

Prodigal Son

By Joanna Cannan

Illustrated by
Jack M. Faulks

into the studio. He couldn't. " Shut up, for heaven's sake, shut up," he yelled.

The singing stopped and Simone appeared in the doorway. Her bleached yellow hair was uncombed; last night's rouge was hectic on her cheeks; she wore an orange kimono trimmed with bedraggled feathers, an *occasion* from the counters outside the Bon Marché.

" What's up ? "

" Stop that damned noise," growled Valentine.

" All right, I've stopped," said Simone.

That annoyed Valentine. He had been brought up to believe that one shouldn't be rude to women, and he was constantly exasperated and, indeed, shocked to find that Simone didn't resent his rudeness. She was used to men, she would say; above all, she was used to artists; and there was history in that phrase, he would think: the whole tarnished biography. For it wasn't any quality of her own which made Simone so easy to live with. Experience—sordid experience—had taught her the comfortable, shameful tolerance that dragged your standards down. Supposing that life had gone differently, supposing that at nineteen he had had the sense to stifle that damned divine conviction that he could paint, and had fallen in with his father's plans for him, had gone into the army and had married Joan—well, now, at twenty-nine, he would have been a much nicer fellow; the clean athletic life, the easy regular job—as opposed to the muddle of hope, despair, insane concentration and rank idleness that an artist's life is—would have kept him healthy and sober. He would never have treated Joan as he treated Simone—simply because Joan wouldn't have stood for it: she wasn't 'used to men.' Oh, he thought, turning over, pressing against his temples where the hammers beat, one was a fool when one was young—a fool and blind. There one had lain in bed on summer mornings at Long Leas and seen the chintz curtains stir and smelled the wallflowers and thought how smug it all was, how smug and dull and English, and thought how free and wonderful an artist's life would be... An artist's life ! Give him back the white room that smelled of wallflowers, the white bed with odour of lavender, the fresh pink eiderdown, and the little brass jug of hot water standing in the basin, and the mouth that hadn't tasted absinthe and the head that didn't ache and the spirit that cried "Hurrah ! " not " Blast it ! here's another day." When you were nineteen you thought you knew best, scoffed: " The army ! You can't expect me to live that life, sir"; and when your father said, " No need to drop your painting; you could keep it up as a hobby like your Uncle Harry did," you laughed aloud, thinking of Uncle Harry's woolly representations of Afghanistan. Spitting the silver spoon from your mouth, kicking the world away from your feet, you went off to live your artist's life, to wake up ten years later and realise that you had done nothing but drink yourself sick, talk yourself hoarse, love anybody's women and learn to paint pictures that nobody would buy.

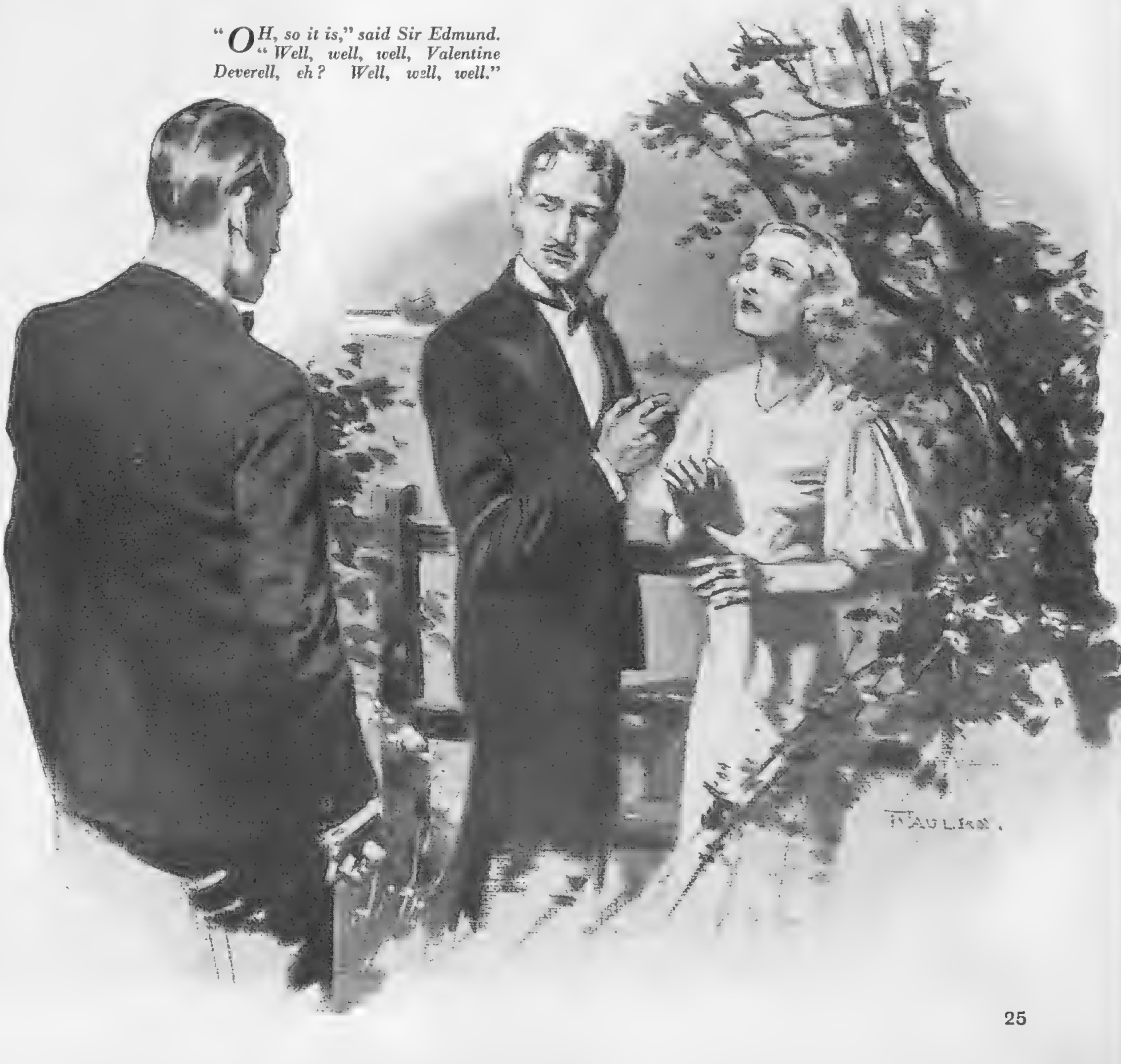
Simone shouted, " Coffee ! "

Valentine didn't want coffee. He wanted to see his mother's trim housemaid come in with a tray of early morning tea. But, since that was impossible, he crawled out of bed, drew over his shoulders the ragged remains of his first and last silk dressing-gown, and, clutching the knobless screw on the bedpost and then the back of the chair that needed recaning, reeled dizzily through the door.

" Still a little drunk," observed Simone. " That's bad luck. You would have done better to have brought it up, like René did—in the corridor."

Being English—an ostrich to the end—Valentine said that he wasn't drunk; not the slightest bit—not at all. He sat down at the table smeared with paint and held his head, while Simone poured out his coffee and cut a slice of bread from the roll. He took a sip of coffee and felt better—could look up and see his picture, *Girl Sewing*—the picture that his

"OH, so it is," said Sir Edmund. " Well, well, well, Valentine Deverell, eh? Well, well, well."



friends had come last night to see and criticise. Yesterday it had seemed to him good, damned good, but what had they said before he'd been too mercifully drunk to hear them ? . . . Out of tone . . . the values crude . . . sentimentally posed . . . *vieux jeu.* And Armand Latour himself, the one man in Paris who had encouraged him, had thought it best to say nothing, had stood for some minutes silent before the canvas, and turned away with a sigh. While you were painting you were blind, you were stupid, you were drunk with your inspiration, and the drunkenness was still upon you when you had painted the last stroke and you stepped back across the studio and looked at your masterpiece. But it only needed a few hours, a few friends to sober you. . . . Crude values . . . sentimental posing . . . yes, he could see it now.

Simone said that it was rent day.

Valentine growled, " Shut up, can't you !" He hadn't got the rent. He had nothing but a stack of canvases to sell.

Simone said, " Oh, yes, I can shut up," and, humming *Les Papillons de Nuit,* she kicked off her *pantouffles* and reached down from a shelf above the stove a pair of high-heeled patent-leather shoes. Seating herself on the edge of the table in one of the lyric attitudes that had first ensnared him, she drew on the shoes. He noticed that her stockings were practically soleless and that her feet were stained.

He said, " Water's cheap."

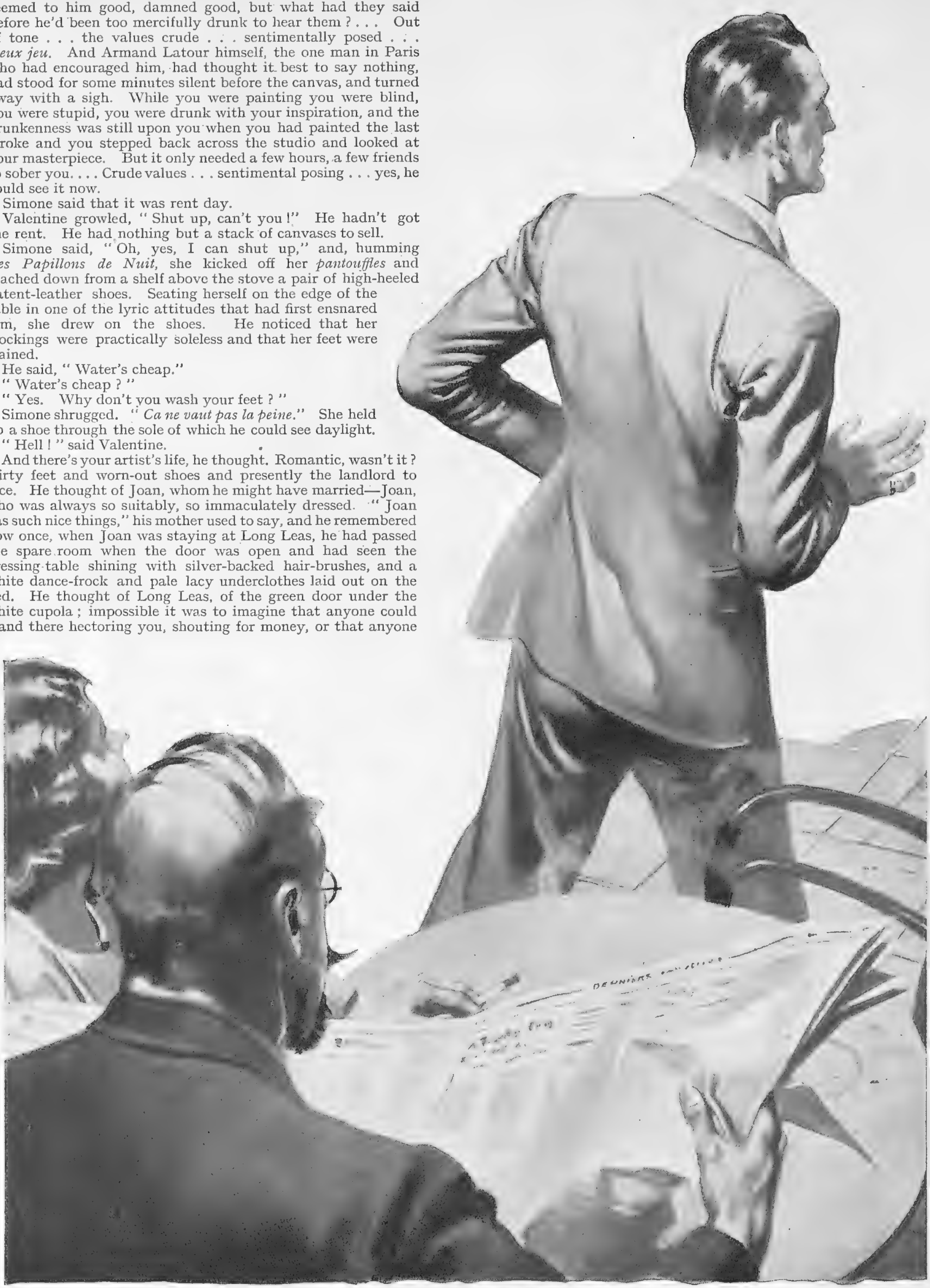
" Water's cheap ? "

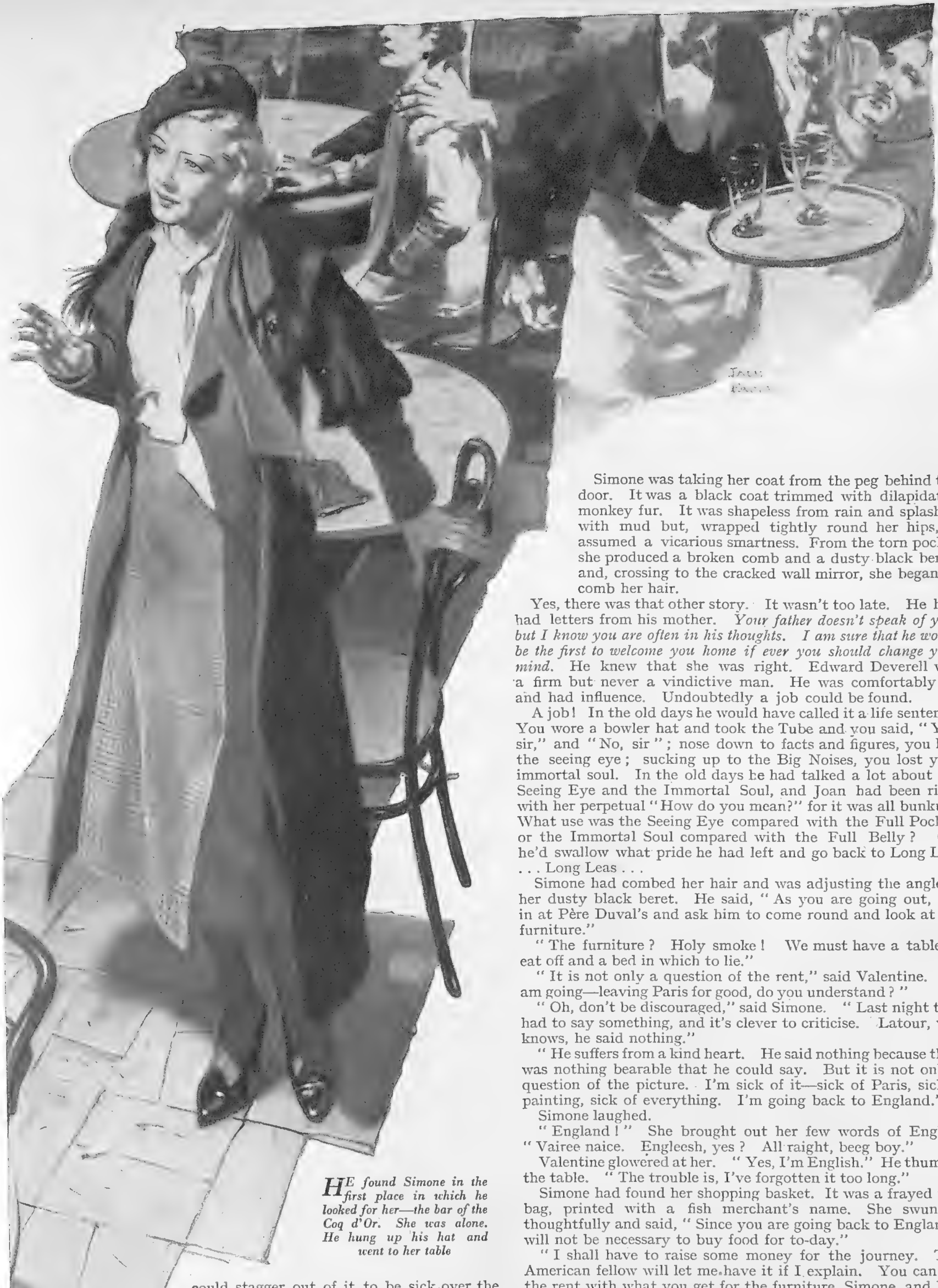
" Yes. Why don't you wash your feet ? "

Simone shrugged. " *Ca ne vaut pas la peine.*" She held up a shoe through the sole of which he could see daylight.

" Hell ! " said Valentine.

And there's your artist's life, he thought. Romantic, wasn't it ? Dirty feet and worn-out shoes and presently the landlord to face. He thought of Joan, whom he might have married—Joan, who was always so suitably, so immaculately dressed. " Joan has such nice things," his mother used to say, and he remembered how once, when Joan was staying at Long Leas, he had passed the spare room when the door was open and had seen the dressing-table shining with silver-backed hair-brushes, and a white dance-frock and pale lacy underclothes laid out on the bed. He thought of Long Leas, of the green door under the white cupola ; impossible it was to imagine that anyone could stand there hectoring you, shouting for money, or that anyone





HE found Simone in the first place in which he looked for her—the bar of the Coq d'Or. She was alone. He hung up his hat and went to her table

could stagger out of it to be sick over the rolled-gold gravel of the drive. If ever a man had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage . . . Yes, heaven help him, he was Esau; but wasn't there another story, wasn't there the kindlier parable of the Prodigal Son?

Simone was taking her coat from the peg behind the door. It was a black coat trimmed with dilapidated monkey fur. It was shapeless from rain and splashed with mud but, wrapped tightly round her hips, it assumed a vicarious smartness. From the torn pocket she produced a broken comb and a dusty black beret, and, crossing to the cracked wall mirror, she began to comb her hair.

Yes, there was that other story. It wasn't too late. He had had letters from his mother. *Your father doesn't speak of you, but I know you are often in his thoughts. I am sure that he would be the first to welcome you home if ever you should change your mind.* He knew that she was right. Edward Deverell was a firm but never a vindictive man. He was comfortably off and had influence. Undoubtedly a job could be found.

A job! In the old days he would have called it a life sentence. You wore a bowler hat and took the Tube and you said, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir"; nose down to facts and figures, you lost the seeing eye; sucking up to the Big Noises, you lost your immortal soul. In the old days he had talked a lot about the Seeing Eye and the Immortal Soul, and Joan had been right with her perpetual "How do you mean?" for it was all bunkum. What use was the Seeing Eye compared with the Full Pocket, or the Immortal Soul compared with the Full Belly? Oh, he'd swallow what pride he had left and go back to Long Leas . . . Long Leas . . .

Simone had combed her hair and was adjusting the angle of her dusty black beret. He said, "As you are going out, call in at Père Duval's and ask him to come round and look at the furniture."

"The furniture? Holy smoke! We must have a table to eat off and a bed in which to lie."

"It is not only a question of the rent," said Valentine. "I am going—leaving Paris for good, do you understand?"

"Oh, don't be discouraged," said Simone. "Last night they had to say something, and it's clever to criticise. Latour, who knows, he said nothing."

"He suffers from a kind heart. He said nothing because there was nothing bearable that he could say. But it is not only a question of the picture. I'm sick of it—sick of Paris, sick of painting, sick of everything. I'm going back to England."

Simone laughed.

"England!" She brought out her few words of English. "Vairee naice. Engleesh, yes? All raight, beeg boy."

Valentine glowered at her. "Yes, I'm English." He thumped the table. "The trouble is, I've forgotten it too long."

Simone had found her shopping basket. It was a frayed fish-bag, printed with a fish merchant's name. She swung it thoughtfully and said, "Since you are going back to England it will not be necessary to buy food for to-day."

"I shall have to raise some money for the journey. That American fellow will let me have it if I explain. You can pay the rent with what you get for the furniture, Simone, and keep the change. Don't worry about food for me," he said rising. "Provided I get the money I shan't be back again."

Simone said, "*Alors* . . ." tucked her fish-bag under her arm and went out. There was a good deal left unsaid, he thought, but he needn't worry. In twenty-four hours she would have picked up some other fellow. She (*Continued on page 119*)

"Missing"—

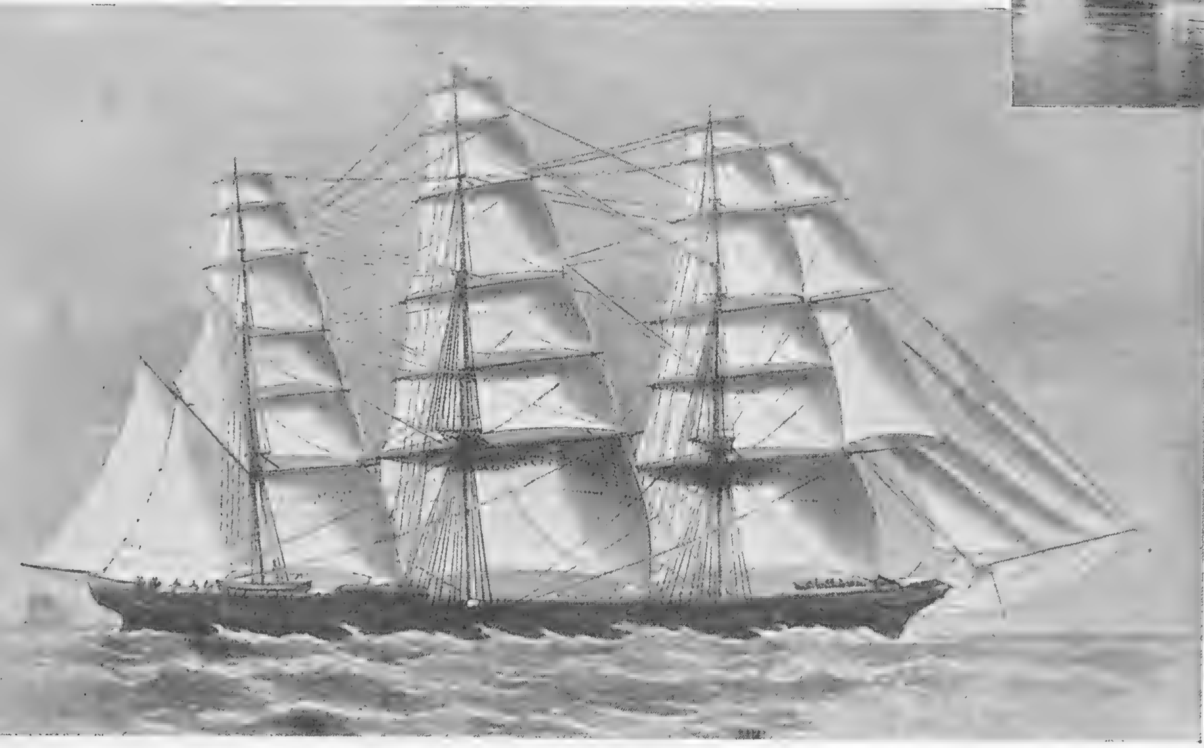
THE only recorded case of a genuinely missing vessel arriving safely after the underwriters had paid was the windjammer "Red Rock," which left Townsville, Queensland, on February 20th, 1899, bound for New Caledonia. Her officers and crew were posted as casualties, but five days afterwards the ship turned up safe and sound at Noumea

RIGHT in the heart and centre of the shipping world of London, namely, in the "Room" of the new Lloyd's Building in Leadenhall Street, there hangs an old ship's bell. It is the bell of the *Lutine* frigate, which in the last year of the eighteenth century drove ashore in a gale on the treacherous sandbanks at the entrance of the Zuider Zee, and sank, taking with her—so the story goes, though the estimates of the amount vary—over a million sterling in bullion and specie. The recovery of the greater part of the drowned gold, like that of the more mythical Tobermory galleon, remains to this day one of the most cherished dreams of treasure seekers. A part, however, was actually brought to the surface in the eighteen-fifties by a Dutch salvage company; the original underwriters being long since dead, and the policies lost, their share passed into the possession of Lloyd's and formed the nucleus of the Corporation's funds, while some of the lost ship's guns, a chair and table made from her rudder, and, of course, the famous bell, are among the most valued treasures of the new, as they were of the old, Lloyd's.

Once a year—on Armistice Day—the "Lutine" bell is struck in memory of the ships and men of the Merchant Service who cleared for the Port o' Missin' Ships in the dark days of the Great War. Otherwise the brazen tongue which once chimed the sea watches speaks only for two reasons. It is rung twice to preface the announcement to the "Room" of the arrival of an overdue vessel or of definite news regarding her. A single note signifies that either the finding of wreckage or the sheer passage of time no longer leaves any hope of her return.

For a few moments after the solemn note has sounded, there is a pause in the discreet murmur of voices in which business involving many thousands is constantly being carried on at Lloyd's. Then the silence ends, and the low hum of voices closes again over the memory of the lost ship, just as the unremembering sea closed over her and her company, none knows how or when.

THE "Lalla Rookh," although not actually posted as missing, was to all intents and purposes given up for lost when, in 1905, she took one hundred and ninety-nine days from Brisbane to Falmouth



THE clipper "Caliph"—one of the finest windjammers of her day. Launched in 1868, this vessel vanished apparently into thin air shortly after passing the Straits of Sunda on her maiden voyage

Tales of Dead Men's Bay

By
C. Fox Smith

THE Danish cadet ship "Kobenhavn," which disappeared on a voyage from Montevideo to Australia. She sailed in ballast on December 14th, 1928, and a wireless message from her was received a week later

THE procedure in regard to the posting of ships as missing is briefly as follows. When a vessel has taken longer on a passage than is customary the reinsurance rate on her begins to rise until in some cases it is as high as ninety guineas, after which she is practically uninsurable. A notice is then put up on the board at Lloyd's to the effect that the ship in question is "very much overdue," and asking for any information from vessels which have sighted or spoken to her, or which may be able to supply any details likely to throw light on her fate. This notice remains up for at least seven days, after which the ship is definitely "posted as missing," the "Lutine" bell struck, and the underwriters' liabilities paid.

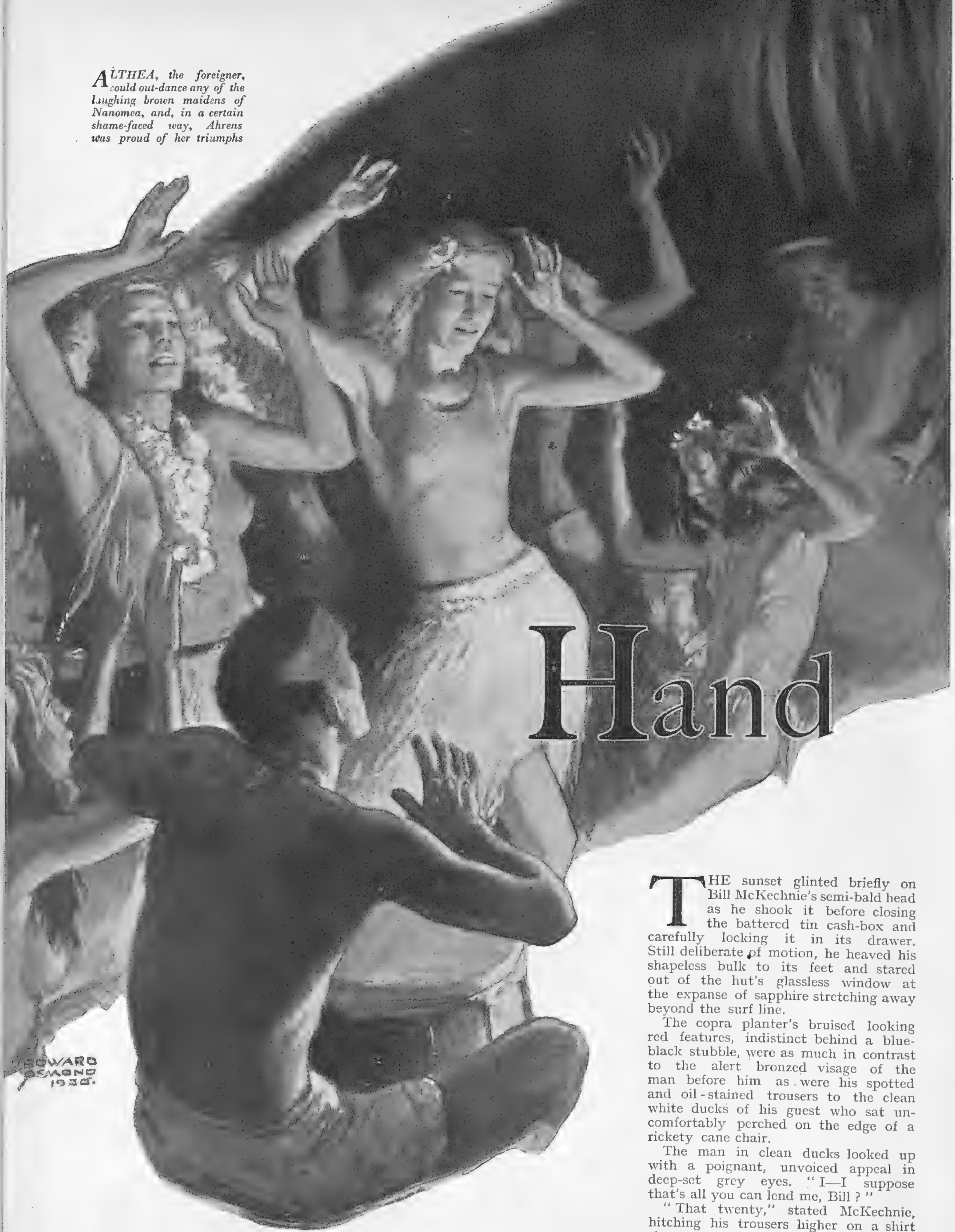
The "Missing" notice is never posted until it is thought that every possible chance of the ship's turning up again is exhausted, and only one case is recorded of a genuinely missing vessel arriving safely after the underwriters had paid. The ship which made so dramatic a reappearance was the windjammer *Red Rock*, which left Townsville, Queensland, on February 20th, 1899, bound for New Caledonia, in ballast. A week later she passed Magnetic Island, and was expected to arrive at her destination early in March.

But the days and the weeks passed by without any report of her arrival coming to hand. The reinsurance rate crept up and up, until it seemed beyond the shadow of doubt that she had either suffered shipwreck on one of the treacherous outliers of the Great Barrier Reef or been attacked and captured by savage war-canoes—a happening which in those days was still by no means a fantastic possibility. The usual notice made its appearance at Lloyd's and in the Marine News in the Press: "The following vessel not having been heard of since the date specified is considered very much overdue." On the 7th of June she was duly posted as missing, and the names of her officers and crew were published in the newspapers as casualties.

Five days afterwards, when the underwriters were actually in process of settling, the denizens of the "Room" were electrified by the arrival of a cable from Noumea announcing the appearance of the missing ship, safe and sound. There was no sensational happening to account for the delay. She had simply been held up for weeks at a time by flat calms, taking a hundred and thirteen days to cover the thousand-odd miles from Townsville to Noumea. What the Old Man's feelings (*Continued on page 123*)

ONE of the greatest mysteries of missing ships was the loss of the "Waratah," a new passenger steamer of nearly 10,000 tons. She left Durban for Cape Town on July 26th, 1909, and after speaking the "Clan Macintyre" on the next day was never heard of again

THE room at Lloyd's, showing underwriters' boxes and the Caller's Rostrum with the "Lutine" bell. This bell is rung twice to preface the announcement to the "Room" of the arrival of an overdue vessel or definite news regarding her. A single note signifies that a vessel is given up as lost


EDWARD OSMOND 1938.

ALTHEA, the foreigner, could out-dance any of the laughing brown maidens of Nanomea, and, in a certain shame-faced way, Ahrens was proud of her triumphs

Hand

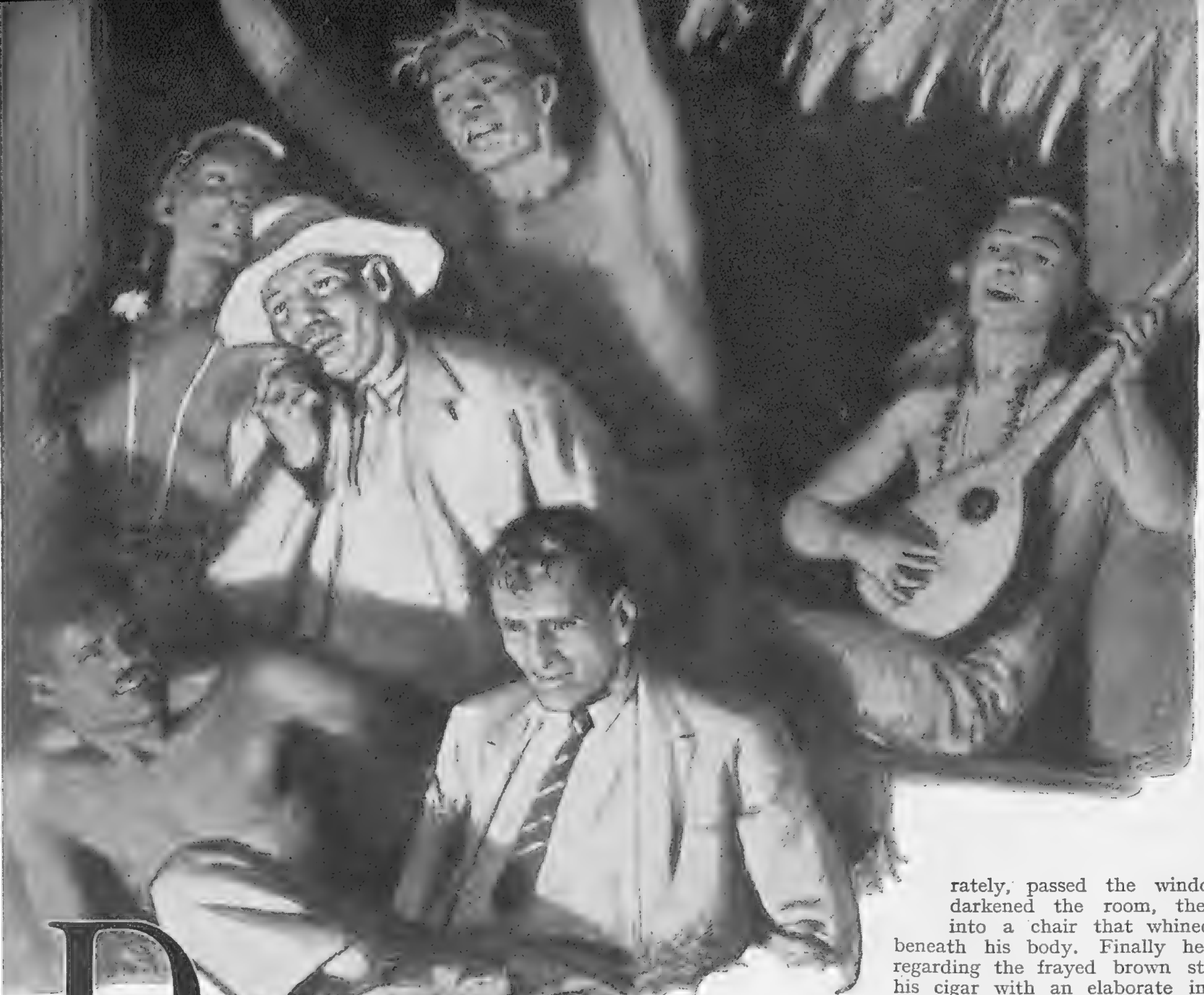
Illustrated by Edward Osmond

THE sunset glinted briefly on Bill McKechnie's semi-bald head as he shook it before closing the battered tin cash-box and carefully locking it in its drawer. Still deliberate of motion, he heaved his shapeless bulk to its feet and stared out of the hut's glassless window at the expanse of sapphire stretching away beyond the surf line.

The copra planter's bruised looking red features, indistinct behind a blue-black stubble, were as much in contrast to the alert bronzed visage of the man before him as were his spotted and oil-stained trousers to the clean white ducks of his guest who sat uncomfortably perched on the edge of a rickety cane chair.

The man in clean ducks looked up with a poignant, unvoiced appeal in deep-set grey eyes. "I—I suppose that's all you can lend me, Bill?"

"That twenty," stated McKechnie, hitching his trousers higher on a shirt that was food-stained over the belly, "is the last cent I can loan you, Jake, and I've lent you a damned sight too much already. If a company



Drums

They were there, in the background, tapping out a double rhythm of Temptation—for the Girl who danced and the Man who loved his Daughter

By F. V. W. Mason

inspector was to look in my till, I'd be fired like that."

His stubby, brown fingers snapped, making a faint incisive report in the stuffy little office with the fly-blown grass curtains and sheet iron walls.

The tall man on the chair's edge nodded vacantly several times, like a mechanical toy. "I know, Bill, but I've got to find five hundred more," he muttered with sudden fierceness. "*Got to*—see?"

"I've loaned you four hundred bucks, and that's a heap more than I'd lend anybody but Jake Ahrens. As it is, I know your word's good."

Ahrens straightened his inadequate shoulders a little beneath the clean white ducks in a hopeless defiance of unpleasant fact. "Of course I'll pay you back. We Ahrens have always been honest——"

The planter's bloodshot blue eyes flickered up. "So it's five hundred you need, eh? How come?" he demanded curiously. "What with all yer eternal penny pinchin' you ought to have had enough by now."

"I did have," replied Ahrens, in a savage monotone. "But just when I was plannin' to sell my Aztec Steel shares—it—well, it took a drop—a hell of a drop." He made a little helpless gesture with his wide brown hands. "Over a thousand dollars gone in a few hours. Oh, sure—now I know I was a damned fool to put all the eggs in that one basket. But somehow it ain't right, Bill—I worked hard to save that thousand—you know a cable operator don't get so much."

McKechnie's untidy bulk turned deliberately, passed the window and darkened the room, then sank into a chair that whined softly beneath his body. Finally he fell to regarding the frayed brown stump of his cigar with an elaborate interest.

"I think you're crazy, Jake," he remarked, while the other absently fanned away a fly which persisted in settling on his saddle-coloured forehead. "You're makin' mountains outta molehills. 'Thea's all right here on Nanomea."

"She's not," grimly contradicted Ahrens. "She's gettin' pretty and Althea ain't a kid any longer. When she was little it was all right for her to play with old Arorai's and Nonuti's brats. But now she's goin' on fifteen and—well, that big half-breed whelp o' Nukuno's hangin' around the cable station a heap too much lately. What with these full moons and such—No, Bill, she's goin' to leave Nanomea on old man Carlson's *Santa Anna*."

"She won't," grunted McKechnie, crushing a vivid green spider under the heel of his rope sandal, "there ain't five hundred dollars more on the whole o' Nanomea. Better let her wait until the next boat—that'll give you six months to raise the dough."

THE tall man in white got up, his narrow, greying head almost touching the dry brown palm thatch. "That's the hell of it, Bill, I can't," he said, hoarsely. "Althea's entered in a convent that's mighty hard to get into, and they'll look out for her there. They've fixed her up a scholarship this year. Next year somebody else gets it. Girls' schools is expensive, Bill, terrible expensive."

Frowning, Jake Ahrens stared at the scuffed and food-stained mat beneath his feet. "It's her one chance to be a lady like her ma was—not just an island slattern. Don't laugh, Bill; that's what happens to 'em all—I know—I've been out over twenty years now. Johnny Ketram's girl, little Jenny MacPherson and—oh, hell—same old story over and over. Too many lovers, lose their looks—some quicker than others—and then it's death or the China Coast."

" Same thing, Jake—same thing."

" That's what's facing Althea, Bill, and it's driving me loony."

" For her to earn a scholarship you must ha' taught her mighty well," commented the planter, while the cigar stump travelled jerkily from one corner of his mouth to the other. " You must have had a good edication yourself —once."

" Yes, once, but it wasn't nothin' much. Oh, I was startin' out well—but somethin' happened. I ain't kickin', Nanomea ain't a bad place—for me. But the Sisters on the mainland will take Althea, teach her, polish her and then she'll stay with some relations of old man Carlson's and get her a fair chance in life."

Bill McKechnie's food-spotted belly trembled as he squirmed on his chair. " Jake, I'm sorry fer you, but you'd better face facts. There ain't five hundred dollars more on the whole of Nanomea."

" Mebbe and mebbe not," muttered the tall, thin man with obstinacy of one who dares not depart a hair's-breadth from his fixed purpose. Listlessly, he pulled on a panama hat with a wide, flopping brim to stand gazing down on the sympathetic, unshaven man behind the desk. " Anyhow, Althea's goin' if I——"

In through the glassless window frame floated a breathless, silvery laugh. Like iron filings under the influence of a magnet, the heads of both men turned in time to see a tall, gracefully immature figure in white flash by—copper hued hair flying and long, golden brown limbs a-glimmer in the honey-coloured afternoon sunlight. Althea was running hard, small head held back, hands up, graceful and swift—an island Artemis. A stride or two behind bounded a tall figure whose skin was the hue of polished bronze. Clad only in a lava-lava of gorgeous reds and blacks, the pursuer's unhampered muscles swiftly ended the race. In an instant more he captured the golden fugitive and flung about her shoulders arms that showed dark and muscular against the girl's white skin.

" *Tausi !* "

A moment Althea laughingly gazed up at her captor, eyes fixed on the young giant's hair, which was as blue-black as a cormorant's wing. For a moment sheer amusement alone sparkled in the girl's large blue eyes, then they widened perceptibly and her lithe figure relaxed in an indefinable lassitude. Nukuno, laughing in something more than good-natured triumph, released her when he saw the two faces at the window of Bill McKechnie's go-down.

Jake Ahrens sighed. " You see, Bill ? Anyhow, I can't blame her. Who else has she got to fool with ? All day long she sees this sort of thing happenin', and when I think ——" the knuckles of the cable operator's big brown hand cracked softly, " when I think of her ma—well " Ahrens's voice became terribly intent, " come hell or high tide, Althea's goin' out on the *Santa Anna* to-morrow."

Silently, the copra planter regarded the other with curious reddened eyes. " I suppose, Jake, you know you'll lose her—for good. What'll 'Thea think o' Nanomea and—us, after she's had her schooling ? If——"

" Shut up ! Don't you think I know it ? Think it's easy to send her away ? "

" Well, cheer up, Jake, she ain't gone yet."

" No. But she's goin', if I have to do murder to send her ! "

" By God, I believe you would."

Yet when the rust-streaked little *Santa Anna* let go her anchor a hundred yards or so off the end of the oil-stained copra pier, Jake was not a cent nearer the goal.

QUITE oblivious to the gulls screaming excitedly overhead, unnoticing of the slow hiss of waves up the beach, Ahrens swung along the worn timbers of the wharf, his eyes fixed on a dingy little white rowboat which, propelled by long, awkwardly handled oars, was creeping shorewards.

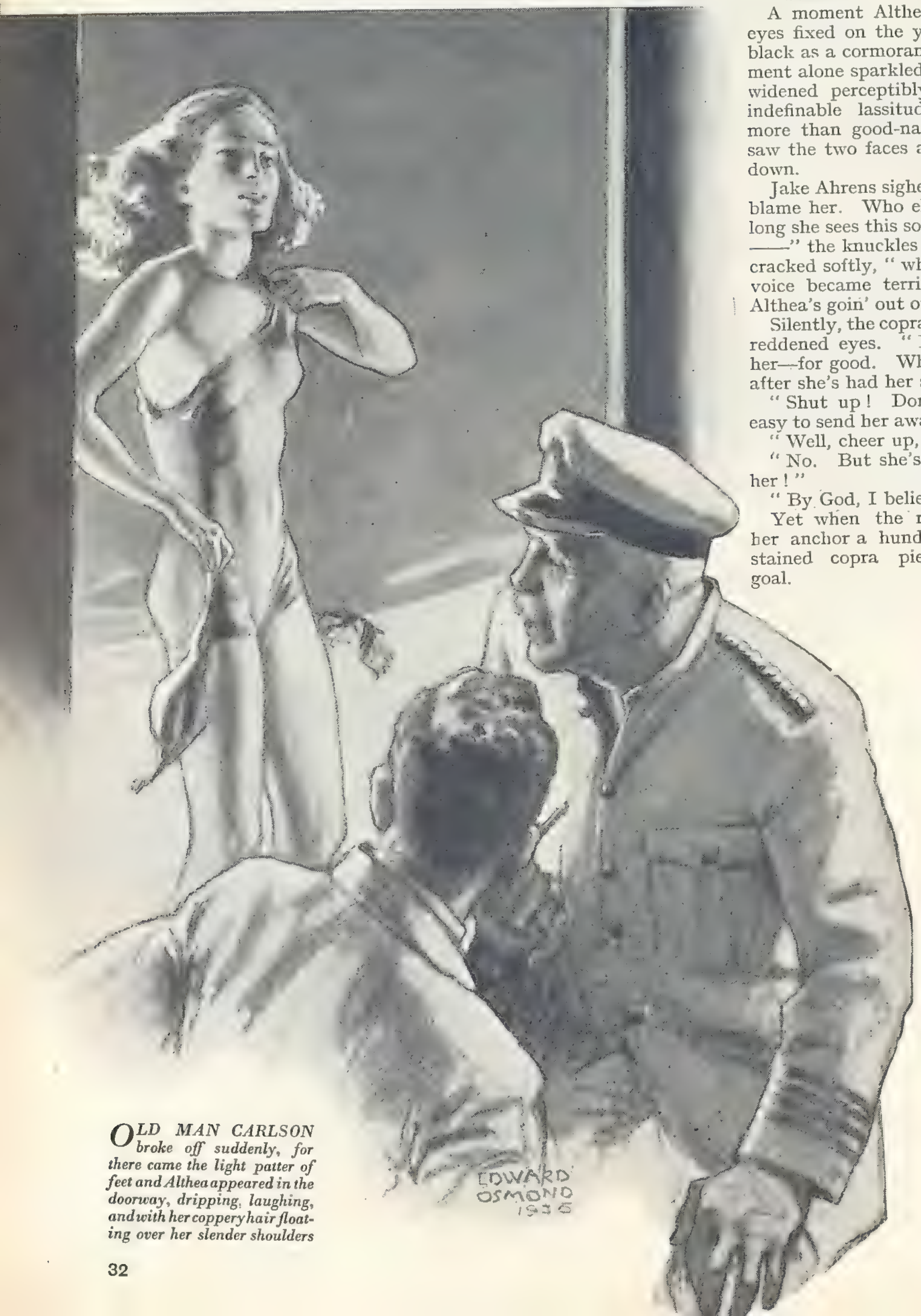
That would be old man Carlson swaying in the stern and boldly outlined against the throbbing blueness of the sea. Ahrens, his spruce white figure standing out among the brown bodies of the natives and the soiled garments of Nanomea's European inhabitants, sharp as a snowdrift on a barn floor, watched the bobbing boat draw near and noted, with faint surprise, the warmth of the greeting which old man Carlson waved at him. Money? Not five hundred more on all Nanomea. But on the *Santa Anna ?*

Nearer the *Santa Anna's* dingy whale boat rode the leisurely blue rollers. Now he could see old man Carlson's ratty, yellow moustache with its inner fringe dyed brown by eternal tobacco juice.

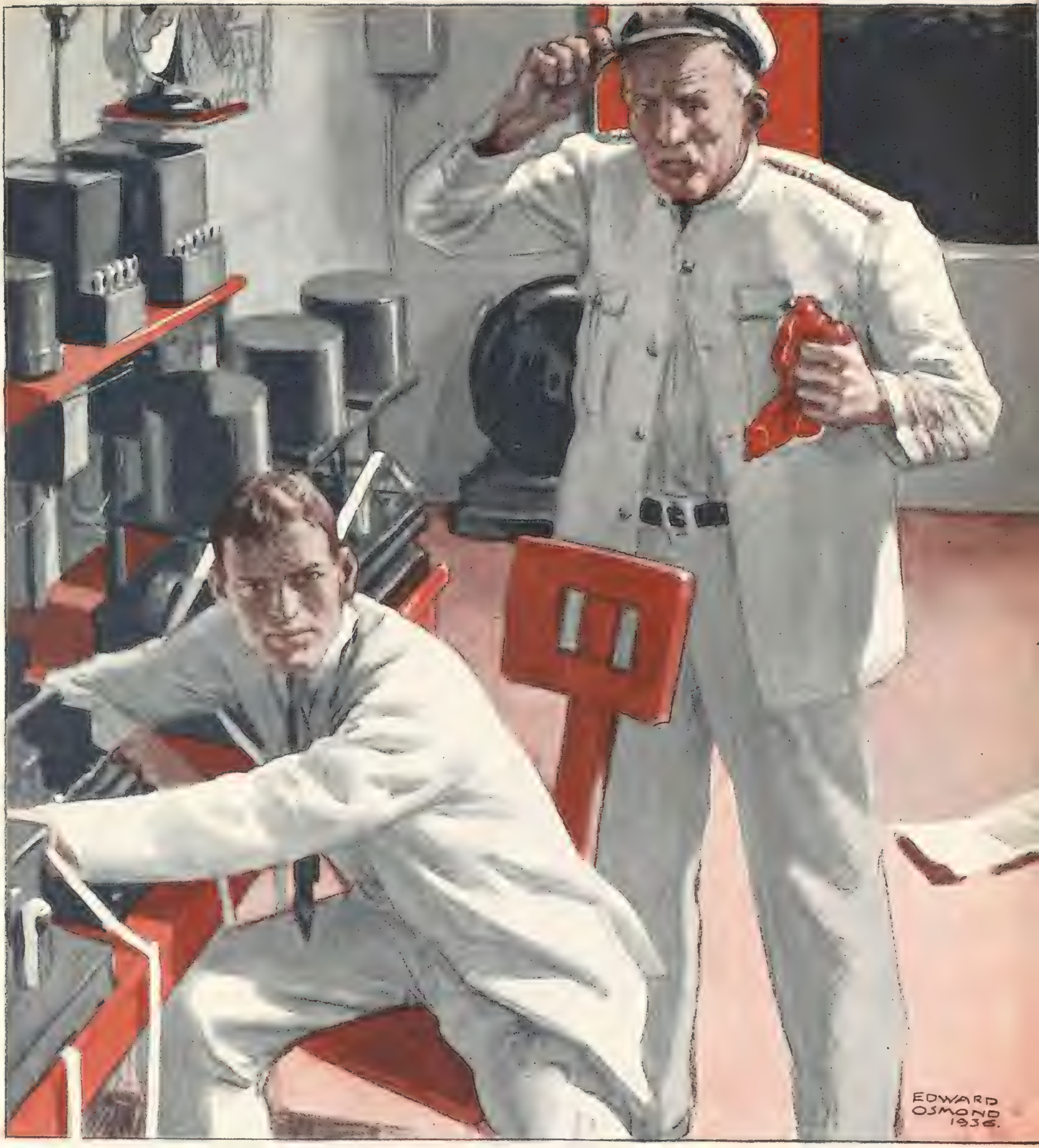
" Hi, Jake," he called.

" Hello, Hjalmar."

" Vhat's new on Nanomea ? "



OLD MAN CARLSON broke off suddenly, for there came the light patter of feet and Althea appeared in the doorway, dripping, laughing, and with her coppery hair floating over her slender shoulders



THE big man just stood looking, looking at the bent, white figure

With a great deal of laughing and flashing of white teeth, native Nanomeans caught the rowboat's painter and fended off the blunt prow when old man Carlson made a bad landing. Ahrens wondered. That landing had been bad because old man Carlson had been looking at him with a queer, searching look in his piggy blue eyes.

Twenty minutes later the *Santa Anna's* jovial, blond captain sank on to a green painted rocker on the porch of the cable station and shoved on to the back of his head a cap of rusty blue serge whose gold embroidery was greened by verdigris and badly spotted with salt water.

"My," he remarked, "your little Althea, she ain'dt little no more. Ay am surprised, the last time Ay vass here she vass yet a little girl."

All the time old man Carlson's round blue eyes kept peering from beneath those half moon eyeglasses of his, but the cable operator seemed too preoccupied to notice it.

For several minutes they talked disjointedly of island gossip; of copra prices and of the disastrous Socialist experiment in New Zealand. No, it was not good for shipping. Yes, Carlson thought it would not last long. No, he had not heard about the *Blue Bay's* breaking her back on an uncharted coral reef. Too bad, old Joe McCabe had lost every cent in her.

Steadily, like tired animals climbing a hill the sentences (*Continued on page* 111)

Blondel in FEZ

THE ancient walls of Fez became greyer in the paling sunlight. . . .

The old story-teller sat on his haunches, his knees under him, while he gesticulated. There was expression in his eyes, and, as his story grew, in every finger of his hands. Then, as the manner of telling became dramatic, his arms joined in the pantomime and his wide sleeves waved. Everything except his white turban became part of the pantomime.

And all around him, outside the walls, was a throng of listeners—Moors who were scarcely browned by the sun, just olive-skinned; natives much darker; Riffs in brighter attire than the rest; and coal-black Negroes, slaves still, some with white, grizzly beards. Yet, in every pair of eyes, there was rapt interest. To the young, it was new. To the older, it was new, every time they had heard it.

Every evening, when the sun was soon due to sink, the story-teller began his tale. And, year after year, he had gone all through his repertoire—stories of how Saladin beat the Christian princes in Palestine, tales of how the Moors swept right across North Africa and then conquered Spain, yes, and thrilling narratives of how young men wandered into the deserts where the djinns lived, where evil spirits crept into the bodies of animals, where there was danger, mysterious danger, behind every rock.

A shower of coppers seemed little payment for such pleasure as this. Yet, year after year, the old story-teller had told his tales. Many listeners had heard them all before, a score of times.

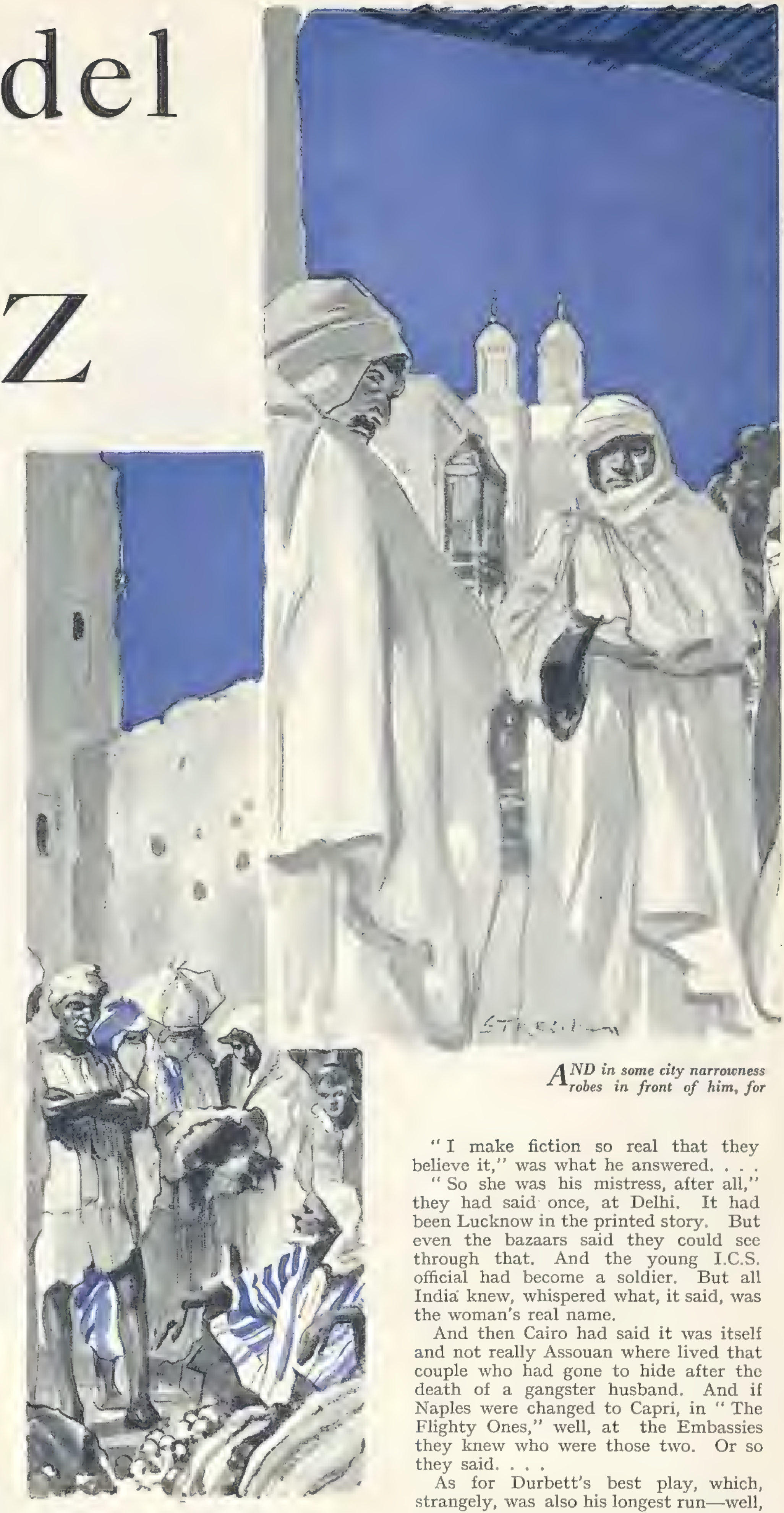
Well, if the tales were old, the manner of telling seemed always new.

History was reborn while the old man talked—the days when Arabs were mighty people, when mere Christians came to Fez to learn, to sit at the feet of Moslem culture, when the great university was famed half across the world. Then, learning passed from hand to mouth; the stories still did.

One listener looked on who could not understand. He had come to mysterious Fez, as he went everywhere.

They said of him that he lifted plots from real people's lives in all sorts of places, altering a little, and yet often leaving behind him a trail of revelation that caused hurt. He denied it. But that was what they said—that you cannot merely change Rangoon to Singapore in your story-telling, when you take from life, or hide Reality by altering the name of a Chinese port into Yokohama.

Clarence Durbett was used to blame.



AND in some city narrowness robes in front of him, for

"I make fiction so real that they believe it," was what he answered. . . .

"So she was his mistress, after all," they had said once, at Delhi. It had been Lucknow in the printed story. But even the bazaars said they could see through that. And the young I.C.S. official had become a soldier. But all India knew, whispered what, it said, was the woman's real name.

And then Cairo had said it was itself and not really Assouan where lived that couple who had gone to hide after the death of a gangster husband. And if Naples were changed to Capri, in "The Flighty Ones," well, at the Embassies they knew who were those two. Or so they said. . . .

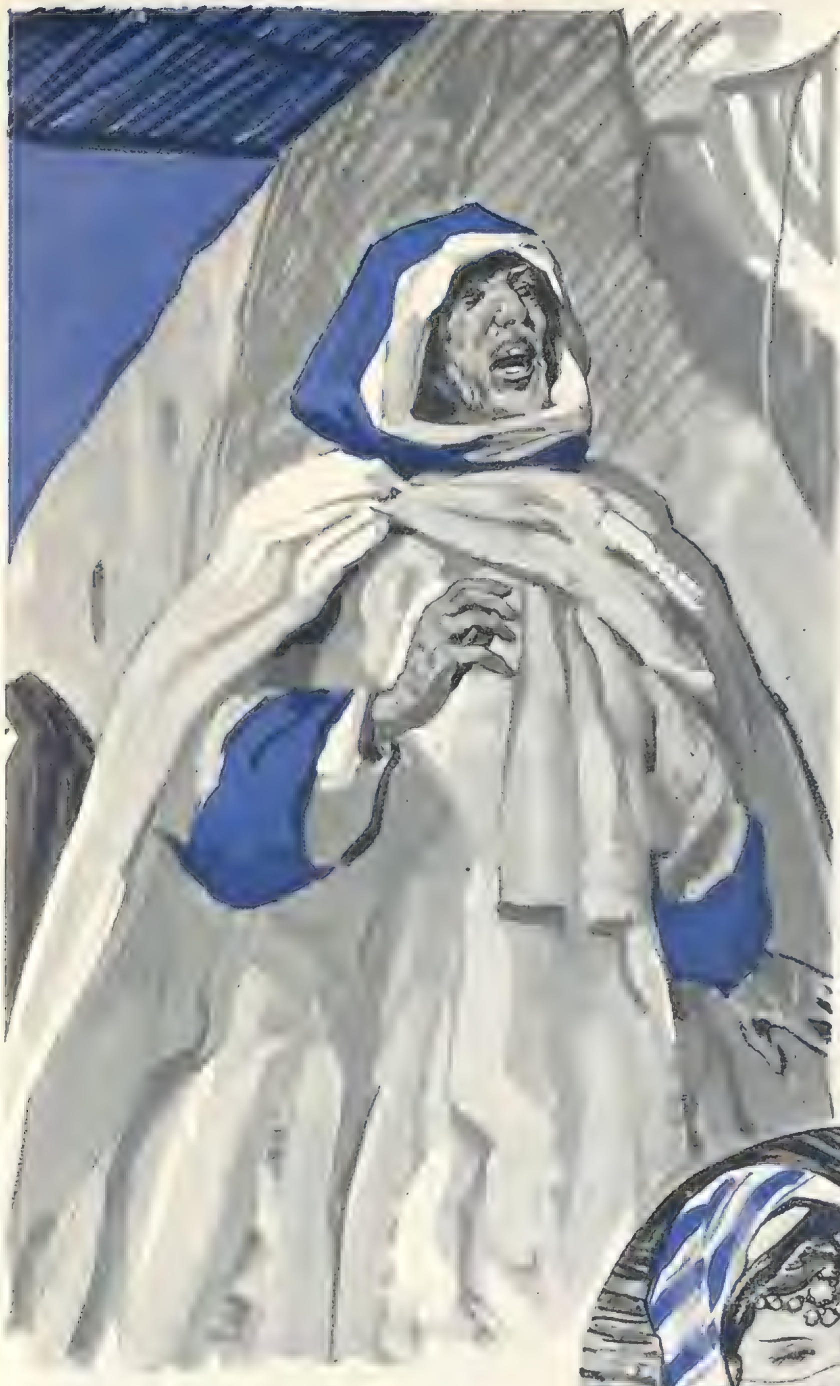
As for Durbett's best play, which, strangely, was also his longest run—well, "The Times" file in the British Museum said to the file of the "Morning Post" in the darkness at night, "I told it better than that, in a police-court report."

"I wonder where he gets his stories," thought Durbett, a European on the fringe of a native crowd outside the walls of Fez.

No Song in all the world—but an Old One

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustrations by S. Tresilian



or other he heard, coming from white hours, Charles Coborn's old song

In a tower topping one mosque there was a stork's nest. In it, young storks being nurtured.

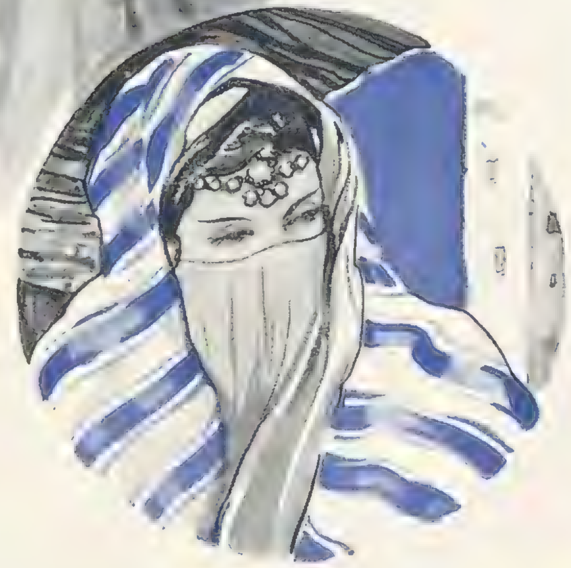
And, underneath all those roofs, unseen to an eye above, there were a quarter of a million Moors! Yes, Fez the Mysterious was there, hidden, secret, cruel. . . .

Fez had a thousand stories. The Street of the Leatherworkers was full of them. So was the Street of the Silversmiths, stories as involved as the streets themselves. For they curved and twisted everywhere, went round corners so sudden that a stranger left alone would lose himself within a minute of his starting out.

There was a story in each of those shoes nailed up as a warning on a wall, in the Street of the Shoemakers. Each shoe bore the name of the merchant who had sold bad leather.

There was a story in each of the veiled women who passed. Yes, and there was also a mystery.

"Is she old or young?" you thought, every time you saw, through a veil, only a pair of eyes. "Is she beautiful or plain?" Veildom shuffled along, treading on the backs of its slippers, backs folded down. It said nothing. Not even the eyes spoke.



Who, one day, using European words, will peer through all that mystery, make the Past relive, blend in some mighty narrative the story of the tribesmen who settled down, fought for their city, became, centuries ago, great craftsmen, and who yet live on in just the same old way?

Missionaries do not touch them. Civilisation changes nothing. One culture cannot understand a culture that first expressed itself in days that are gone. . . .

"Could I hold my listeners like that, if I stood in a market place and recited them? Would people hear? I'd like to get one of his plots just once. What is he telling?"

But no one could translate. Here was a mine of fiction, virgin to Europe.

WELL, four weeks had Durbett spent in the Jamais Palais Hotel. From his room, looking down on orange trees and palms, he could just catch a glimpse of the whiteness of Fez, just a few flat roofs. Near him in the old palace—for that it was until a modern company made it part of a hotel chain—was a room once a harem. Even now, the cushions still rested on settees round the room. In it, you still looked down on Fez through a metal grille.

Day after day he had wandered through the city's tortuousness. From the hills above he had gazed down on what looked just like a white flatness, the roofs of buildings all clustered together. Yet there was not a soul in sight. A few miles away, modern Fez, the French city, seemed a bit of Paris. Under those roofs, Arabian Nights still had their entertainments.

Now and then in the evening, a few women would come up from the harems and sit upon the roofs. Why, it was not long since that the call to prayer was sounded by priests chosen for their blindness, so that their eyes could not fall upon the women.

DURBETT yearned for a wide canvas on which to paint his emotions, a great stage on which to make a dead world still alive, play all its parts, a vast orchestra which could reveal, in sound, the mystery, tell the secrets of the Past and the Present, still the same, but one dead and the other living. Here was a story greater than the imaginings of any man.

He went with a guide who, except for a few words of French, could do nothing but point. He saw women, still soulless, kissing the outside walls of a mosque into which they were denied entry.

Passing the door, he had to avert his eyes. Even to-day, in mysterious Fez, the eyes of an infidel must not look inside the doorway of a mosque. Blind beggars toppled their way on the stones. Each wall, white just like every other wall, hid a mystery. Behind it there might be a slum or a palace, for all the walls were just the same. Behind it, anyway, there was still slavery. You might enact freedom

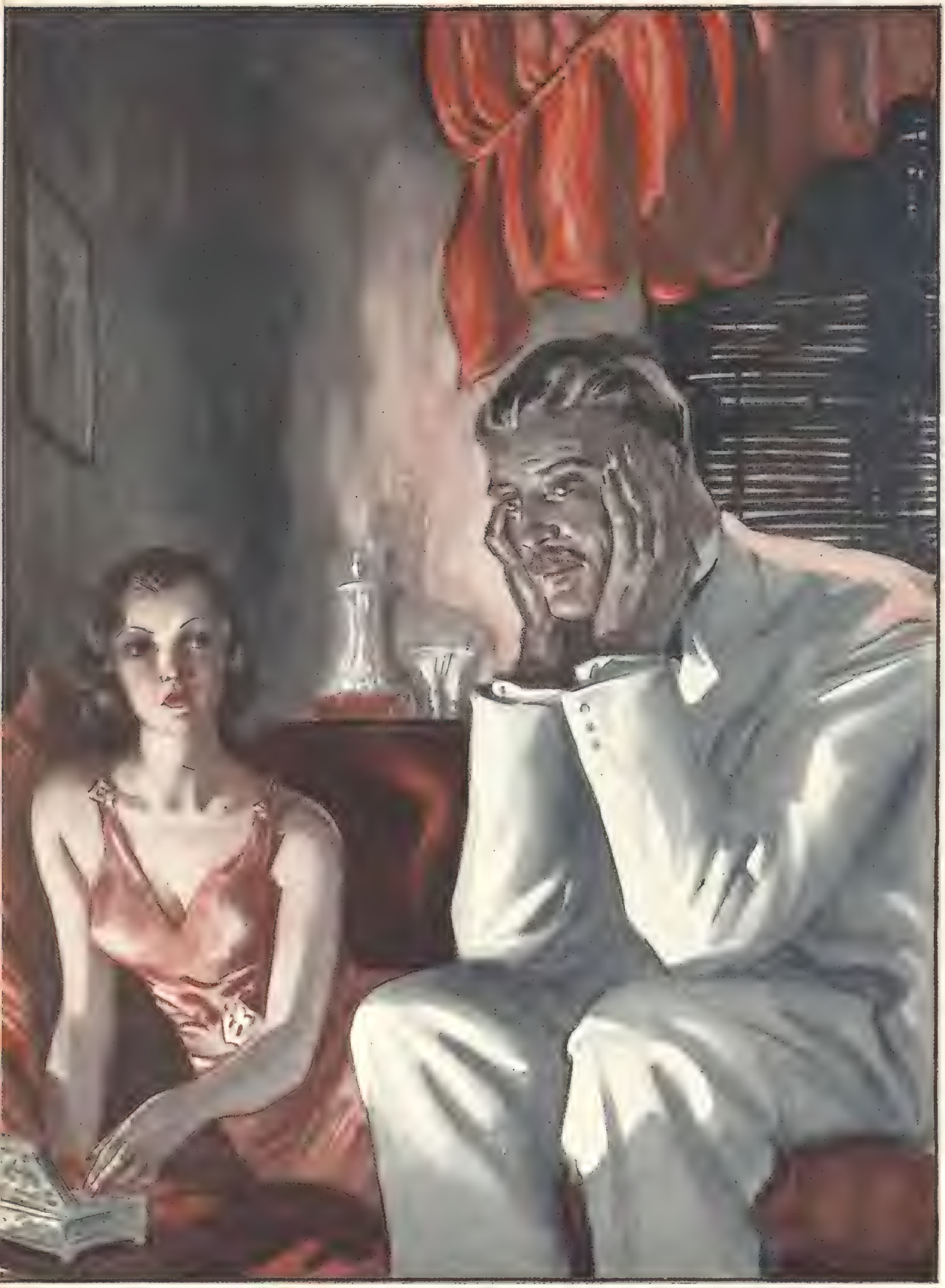
(*Continued on page 108*)

"They're Not Worth It"

Meaning, of course, Women in General and Wives—in India, in Particular

By Hilton Brown

Illustrated by D. Lloyd Wynne



JULIE'S long fingers, absurdly carmined at the nails, dipped into a silver cigarette box

AS the District Magistrate was leaving the club, the Superintendent of the Central Jail came bustling after him.

" I say, Stephen——"

The D.M. halted. " Yes ? "

" I'm afraid I've got a job for you to-morrow morning—rather a nasty one. Will you attend an execution ? "

Blagdon looked at him with his celebrated " What-do I-smell ? " expression which had given him such a reputation for side and snobbery, and was due really to nothing more than a slight malformation of the nostril.

" Why me ? I've never done such a thing in my life."

" *Some* magistrate's got to be present. The Sub-Magistrate's gone sick."

" Where's the S.D.M. ? "

" God knows—camp somewhere. Anyway I can't get at him. I'm afraid you're for it, Stephen."

The supercilious nostril visibly twitched. " Well—what time ? "

" Five ak emma."

" Good God ! That's a dreadful hour. Can't you make it later ? "

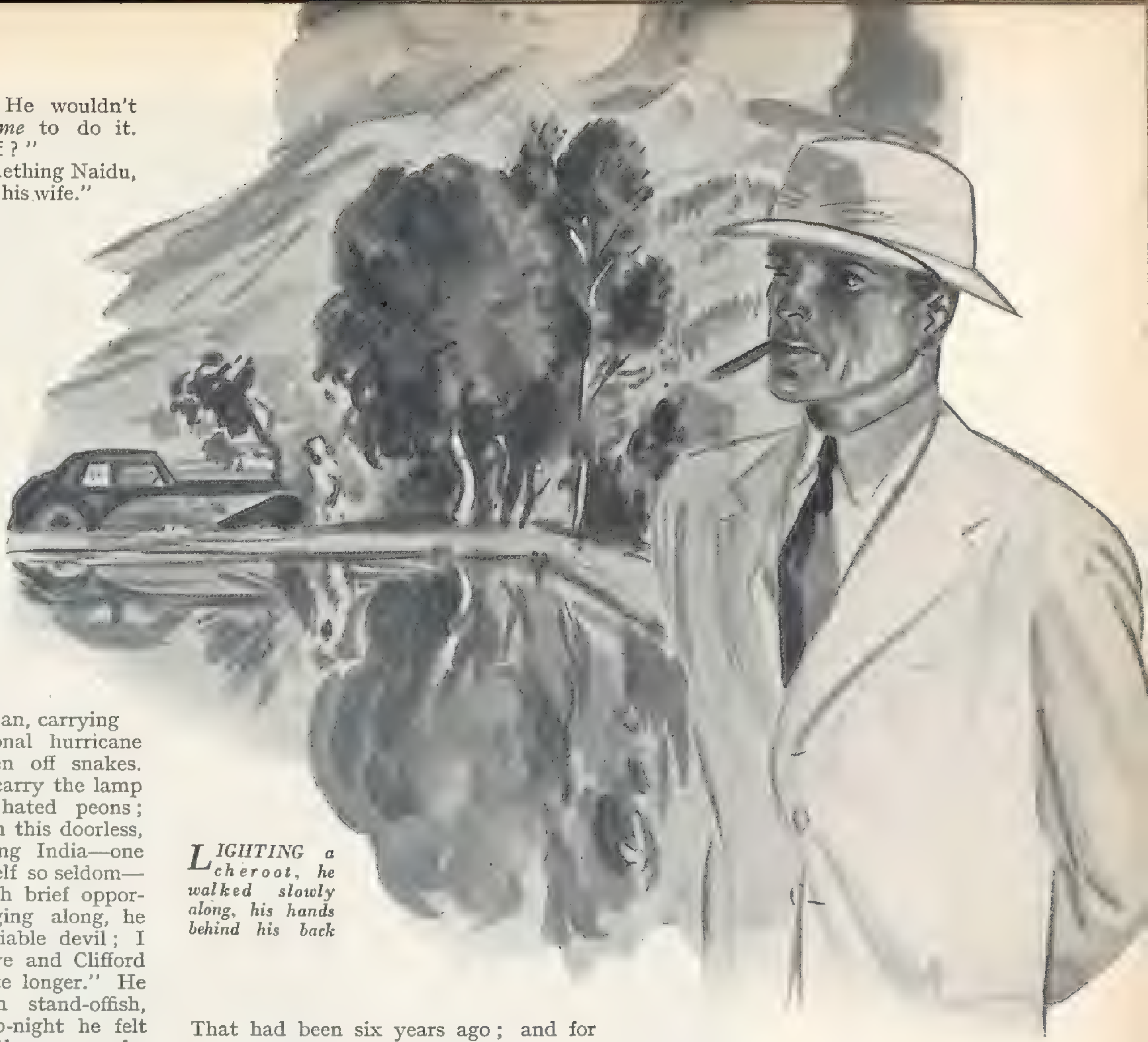
" Sorry, I can't. It's regulations. Medes and Persians."

The D.M. stood tapping his shoe on the club step. It was a loathsome prospect, and to-morrow was to be a bad enough day anyway. But, then, there were a number of loathsome prospects in life, and you just had to face them—no use flinching.

" Very well," he said, " I'll be there at five. Will you send me round a copy of the Sessions judgment this evening ? "

" Oke ! " The D.M. went away down the club steps, and Major Wrye, I.M.S., went back to his interrupted billiards. Sipping his long drink, he said.

" Old Stephen wasn't too pleased."



LIGHTING a cheroot, he walked slowly along, his hands behind his back

The Policeman said, "He wouldn't be. You wouldn't get *me* to do it. Who are you bumping off?"

"I forget his name—something Naidu, I think. Fellow who did in his wife."

"Oh, *that* chap." The Policeman played a shot carefully. "Pretty common or garden case, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so . . . . What a conscientious devil old Blagdon is; he wants to read the Sessions judgment. What does it matter to *him* what the fellow did? He's got to be hanged now. Conscientious to the last. But you'd hardly call him companionable."

The Policeman said sourly, "Did you ever know a D.M. who was?" They wandered into stock Service discussions.

Meanwhile Stephen Blagdon was walking homewards across the Maidan, carrying in his hand the traditional hurricane lamp designed to frighten off snakes. Most men had a peon to carry the lamp for them, but Blagdon hated peons; one got so little privacy in this doorless, windowless, peering, prying India—one could be alone with oneself so seldom—that one snatched at such brief opportunities as came. Trudging along, he thought, "I'm an unsociable devil; I couldn't have stood Wrye and Clifford and all that lot a minute longer." He knew they thought him stand-offish, uncompanionable; and to-night he felt more uncompanionable than ever, for to-night he must make a decision on a very serious matter. "What," he thought, "am I to do about Julie? What am I really going to do? I must do something; what's it to be?"

As he tramped noiselessly through the soft dust of the Maidan, Julie presented herself in the form of a riddle—when is a wife not a wife? When, he answered, she becomes merely a machine for spending money; when she stays up in the Hills long after everybody else and refuses to come down, in spite of letter after letter; when she—when she's unfaithful. But *was* Julie unfaithful? Pretty certainly, yes. If she hadn't been unfaithful before, she was unfaithful now with this fellow Mallick up there in the Hills. Probably at this very moment—— He had heard things said; he had received two distinct anonymous letters—muck, of course, but straws that showed the wind—he had seen enough for himself during his last brief visit to Ooty to tell him that Julie, his wife, was "carrying on" with this Mallick. And when women like Julie "carried on" it generally meant whole-hogging. Pretty, passionate little thing; why the devil had he married her? Ah, there you were; it hadn't been for want of cogent advice to the contrary; it hadn't been for want of a secret dark doubt in his own heart. Infatuation, one of those blasts of desire that swept one in this dementing India, this country of crazy values. Anyway he had done it, and it *was* done; no getting out of it now. She had been the sister of a fellow in the Forests; they said she had a touch of the tar-brush; they said she was no better than she should be even then. No matter; nothing had stopped him. That had been six years ago; and for six childless years—no children for clever Julie!—she had made him regret it increasingly. Pretty, passionate little thing—with the brains of a bandicoot, if that. And now she was cheating him, playing him false; unfaithful—

And what was he going to do about it?

In the dark his face hardened, a pulse beat in his temple, the first rumblings of that blinding temper that terrified his subordinates began in his brain. He knew what he was going to do. If Julie whole-hogged, others would whole-hog too. "I'm going to write a challenge to-night," he mused, "an ultimatum; I'm going to write to Julie telling her that I am coming up to Ootacamund at once and that I'll expect her to come away down with me next day. So far so good; and then? And then—when I go there and she says she doesn't want to come, when she begins her silly excuses, her pestilent lies? Why, *then* — *then*, by God! . . . . I'll have a stick with me; and she and Mallick, she and Mallick . . . . *That's* the thing to do; that's what I *will* do."

The Collector's bungalow loomed suddenly in front of him; an officious peon came running to take the lamp. He shouted.

"Bo-oy!"

"Sa-ar!"

"Get my bath. And I want dinner in twenty minutes."

He bathed in three inches of tepid water in a zinc tub; afterwards his dressing-boy helped him into white jean trousers and a black alpaca dinner-jacket. Master was silent to-night, the boy thought, but then his master was always silent—not like some masters who came back from the club unsteady and garrulous. The boy knew all about Julie and Mallick up there in Ooty; everybody in the compound knew it; but he did not concern himself very acutely. Let the Madam stay away, he thought, and be Mallick *dorai's* concubine; everybody got on much better without her. He filled his master's cigarette-case and vanished without a sound.

The dinner was reasonably good. After it, Blagdon took a cheroot and went up to a long chair in the cool upstairs verandah to think out his letter. Peace at last for that exacting task. But hardly had he sat down when the duffadar was salaaming at his side.

"Jail *dorigaru pampichinaru.*"

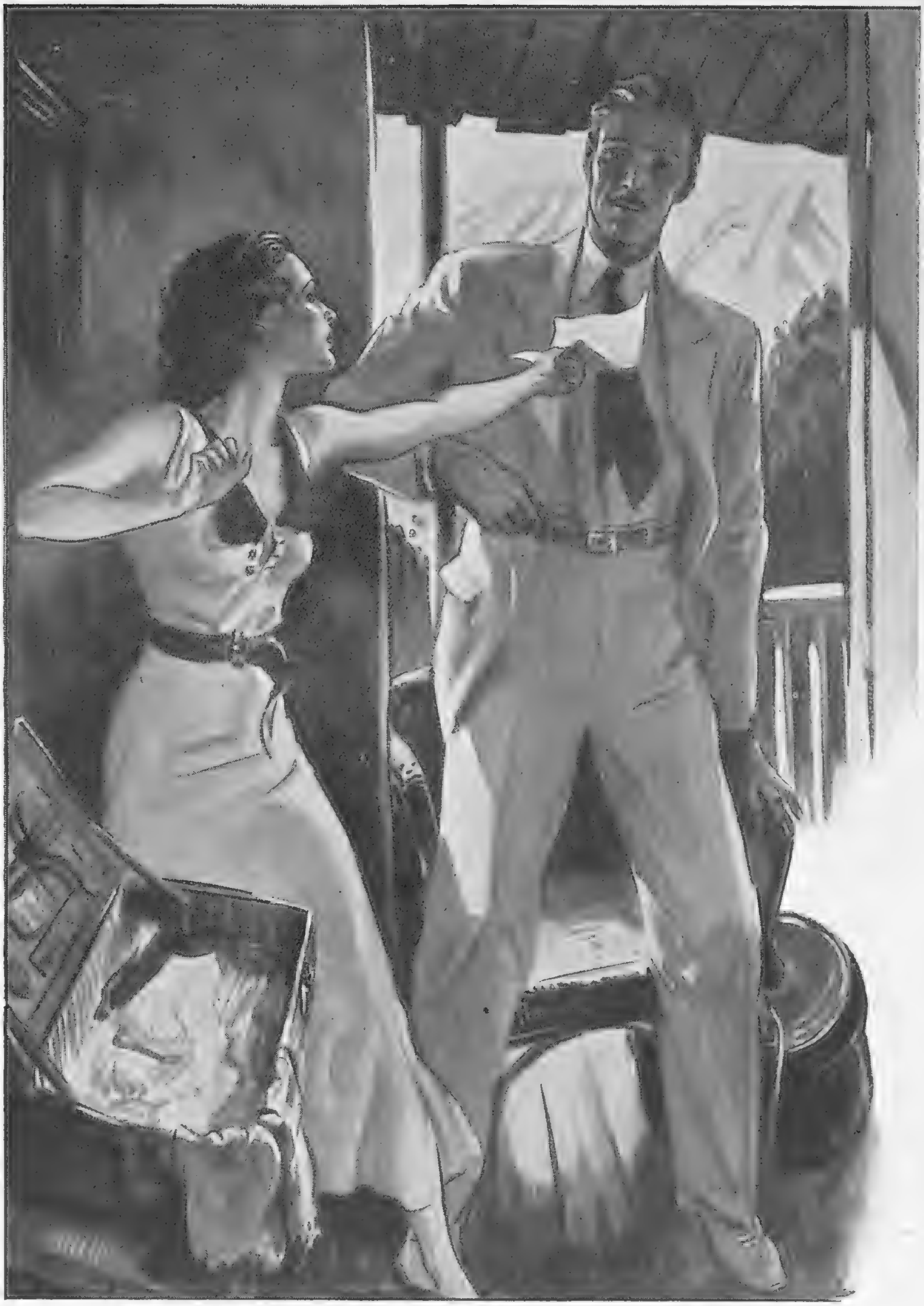
Blagdon took the long official cover. Of course—the Sessions judgment; he had almost forgotten this miserable business at five next morning. With the habit engendered by twenty years of official life he obediently thrust his private affairs into the background of his mind, slit the envelope and drew out the long printed document in which Kingford, S. J., had recorded his grounds for sentencing Manickam Naidu to death.

Blagdon had the executive magistrate's contempt for the more regular judiciary; wordy devils, these judges; but, then, they had nothing else to do. What was it all about? Struggling through Kingford's verbosity and his interminable "P.W."s and "D.W."s and exhibits and material objects, he came roughly at the facts—the common or garden facts, as the Policeman would have called them. The man who was to die at five to-morrow morning was—had been—a cultivator in an up-country village, and he was to die because he had nearly decapitated his wife with a cultivator's bill-hook. This he had done because he had believed her to be unchaste—and it was apparently admitted throughout that she *had* been unchaste. Still, however unchaste a wife may be, you can't cut her head off with a bill-hook. A pity, perhaps, but so the law has it. The *vakil* for the defence had based his plea on the time-honoured line of grave and sudden provocation, but it hadn't worked. The accused had decoyed his wife into the jungle by means of a false message, and had lain in wait for her there all ready; further, he had made elaborate arrangements—the too clever, over-elaborate arrangements of a numskull—for the disposal of the body and for his own escape. And so, said Kingford, S. J., he must hang. His appeal to the High Court had failed; hang he must tomorrow at five ak emma. And he, Blagdon, must see him do it.

And then suddenly a red light shot through his brain. "It's my own case; it's my own case. There but for the grace of God goes Stephen Blagdon! Extraordinary! I've never had to do with a hanging before, and the very first one is a man who's done what I am half-thinking—more than half-thinking—of doing myself. If I go to Ooty, I won't be answerable; *he* wasn't answerable, poor little devil! Coincidence? It's almost easier to believe it design. My God, I know this man—he's *me*! What exactly did happen?"

Flattening out the Sessions judgment, lighting a fresh cheroot, he began at the very beginning. He read with the closest attention, making mechanically methodical notes. And as he read and read the stars swung upward in the sky, the noises in the road became intermittent, the chatter from the servants' godowns died into silence. The stillness was so intense that the striking of the hour-gong at the distant Treasury was like a thunderclap. Blagdon started up. Ten o'clock—he must write that letter. But it wasn't ten—it was eleven; no, by Jove! it was twelve. Twelve midnight, and a new day tipping over the dead centre—the last day of all days for Manickam Naidu. In five hours, thought Blagdon, he must be at the jail; no time for a difficult letter now.

Shouting hastily for his dressing-boy, he tore off his clothes and jumped into bed. The dressing-boy tucked in the mosquito-curtains, took orders for tea at four-thirty and went noiselessly away. Neither Blagdon nor Manickam Naidu was any concern of his.



IN Julie Blagdon's little house in Ootacamund the fire of eucalyptus logs burned brightly with hissings and a sweetly pungent smell. That and the light from a single shaded lamp lit up the blond handsomeness of Geoffrey Mallick as he sat with his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands. On the other side of the fire Julie was curled up on the chesterfield—a little creature, catlike, darkly rosy, beautiful great eyes, a nasty, pettish little mouth that spoiled everything. Mallick said.

"But, darling——"

Julie said, "There's no 'but' about it. I tell you I'm not coming with you again. Not yet anyway. We took far too big a chance last time."

"But, darling, it's as safe as houses now. Everyone's gone down."

"It's never safe in this beastly country. There's eyes everywhere. Anyway, I'm not coming, and there's an end of it."

He sighed. "Oh, Julie, you do make life hell for me."

"You'll have to be patient, boy. That's all."

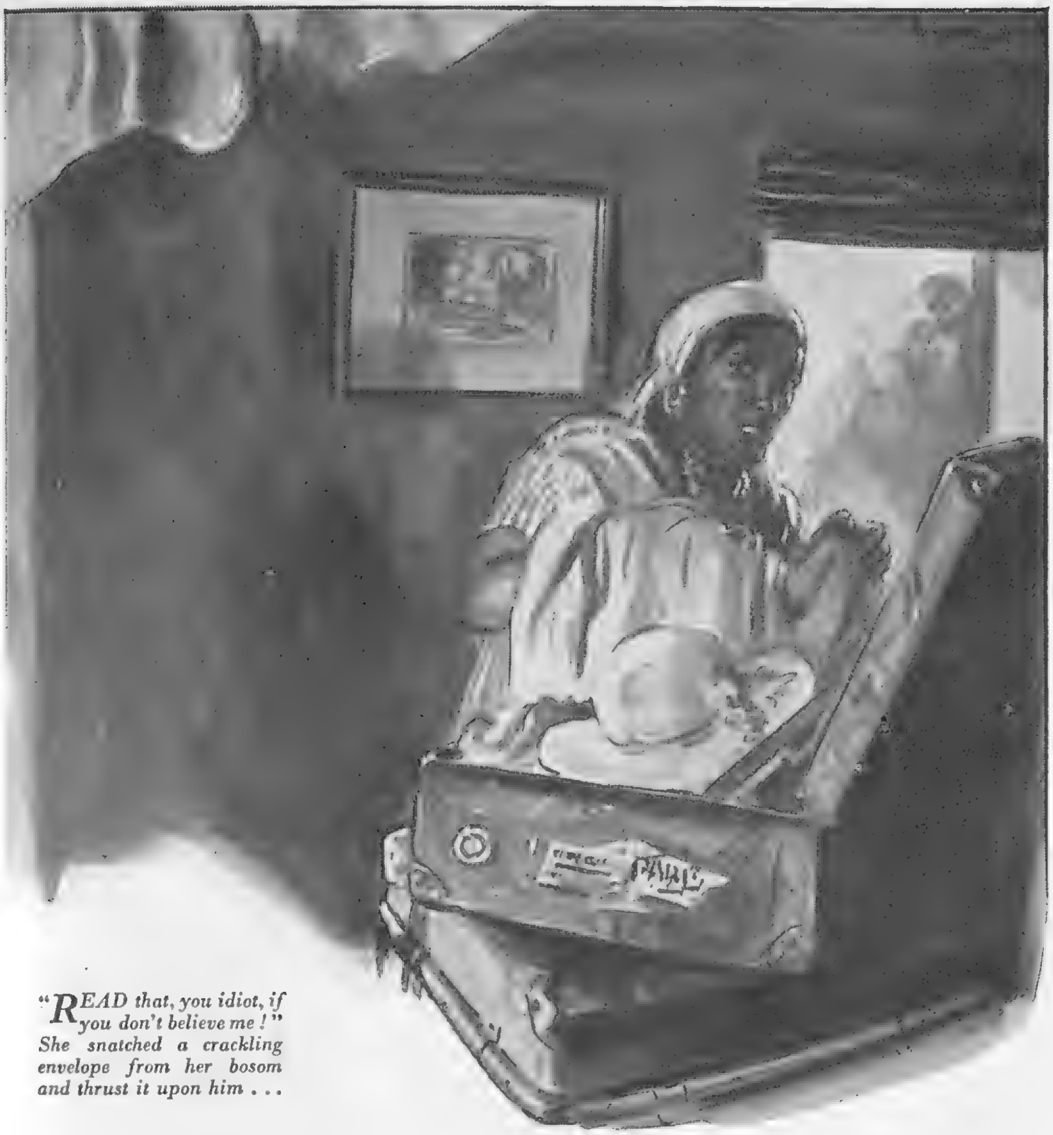
"You *will* come again, Julie, one day?"

"Yes, of course. I promise."

"One day soon?"

"We'll see."

Mallick took his head in his hands. "If I only knew what to do," he thought—



"READ that, you idiot, if you don't believe me!" She snatched a crackling envelope from her bosom and thrust it upon him . . .

"if I even knew what I really want to do myself. I'm desperately fond of her—desperately; once wasn't nearly enough. What heaven it was, that week-end down at the Forest Bungalow! I must have it again; I must! In that case we ought to write to her husband and tell him the whole story. Then he'd divorce. Then I'd have to marry Julie. And do I want to marry her? Do I? Even if I could afford it?" He groaned heavily. "Oh, what a mess!"

Julie's long fingers, absurdly carmined at the nails, dipped into a silver cigarette box; she was cool and self-possessed; she felt no echo of his torment.

"Listen, boy. *He's* smelt a rat. I know he has. I think that ghastly Mrs. Kingford must have told him something—he'd never have seen it for himself. I simply must lie low for a bit—that's all. It'll pass."

"But, dearest, couldn't we just tell him? Couldn't we just go away together."

Her little hands snatched furiously at the empty air. "Oh, don't start *pestering!* Otherwise I'll never see you again."

He groaned again. The deepest silence fell on the little room, broken only by the sputter of the blazing logs and the weird howls of someone outside scaring wild animals away from his potatoes. It lengthened miserably till Julie threw her cigarette into the grate; it struck the mantel in a shower of sparks.

"He keeps writing to me to come down. I know he's spotted something. Some of these cats have put him on to it. And it comes to this—I'll have to go."

"For God's sake, don't!"

"Don't be silly, Geoff; I'll come back. It'll only be for a little."

"How little?"

"A week or two. I promise. . . . And now, darling, I think you'll have to go home. It's close on midnight. No sense in getting copped for this sort of thing."

"I suppose not." But he thought, "Is it worth getting copped for at all? Is *she* worth getting copped for? What *do* I want?" He found his coat and went out into a night as clear as his own soul was dark. Stumbling along the ill-lit road he thought bitterly, "She's double-crossing; if I asked her to do the straight thing she wouldn't do it. I'm only a wretched rubber-planter; *he's* I.C.S. and all that. That's what she likes; she likes being Mrs. Collector, and she means to stick to it and have her fun too. She wants it both ways. Little beast! And yet I'm crazed about her. And who's to know," he thought darkly, that "she isn't double-crossing me even up here? I wouldn't wonder; I'm not sure about it. There's that fellow Marshman——"

BLAGDON slept as brokenly as he had expected, but for a different reason. He had pictured himself tossing in restless misery over Julie and that blackguard Mallick (but was he a blackguard or only a damned fool?). Instead, he found his mind wandering to the little man Manickam Naidu who had slain his wife for her sins. What was *he* thinking—how was *he* passing these last few hours? Asleep probably—nay, almost certainly. A creature of that kind was free from nerves and practically free from imagination; he was blessed with an almost animal inability to look forward; if you said to him, "You're going to be hanged to-morrow," he would reply "*Chittam,*" just as if you said, "To-morrow you are going to transplant paddy." It was possible to waste sympathy on such a person, to torture one's mind on his behalf far more keenly than he could exercise his own . . . . All the same, Blagdon passed a very poor night; he was awake and sitting up long before the sleepy dressing-boy came stumbling with a lamp and the early tea.

"Good morning, sa-ar."

"Good morning. Get the car."

The short drive to the jail, which lay out in the open country, was strangely unreal; one passed through a world which should have been day but remained night. It was still pitch dark; owls and cocks called in the blankness beyond the roadside hedge of aloes; in a remote unstirring void one smelt wood-smoke and some sickly night-smelling flower. The car was held up for five minutes by an endless string of night-travelling country carts trailing into the city with their lamps swinging under the axles and every driver sprawling in ungraceful slumber. The grim gate of the jail, lamp-lit and vague, stood up vast as the mouth of Hell; but the jail guard was alert and in good order. The Head Constable's "E-slope arms; pre-zent arms" roared like an indecent explosion. Wrye, a dim figure carrying a hurricane lamp, came peering forward.

"Morning, Stephen. Pretty parky, eh?"

Blagdon pushed past him. "Let's get on with it."

The ordeal—for by now Blagdon knew it would be an ordeal—was much less violent than he had expected; the whole affair indeed became stupid rather than terrible. There was a grim moment when the prisoner was seen approaching between two guards down the dim corridors of the jail; he was muttering some kind of feeble perfunctory prayer: "Ra-ma, Ra-ma, Ra-ma, Ra-ma," he went on, with an ascending and descending note. But from that touch of ghastliness the whole thing degenerated into an official function like a thousand others—like issuing a licence, or selling a liquor-shop or making an order of maintenance. It became one of a thousand duties—dull or intolerable—that just had to be got through with. There was a farce of identification by moles and scars—as if the prisoner could have miraculously changed in the night! There was another farce of gabbling the warrant to him in Telugu—as if he could understand a word of it or as if it mattered now whether he did or not. Throughout it all the prisoner remained an unreal, unbelievable figure; he displayed neither fear nor defiance, neither nobility nor degradation; he displayed no intelligent appreciation of his circumstances whatever. That was, Blagdon thought, a great help. And the prisoner was a much older man than he had expected (*Continued on page 126*)

Home

Latest and sug

Here is a decorative scheme for a modern room. A simple background of stone-coloured walls. A plain green carpet and satin curtains of the same colour make a lovely foil for the background and harmonise with damask upholstery in prune and beige colouring. Waring and Gillow

It is difficult to detect the difference between this wall covering and real sycamore panelling. The colouring of the wood and its satin texture are perfectly reproduced on paper. The bookshelves are also covered with it. The prices of these "wood panel" papers begin at seven shillings a piece. Sanderson

INTERIOR decoration has taken a new turn. Fashions in wallpapers and wall treatments show something entirely new.

Flowered papers are everywhere, but not the sprawling chaotic designs we discarded a few years ago. Delicate chintz patterns, lovely reproductions of period designs now give the authentic finish to period schemes and even mingle delightfully with modern furniture.

Horizontal effects are popular for modern rooms. To achieve this effect two papers are often combined and hung in horizontal bands of ten or twelve inches deep giving a two-colour effect which is enhanced by matching the ceiling and the woodwork with one of them.

Palest green, used with faint pink, makes an attractive combination. Plain papers are used with perhaps a mottled or a rough surface.

Dados, flower borders, decorated cornices are things of the past. Wallpaper treatments are, in nearly all cases, carried up to the ceiling. Picture rails are still a matter of personal taste, but since well-balanced groups of small pictures are preferred to the more conventional hanging of large ones, picture rails are, more often than not, considered superfluous.

One very charming paper that is proving popular this season typifies the feeling for horizontal effects in decoration.

On a pastel coloured background a very delicate flower design, widely spaced, is drawn in horizontal lines from side to side. As it nears the ceiling the design grows fainter until it merges into the background, giving an effect of distance and an added loftiness to the room. Several combinations of colour are available, each equally charming.

Paper "wood panelling" is perhaps the most important innovation of the season. Sycamore, oak, walnut, pine and mahogany are reproduced with such amazing accuracy that it is almost impossible to distinguish between the synthetic and the real thing.

The cost of treating a room in this way is, of course, considerably less than the cheapest form of real wood panelling. The "wood" papers begin at about seven shillings a piece and allowance must be made for little extra charge for hanging.

At the same time, their durability is such that the extra cost of the treatment is fully justified. In a hall or living-room, it can, with ordinary care, be considered almost permanent.

DISCUSSIONS with the decorator on spring renovations should always include some understanding of the quality of paint to be used either for indoor or outdoor work.

House-owners should bear in mind that, whatever the quality of the paint used, the cost of labour to apply it will be the same. It is therefore advisable to make sure that the finest quality materials are used so as to obtain the fullest value for money.

White lead paint is always a safe choice and, when properly mixed and skilfully applied to a surface made fit to receive it, lasts long, looks well during its entire life and wears out gradually, leaving a good surface for repainting (a very important point, this).

NEW decorations call for some adaptation of lighting schemes. If lighting fixtures are to be replaced there is no better time to do it than when decorations are in progress.

The G.E.C. have excelled themselves in producing delightful modern fixtures

Renovations

news of decorations
gestions for comfort

Spring renovations often call for outlay on some fresh piece of furniture to bring a new colour scheme into line. A modern easy chair may fill the bill or the renewal of upholstery. Here is a chair from Hamptons which shows a chair covering of superlative fit in a fabric which is modern though restrained

Chintz papers are popular again. This delightful reproduction of a period chintz has a white ground and a floral design of shaded pink and blue. A guimpe border at each margin is a delightful finish. Charming with period furniture. Sandersons

for the new season. Chromium and glass is widely used, and designs vary to such an extent that a choice can be made with equal ease for the ultra-modern scheme or for the simple cottage home.

New decorations have a habit of making furnishings look shabby, and there is no better way of dealing with the situation than by re-upholstering old chairs or giving them loose covers.

We have illustrated an easy chair from Hamptons which shows one of the many practicable and beautiful fabrics for which this firm are famed. The cut and general finish of this upholstery will speak for themselves.

Chair renovations are not far from the subject of beds, which frequently call for remaking, or even replacement, at this time of year.

Hardly anything in the home has a greater bearing upon health than the mattress upon which you sleep. How well you keep is largely a question of how well you sleep—so they say—in which case a really comfortable bed seems a reasonably sound investment.

This treatment for an entrance-hall was devised by Waring and Gillow. The walls are painted to imitate stone and the decorative niches, lit from above, give an architectural character in keeping with the furniture. The treatment was carried out in a modern house. Scarlet brocade curtains are used with a rich Persian rug

The Vi-Spring pocketed spring mattress has a reputation of more than thirty years to add to its other qualities, and if it means anything to you to know that this mattress has 1,056 springs—well, it has, and if you want any other kind of mattress after that, then you deserve to lie awake.

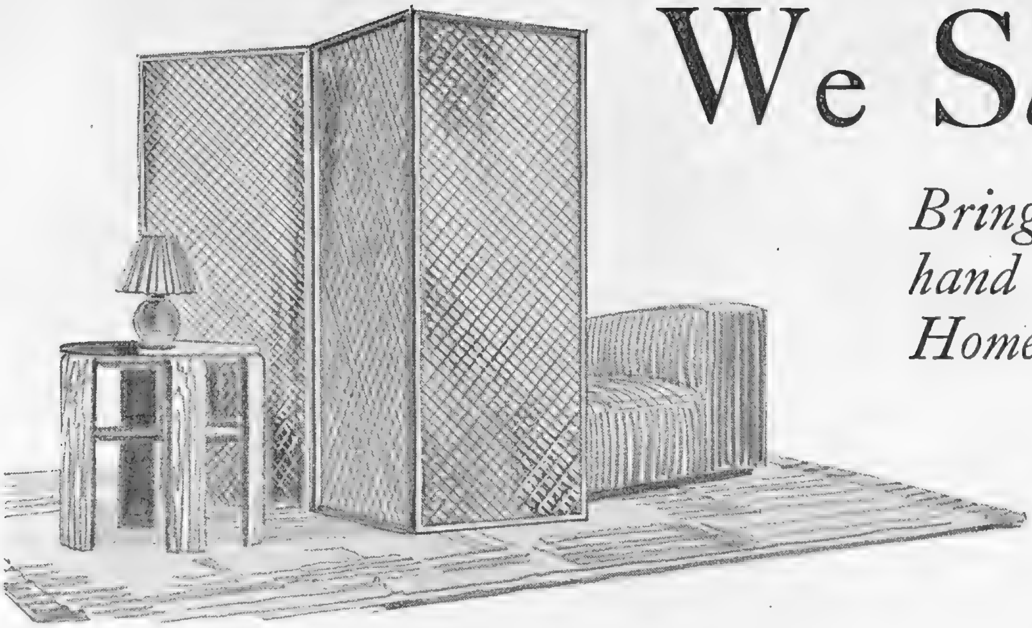
There are sound reasons for buying a pocketed-spring mattress such as the " Vi-Spring."

This particular mattress is made by hand throughout. Special attention is given to its springs. They are made of the finest British steel wire, galvanised to prevent corrosion, and tempered to ensure permanent resiliency. Superbly upholstered and covered in damask tickings, this mattress can be thoroughly relied upon to give comfort and sound service. It is unquestionably the mattress for those seeking the best.

When considering bedding, careful attention should also be given to the mattress support. A pocketed-spring mattress can never give its utmost comfort and durability unless every spring is fully sustained. The most efficient supports are the " Vitoflex " or " Vibase " supports, which are specially made to correctly sustain every spring in the " Vi-Spring " mattress.

We *Set* Your

Bring out your hidden hand at making some Home. These are fairly



You may need a man's assistance to make this attractive glass screen—or you may not. It is made with a new coloured flexible glass imposed on to a wooden frame. The glass is brilliant, hard, gorgeously coloured and easily fixed. You can use either mirrored glass or coloured opaque

BETWEEN ourselves, if we all sat down and waited until we could afford to make the improvements that spring suggests in our homes, improvements would be slow in materialising.

It's true of most of us. By the time decorators' accounts are met and replacements—that often don't show—are effected, finances begin to get tight. So tight that the new rugs, the fresh piece of furniture for the spare room and the other items we've been budgeting for grow more and more remote. If we let them.

But why let them? What you generally pay somebody else to do you can do yourself if you try. I give you my word for it.

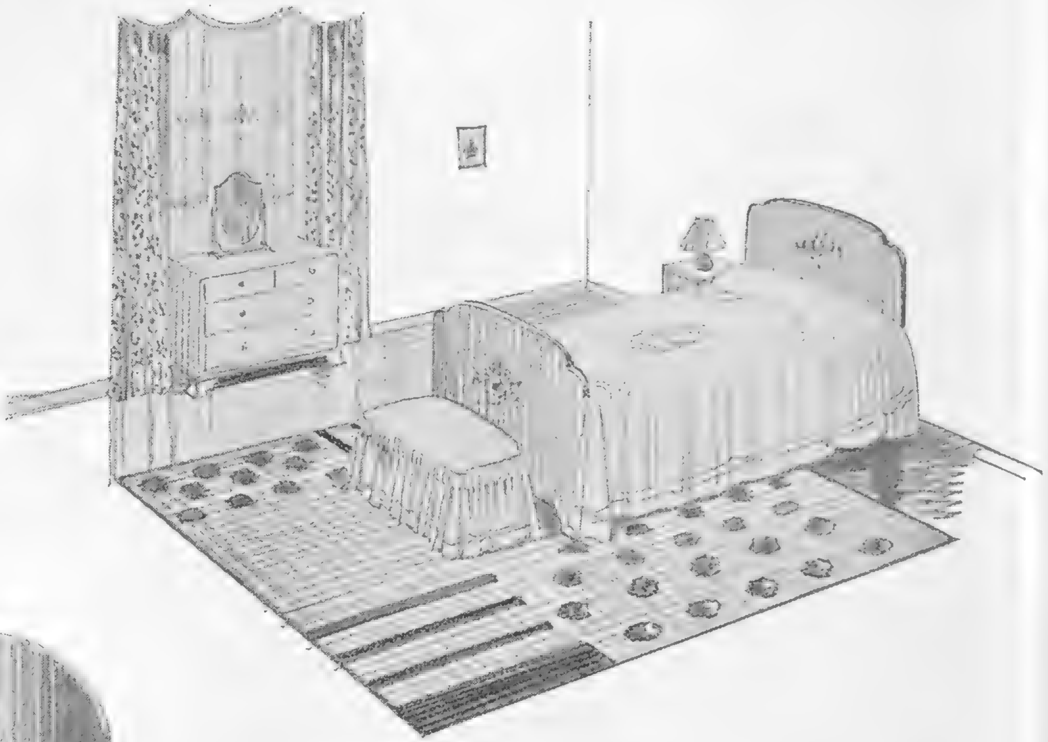
Here on this page we illustrate for you five different ways of proving to yourself that you can make all the improvements you like, if you like to work for them. Five ways of improving your home without dislocating your pocket, and of occupying your spare time pleasantly, if you have any.

Beginning with the illustration at the top of the left-hand page, we suggest a glass screen to give a touch of glamour to your drawing-room and a real test of your courage to try experiment.

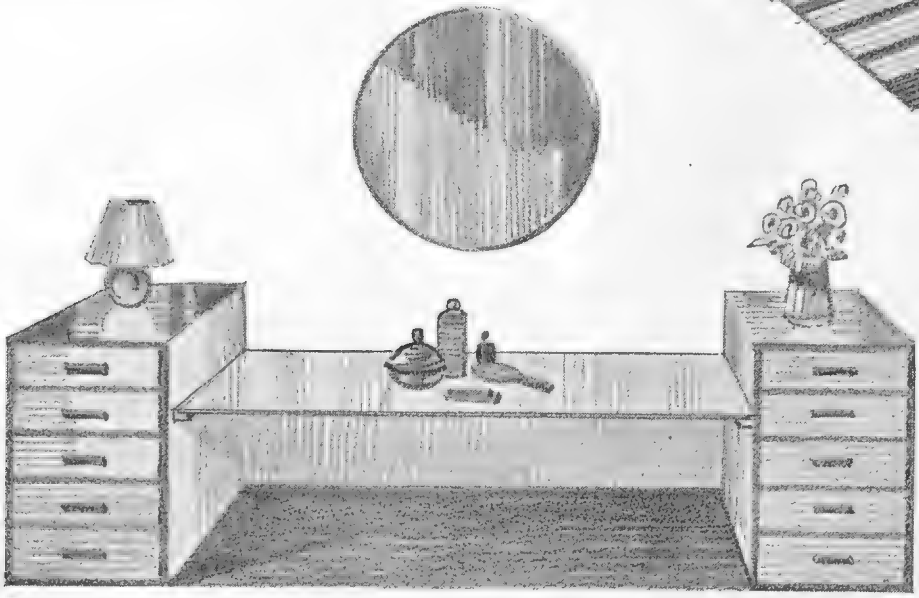
Flexible glass is something quite new. It is made in lovely colours, either mirrored or opaque. Small oblong strips of glass are imposed upon a fabric background, and the flexibility which is thus given to the finished piece makes it possible to lay the glass around corners and otherwise to adapt it with ease.

An ordinary strong deal frame is recommended for the foundation of the screen. Strips of the flexible glass (they are made in standard sizes, but can be cut to fit) should be fastened to the frame with the special adhesive paste which is made by mixing together best boiled linseed oil and finely powdered and sieved whitening.

A wooden beading is added to neaten the edges of the frame, and the glass may



If you work out a new curtain treatment for the window and make a rug in the same colourings, your bedroom will be brand new at once. A delightful Rosebank chintz is used in the scheme illustrated. The background is string colour with a neat design in shades of blue, pink and green. The wool rug has a string-coloured ground, and the modern design repeats the colouring of the curtains

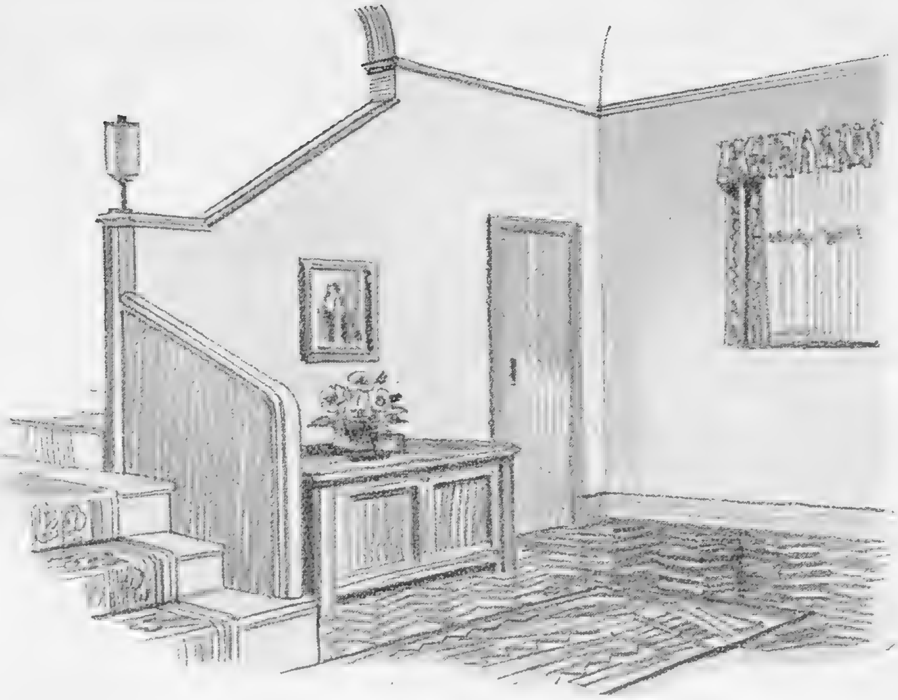


Make a modern dressing-table for the spare room. Here you have two ordinary whitewood cupboards which only need to be enamelled to match your scheme. A piece of plate glass (coloured, also, if you like) rests between the two. Practically no skill in carpentry is necessary to make the fitment, and the cost is small

Homework

talents. Try your improvements in your cheap and fairly easy

By Winifred Lewis



Modern distempers are so excellent that amateurs need have no fear of applying them. This attractive little entrance hall is decorated with Hall's washable distemper. The walls are canary yellow and the frieze and ceiling bath-stone

be used on each side of the frame or on one side only. A coloured canvas back or any other fabric which suggests itself can be used on the reverse side.

No skill in carpentry is necessary to make the screen. The panels of glass can be cut to the required measure, and a strong deal frame costs only a few shillings at any good turnery store.

THE centre picture on the left shows a design for improving a small bedroom. Freshly distempered walls will give the basis of a new colour scheme, and an original curtain treatment is achieved with a charming Rosebank chintz. The background is soft beige and the flower design is in shades of green and blue.

A pelmet—easily made at home—gives a distinctive note to the treatment and is made of a plain coloured chintz in three rows of ruffles, one on top of the other. These are set on to a lining.

The hand-tufted wool rug exactly matches the colouring of the curtains. The simple modern design works up very quickly and has a string-coloured ground with circles in blue and corner stripes in green to match the colouring of the curtain material.

THE spare room you've been trying to infuse some life into for so long can have a new dressing-table. We've sketched it for you at the bottom of the page.

It looks grand, but it actually consists of two simple whitewood cupboards which you will enamel the proper colour to suit your room. A strip of plate glass, cut to fit, rests on two narrow flanges which are glued to the side of each cupboard.

Hang a mirror on the wall and your dressing-table is complete.

NOW let's go back to distempering. We have illustrated a small entrance-hall to show you exactly what effect can be obtained with modern distempers.

The entrance-hall we show required to be made lighter.

Hall's washable distemper was used, because the work had to be inexpensive and yet effective enough to give a good impression to people entering the front door.

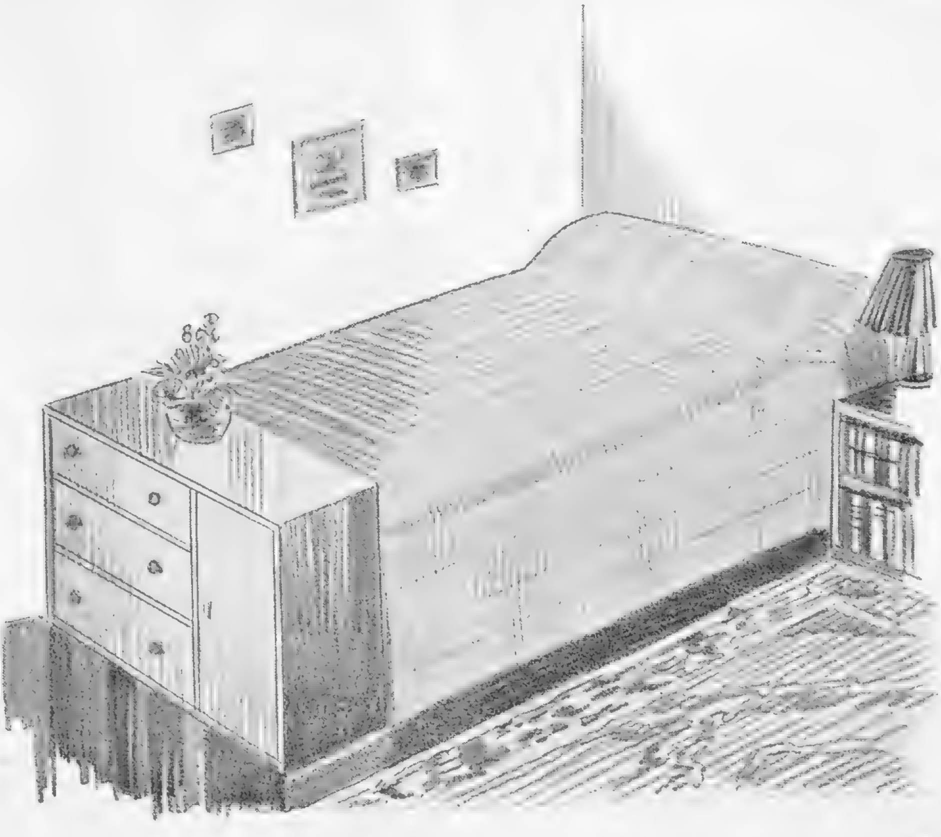
Canary yellow was selected for the walls. The frieze and ceiling were bath-stone. Together the two colours look extremely well and give the desired effect of lightness.

At the bottom right-hand corner of the page we show you how to treat the spare-room divan.

At the foot of the bed is a whitewood cupboard, painted to match the walls.

The bedspread is quickly made with the thickest knitting-silk used double with a giant crochet hook. Long sections of plain rows of double crochet are joined.

In making the strips it is necessary to keep a uniform tension and perfectly straight edges, otherwise the joining will not be successful. To keep the edges straight, make two chain to turn at the end of each row, then miss the first stitch in the following row. At the end of the row make a stitch into the turning chain of the previous row. This makes up for the missed stitch and maintains the same number of stitches per row throughout.



An ordinary divan becomes quite an imposing piece of furniture treated as we have shown. A whitewood cupboard, painted, stands at the foot and is surmounted by a strip of coloured mirror glass. The bedspread is an entirely new and charming idea composed of long strips of double crochet sewn together. A large hook and very thick silk is used. These spreads can be made in a few evenings and are effective as well as durable

Old Tales Re-told

Richard Cœur de Lion, Champion of Christendom

Written and illustrated by F. Matania R.I.

In the February issue of " Britannia and Eve " I told of Richard's coronation, his departure on Crusade, his conquest of Cyprus and his marriage to Berengaria.

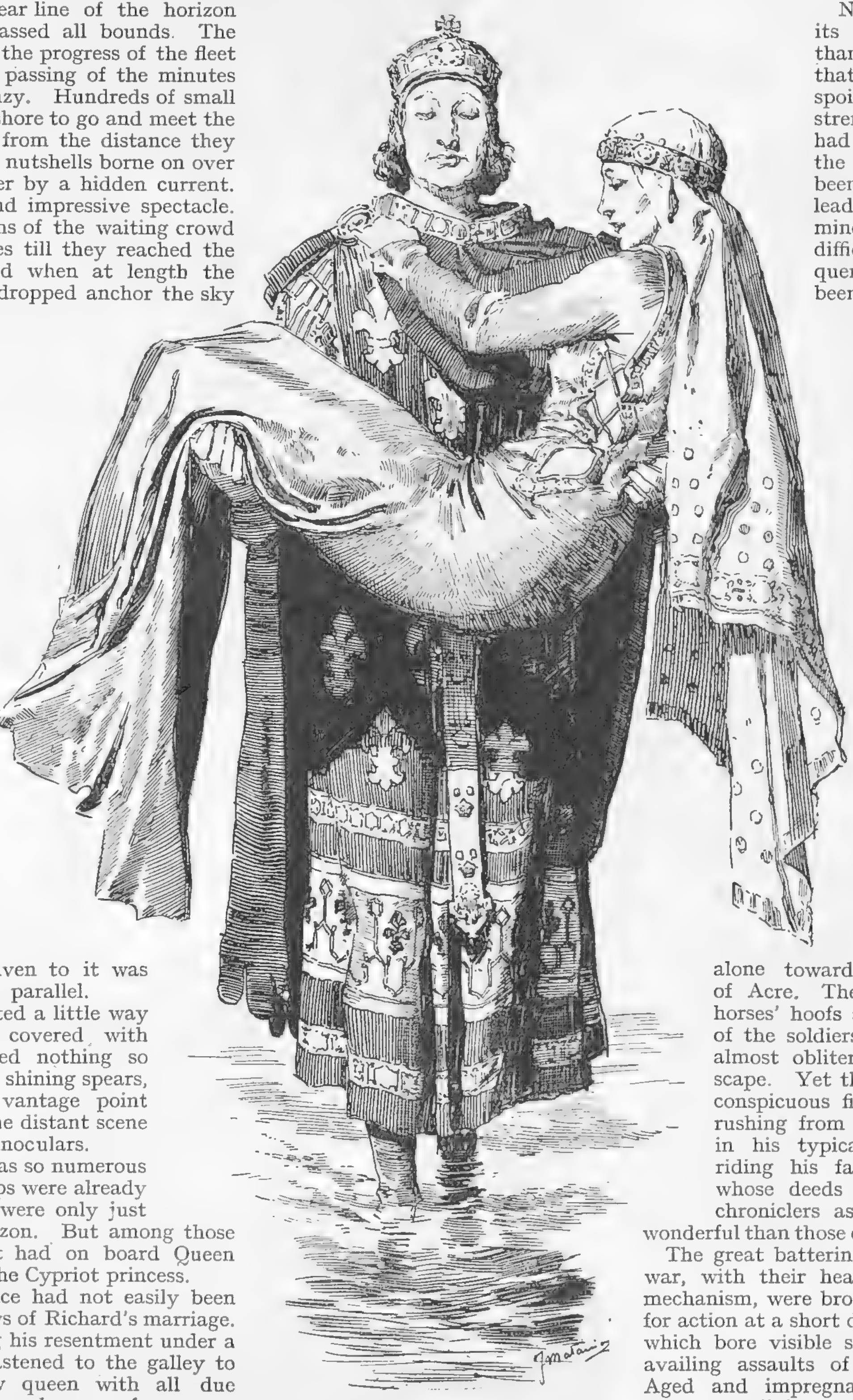
SEVERAL false alarms had whipped up the excitement of the crowds gathered on the shore to witness the arrival of Richard's fleet. When at last the sails were really sighted on the clear line of the horizon their enthusiasm surpassed all bounds. The breeze was too gentle, the progress of the fleet too slow, and with the passing of the minutes impatience grew to frenzy. Hundreds of small boats put off from the shore to go and meet the incoming galleys, and from the distance they looked like innumerable nutshells borne on over the surface of the water by a hidden current. It was a magnificent and impressive spectacle. The tumultuous hurrahs of the waiting crowd echoed over the waves till they reached the approaching ships, and when at length the Crusaders hove to and dropped anchor the sky seemed to be filled with the tumult of a world in revolution.

For two long years the town of Acre had been subjected to a relentless siege. Yet the astonishing valour of the great Saladin had not only thwarted all the efforts of the Crusaders to capture it, but had inflicted on them a continuous loss of men. The useless sacrifice of human life was further increased by disease, lack of food and innumerable other forms of human misery, the total death-roll amounting to more than 200,000 or, in the estimation of some historians, to nearly 300,000. As every hope was centred on Richard's army, the reception given to it was quite without previous parallel.

Mount Carmel, situated a little way inland, was entirely covered with Saracens and resembled nothing so much as a huge heap of shining spears, and it was from this vantage point that Saladin watched the distant scene as if through reversed binoculars.

The incoming fleet was so numerous that when the first ships were already casting anchor others were only just appearing over the horizon. But among those first was the one that had on board Queen Berengaria, Joan and the Cypriot princess.

King Philip of France had not easily been able to swallow the news of Richard's marriage. Nevertheless, disguising his resentment under a chivalrous smile, he hastened to the galley to receive England's new queen with all due dignity. Owing to the absence of a quay, the king was seen lifting the beautiful Berengaria in his arms, stepping in the water and gently depositing her on the dry sand.

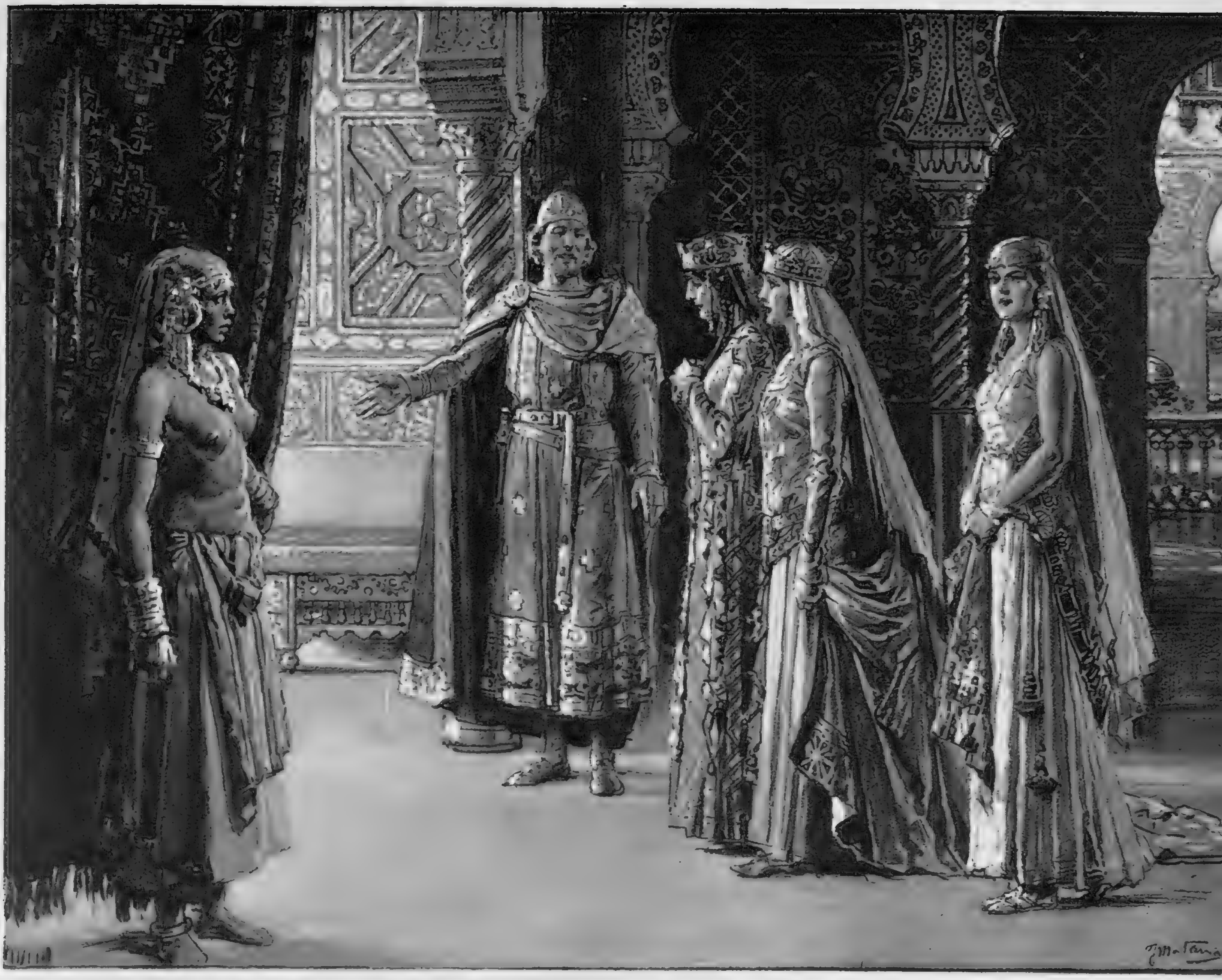


Owing to the absence of a quay, King Philip was seen lifting the beautiful Berengaria in his arms, stepping in the water and gently depositing her on the dry sand

A little later the " Trenc-the-Mere " cast anchor and Richard himself, magnificent in his armour, landed amidst a forest of waving banners. From that moment, functions, presentations, banquets and every kind of celebration became the order of the day, while thousands of men and horses, together with war material of every kind, were being disembarked and made ready for their destination.

No proverb has proved its wisdom more often than the one which says that too many cooks spoil the broth. If the strength of all those who had joined together for the common cause had been united under the leadership of a single mind, how many of the difficulties that subsequently arose would have been avoided! But the insidious poison of jealousy prevented Richard's plan of attack from being executed as it stood. Richard was a king, Philip was also a king. Which of them should have the honour of the enterprise? Richard was a born warrior and much the better fitted for the task, while Philip, accustomed to the soft luxuries of the French court, maintained his point as a matter of dignity rather than anything else. A disastrous split occurred between the two, and they decided on the autonomy of their respective armies. Thus it came about that one day the British Crusaders advanced alone towards the massive walls of Acre. The dust raised by the horses' hoofs and the stamping feet of the soldiers produced a fog that almost obliterated the whole landscape. Yet through it all Richard's conspicuous figure was to be seen rushing from one legion to another in his typical dare-devil manner, riding his famous steed Faunelle, whose deeds are described by the chroniclers as having been no less wonderful than those of his master.

The great battering-rams and engines of war, with their heavy wheels and crude mechanism, were brought up and got ready for action at a short distance from the walls, which bore visible scars of the many unavailing assaults of the past two years. Aged and impregnable, those walls still stood as a living challenge to the strength of the whole Christian world. The horns had scarcely finished giving their signal before a hurricane was let loose. The



Richard conducts Berengaria, Joanna, and the Cypriot Princess to the beautiful palace he has secured for them at Acre

front ranks of the attackers quickly reached the walls, and hundreds of scaling ladders were hoisted up and placed against them, only to be thrust off again by the defenders. Volley after volley of arrows failed to dislodge these latter. On the contrary, children picked up the arrows fearlessly as they fell, and passed them back to the warriors to be shot down again.

Above the din every now and again Richard's deep voice could be distinctly heard giving orders, changing tactics and suggesting sudden fresh attempts at different points. Repeatedly the attackers fell back, and cleared a place for their heavy artillery. The flags of the chief engineers came down all along the line, and the catapults hurled their stones against the wall. It seemed as if the force of every shot must shatter the wooden framework of the machine from which it came, and yet at length the whole supply of these great stones they used for ammunition was exhausted without having achieved any result.

The same applied to the rams with which they had tried to batter down the gates.

Already the sun was halfway down over the horizon before the futility of the struggle was realised. Too many were the fallen who lay motionless, scattered on the ground, too many the wounded, who had dragged themselves away from the battlefield since the early hours of the morning.

At last Richard gave the signal to retire. The noise and turmoil was not so tragic as the eloquent silence that followed. The soldiers were carrying their armour over their shoulders, glad of the chance to free their exhausted bodies from its weight.

Every man on horseback had behind his saddle the lifeless body of a fallen comrade. The wooden monsters, drawn by oxen, brought up the rear of the dismal procession of retreat. Poor innocent oxen! All day they had been the unwilling witnesses of scenes worthy of hell. With no knowledge of how man, the superior being, can bring such chaos to replace the natural peace of the country, still deafened and dazed by the noise of battle, they now proceeded, stolidly, indifferent alike to the raucous shouts and cutting whips of their drivers.

THIS was far from a promising beginning, and it provided a good opportunity for the French King and his army to belittle and deride the valour of the Englishmen. Philip's envious nature made him gloat proudly over an attempt which, in his opinion, had been bound to end in failure without the aid of France. Richard, on the contrary, considered the attack merely as a minor episode and of no great consequence in respect of the ultimate issue. He abhorred the very presence of King Philip, and clearly perceived all the poison hidden behind those oily expressions, so typical of a certain type of French " politesse " with which Philip addressed him. The hypocrisy of that ever-gracious and smiling mask, disguising hatred and jealousy, irritated Richard beyond words.

Fate could not have brought together two figures of more opposite kinds, both physically and mentally. The one, a primitive nature, rebelling against anything devious; impetuous, straightforward, and ready for action; abrupt in his resolutions and relying on his Herculean strength for the solution of every problem; a genuine Stone-Age champion, who could have faced a dinosaurus with the sole aid of a sceptre. The other, never ready to reply at once, but invariably crafty enough to leave a back door open in any engagement, however solemn. Always faultlessly attired, revealing in his clothes the characteristic taste of those who are only accustomed to touch silks and velvets. His white hands, jewelled and manicured, were often the cause of silent amusement to Richard, who could not refrain from comparing them with his own. In fact, looking at his powerful fists, the English giant must as often as not have been very near to yielding to the temptation of giving the French King a personal demonstration of the real decisive force of certain British arguments.

THE French Crusaders decided to show the world that they could succeed where Englishmen had failed. They put their army in order of battle, and set out with a pompous display of banners bearing the coats-of-arms of their knights. Squadron after squadron passed through the admiring, cosmopolitan crowd of spectators. Whenever the helmets allowed their faces to be seen, it was obvious that they wore the expressions of conceited rivals, rather than of soldiers inspired by the sacred flame of faith for a great cause.

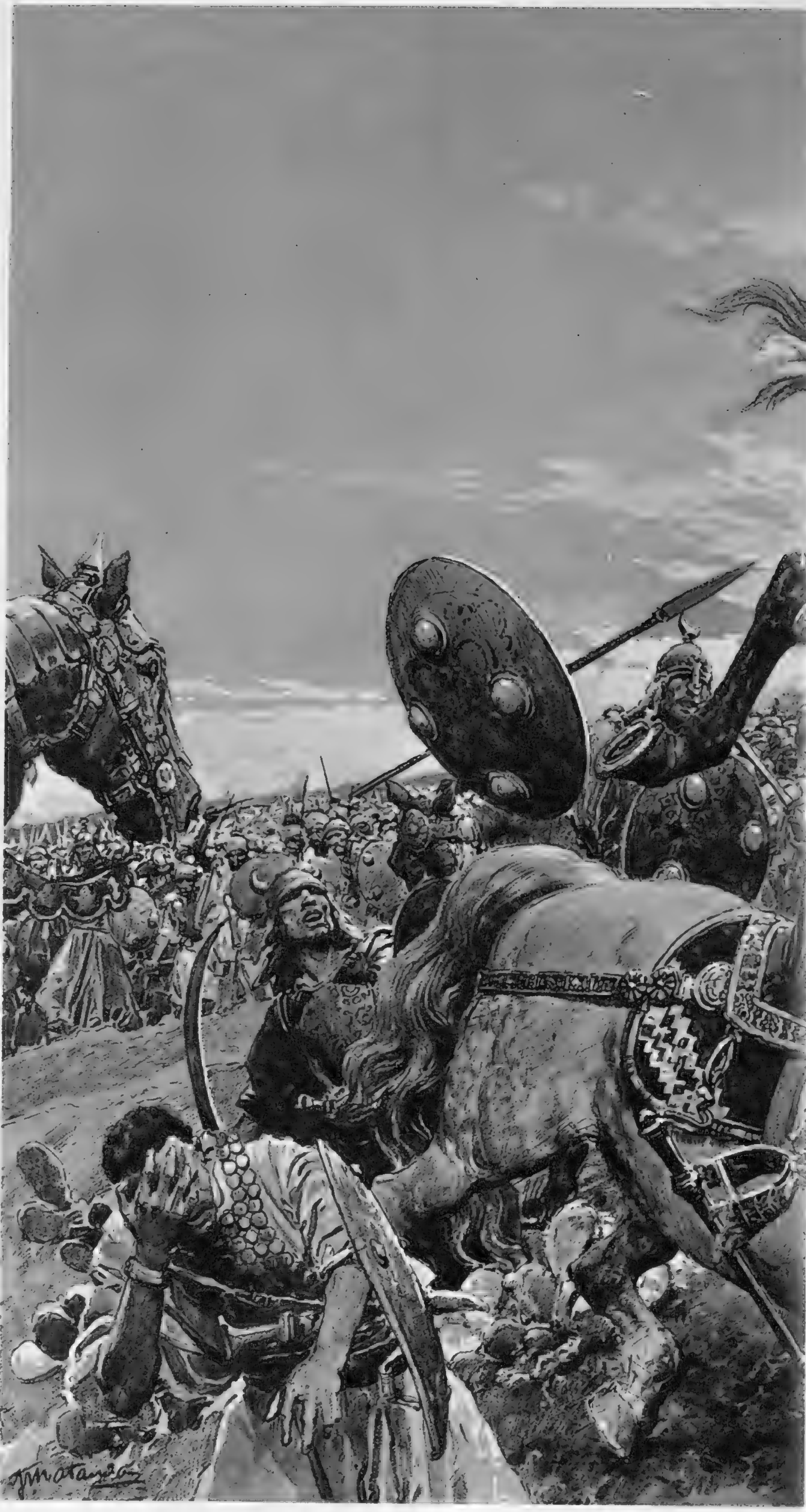
In a cloud of dust they disappeared, heading for the fortifications of Acre, and it was hard at first from the distance to see just what was the strategy pursued by the French leaders. Many changes and shiftings could be clearly observed, doubtless a sign that they were finding the task more difficult than they had imagined. Then wounded soldiers began to arrive, and their number increased discouragingly as the day wore on. Little or nothing could be gathered from them. Perhaps their anger at an impending defeat made these Frenchmen less talkative than usual.

Every now and then columns of smoke rose from the battlefield, furiously coiling at the base, then more gently ascending until they were dispersed by the breeze and vanished at last into the immensity of the clear sky. These were the wooden towers, brought close up to the walls, which flaming distaffs, shot from the bows of the defenders, were setting fire to, before their bridges could be lowered.

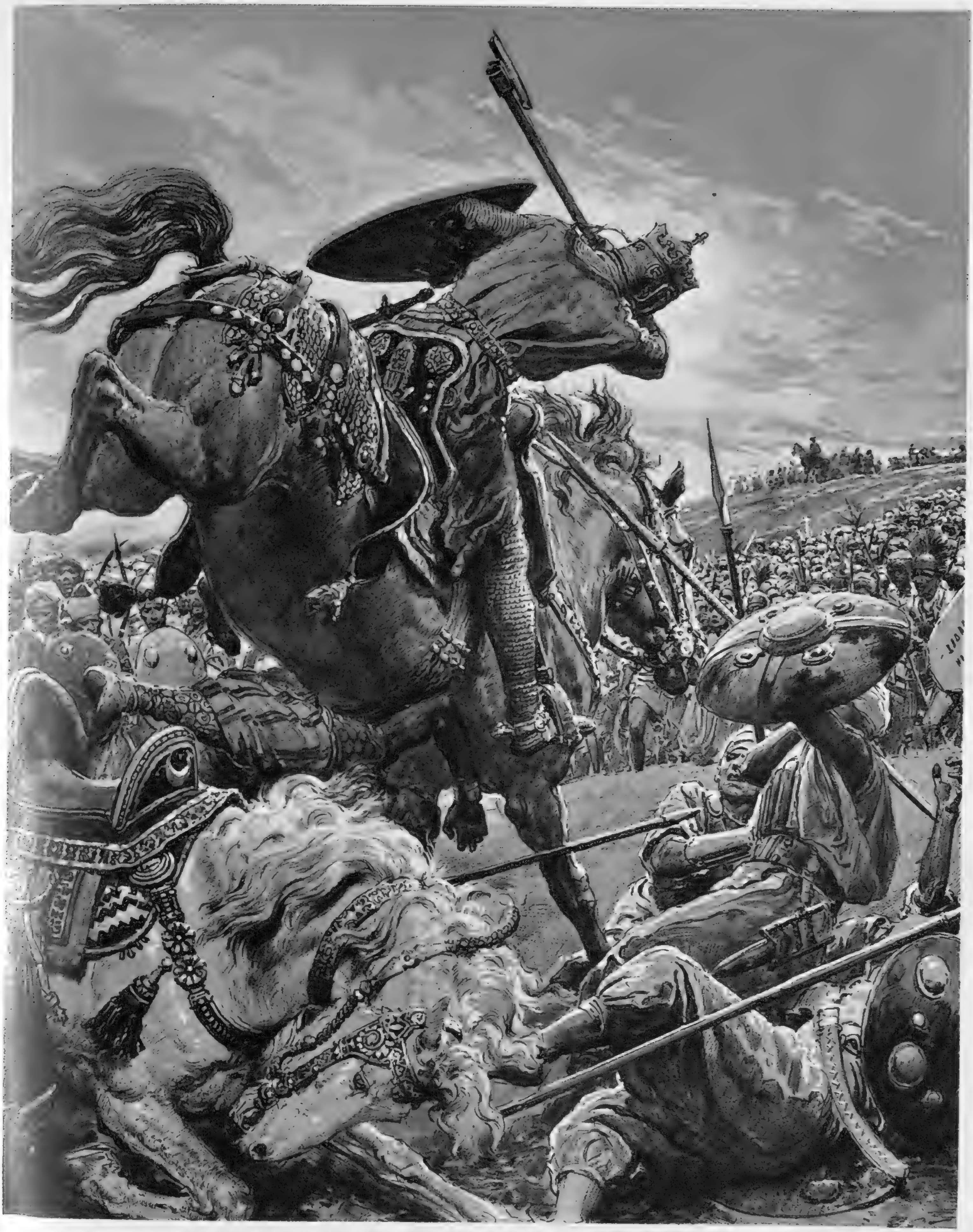
When the day was still far from its close, an accustomed eye could discern the characteristic disorganisation and hesitation of an army which is about to give up the struggle. Frightened, riderless horses were being caught everywhere, and taken to the French encampment that was already transformed into a hospital. But when King Philip, surrounded by a cavalcade of knights, passed by at a gallop and disappeared behind the royal tents without drawing rein, the result was obvious. They had been beaten even more soundly than their British predecessors.

How thoroughly diverting it must have been for those who had the privilege of witnessing the expression on Richard's face when he met Philip after this unexpected turn of events!

Meanwhile, the condition of the brave garrison defending Acre became more and more tragic each day. The population was suffering from starvation and Saladin had not succeeded in establishing direct contact with the unfortunate city. For over two years an iron ring had held it isolated, and those two separate attacks proved to be the last stand that the heroic defenders were able to put up. One of the gates opened and a group of messengers came out to offer terms of capitulation. Saladin consented to surrender it and to give up all Christian prisoners, who until then had been held within the walls. A sum of 200,000 pieces of gold would be paid by him to the Crusaders as ransom for the lives of the inhabitants, several thousands of whom passed in the hands of the Crusaders as hostages for the performance of these conditions. But the thing which mostly stirred the enthusiasm of the conquerors was the handing over of some of the actual wood of the Holy Cross. The



Richard was formidable. describing a figure



His heavy battle-axe swung right and left with a quick regular movement eight through the air. Everything within his reach fell mutilated and broken

conditions were to be fufilled within forty days.

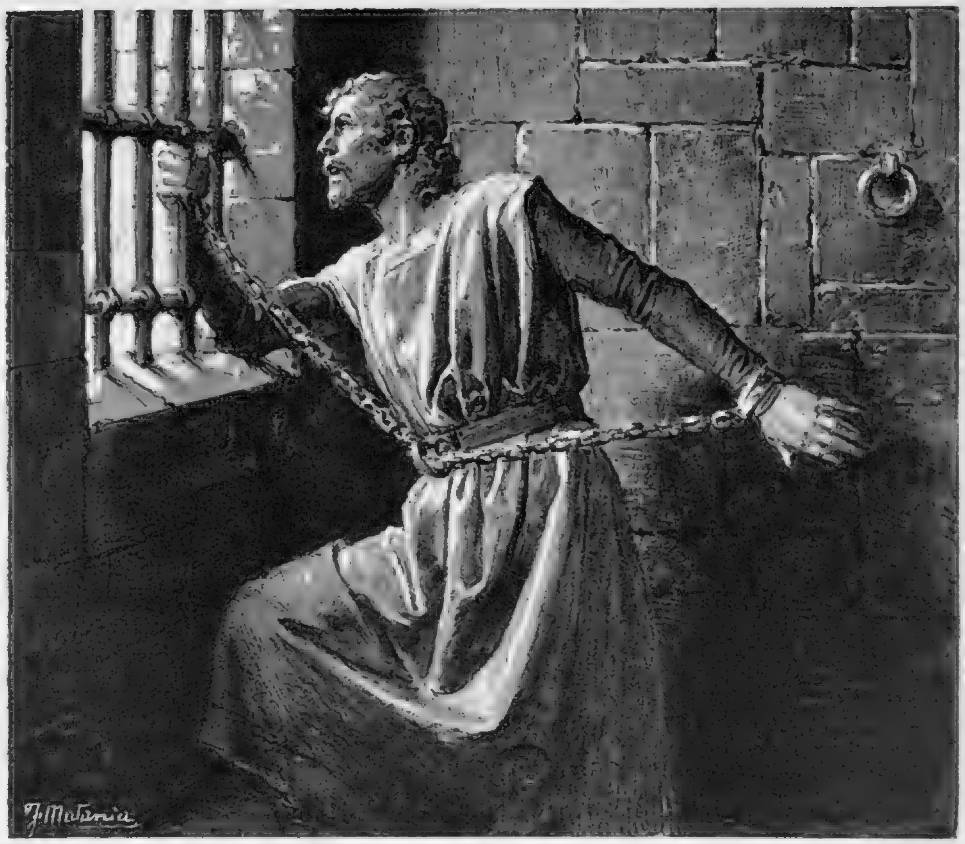
The Crusaders of every nation combined to make a triumphal entry into the vanquished city, and the pageantry of the scene was rendered more than ever brilliant by the presence of the three beautiful women in King Richard's train.

To-day one can see on the left of the mosque at Acre some old ruins still bearing the name of King Richard's palace. It is traditionally held that Richard built the palace, but its Saracenic architecture and the fact that he had so little time at his disposal for an undertaking of this sort lead us to the conclusion that it was already in existence, and was originally, no doubt, the residence of the Emir. Those dusty ruins of to-day must once upon a time have had the glorious appearance, the rich and gorgeous decoration, of a palace in the "Arabian Nights," and it was here that the fair Berengaria, Joanna, and the Cypriot princess chose to dwell.

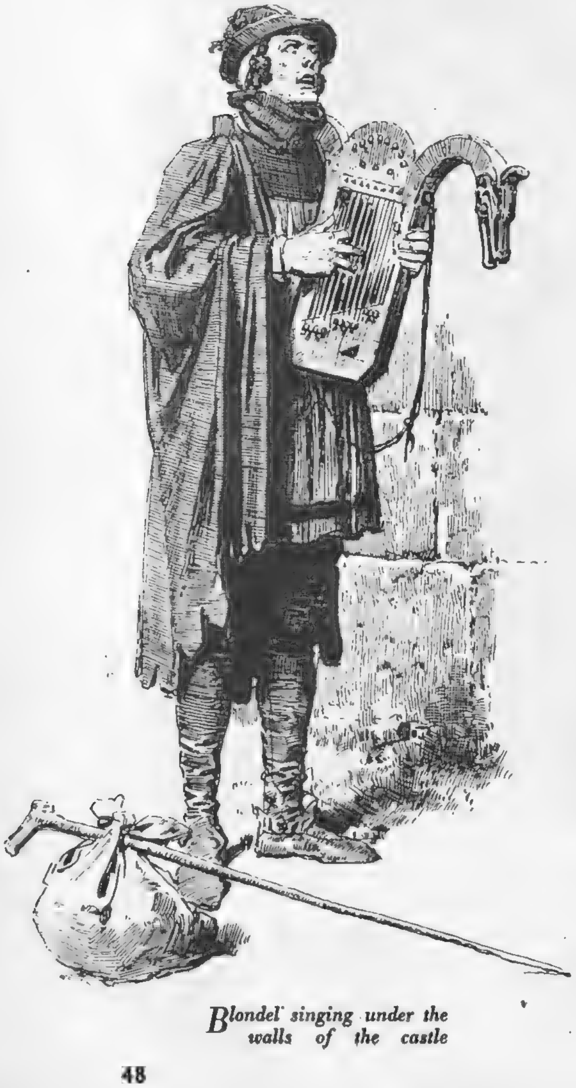
A tender friendship had sprung up between Berengaria and Joanna. In a harem-like seclusion they shared accounts of the Crusaders' campaign, and their love for each other is expressed quaintly and sweetly in the following words:

> "They held each other dear,
> And lived as doves in cage."

In the meantime, the Cypriot princess, who was the cause of so much scandal, never left Berengaria's side. Inseparable as they were, Richard must have been endowed with superhuman qualities to have committed the sins that history attributes to him. The presence of this princess, half-prisoner, half-mistress, in Richard's household, was a standing insult to the Archduke of Austria, to whom she was related, and who was then active among the Crusaders. And the tension between him and Richard was further increased by the following episode; the banner of the Archduke had been conspicuously hoisted and fixed on the walls of Acre, as if he were the one and only conqueror. When Richard saw it, he went straight to it and with his own hands took it down, broke the flagstaff over his knee, and threw it away. Little did he imagine how dearly he would have to pay for this deed!



Richard imprisoned in the castle of La Ténebruese, hears the faithful Blondel singing



Blondel singing under the walls of the castle

Another event which detracted from the satisfaction of the victory at the same time, was the withdrawal of King Philip. He missed the comforts of his beloved Paris, and the consciousness that he always had to face comparison with Richard made him feel puny and uncomfortable. At first Richard was furious, but fury gave way to contempt, and knowing with whom he was dealing, he made Philip take an oath that he would refrain from any act of aggression towards English territory for as long as he, Richard, remained in Palestine. Philip was also compelled to leave the Duke of Burgundy and 10,000 men under the command of Richard.

King Philip departed just in time to avoid the blame for that terrible deed which was to darken and obscure the fair name of the Crusaders. The forty days had elapsed, and Saladin had failed to send the money demanded to redeem his hostages. Messengers dispatched by Richard were received most courteously, but they came back with nothing more than very costly presents for their master. This default on the part of Saladin irritated the Crusaders, and made them thirst for vengeance.

A rumour began to circulate that the Saracens had killed the Christian prisoners in their power, and this fanned the general indignation. Actually, it was nothing but a deliberate lie, told in order to justify the horrible deed that followed. Richard and the Duke of Burgundy, after waiting only twenty-four hours, gave orders for the unfortunate captive Saracens to be slaughtered, one and all.

History in general is full of acts of cruelty, and war invariably obliterates from men every decent sense of humanity. In this case the battle was over. The heroic survivors only amounted to a group of exhausted soldiers, emaciated women, and half-starved children; a crowd of poor harmless wretches, who by very reason of their pitiful condition should have inspired that feeling of respect which distinguishes man from beast, while the valiant resistance they had put up should have called forth the admiration of their conquerors. But they were Moslems, and they had not paid the ransom. Those two reasons were quite sufficient to decide an army bearing the emblem of Christ on their breasts to become an army of executioners; they were quite sufficient to obtain the consent and the blessing of the clergy who were the spiritual leaders of the campaign for the deed that followed.

The wretched procession of the prisoners was herded out of the city and brought to a spot far behind the camp. It was nothing but a collection of skeletons; only the babies, tied on the backs of their mothers, turned their bright big eyes to right and left, unconscious of their fate, just as if they might have been going to a festival. Those who fainted were helped along by their fellow victims in order to spare them from the rough handling of the voluntary executioners. Five thousand defenceless and innocent people were slaughtered. At dusk there were still groups of Crusaders going about kicking bodies in order to give the *coup-de-grâce* to those who were not quite dead. Only a few rich men were spared in the hope of obtaining privately from them the money for their ransom.

Equally revolting was the appearance of the soldiers on their return to the city after the slaughter. Reeking from head to foot with the blood of their victims, they came back ravenous for food, wine, and women, and for several days an orgy of debauchery and excess raged in Acre. Free looting was allowed, every kind of aggression and brutality was legalised by the abolition of discipline and order.

Of course, this meant sentence of death for the Christian prisoners in

Saladin's hands: it was a recognised custom of war that prisoners of both sides should be treated equally.

Saladin did not believe Richard capable of such a vile decision, even though he had not paid the ransom. Throughout the whole length of the struggle the Christian prisoners in his power had been respected. But, when he received news of the mass murder it seemed to him that the champions of Christ were no better than a horde of primitive savages and that retaliation would be the only language they would understand. Thus, although the unfortunate Christian prisoners fell under the curved scimitar of the Moslems, the real responsibility of this human sacrifice did not weigh on a Moslem conscience.

A GREAT host of women followers of the Crusaders entered Acre, transforming that city of heroism into a nest of love and indulgence. Numerous soldiers and not a few knights of various nationalities were already showing a marked disinclination to proceed any further with hostilities. The open arms of so many beautiful women reminded these warriors of other kinds of conquests, and easier and sweeter victories. However, Richard did not give them a chance to indulge these tastes for long. As soon as he saw that the atmosphere was getting pervaded by a feeling of sleepiness he roused his followers with an order to get ready for departure. No one dared resist him, and the dreaming town awoke to a sudden activity. Another order which temporarily froze the religious ardour for the holy cause was that no woman, whatever her rank or position, should be allowed to follow the Crusaders.

He himself was the first to set an example. A strong garrison was left to guard the precious lives of the royal ladies and their maids, and with an international army of 30,000 men he left Acre the 22nd day of August, 1191.

The heat was terrific, for it was the hottest season of the year. He followed the road along the shore towards Ascalon, hoping to benefit from the sea breezes. Nevertheless, the suffocation, the dust and the weight of their armour taxed the endurance of the Crusaders to the utmost degree.

At the same time, Saladin, with an army ten times bigger, was advancing some distance away along a line parallel with that of the Crusaders. It was such a vast army that it seemed to reach from one extreme of the horizon to the other. Throughout the day they kept the Crusaders on the alert, so that they remained in order of battle for fear of a sudden attack. Disappearing behind hills, reappearing here, there and everywhere, constantly hovering around, they did not give the Crusaders a single chance to rest or to refresh themselves with a meal.

But at last evening drew on and the trumpets and horns proclaimed a halt. Down went the army, falling in a single, simultaneous movement to the ground with cries of relief. Then four heralds at the four corners of the camp signalled for silence, and cried out three times, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" With their heads uncovered and on their knees the soldiers replied, "Amen." A gorgeous sunset had put the sky aflame. What a magnificent spectacle of devotion and religious fervour! Yet these were the very men who only a few days previously had been drunk with blood and lust.

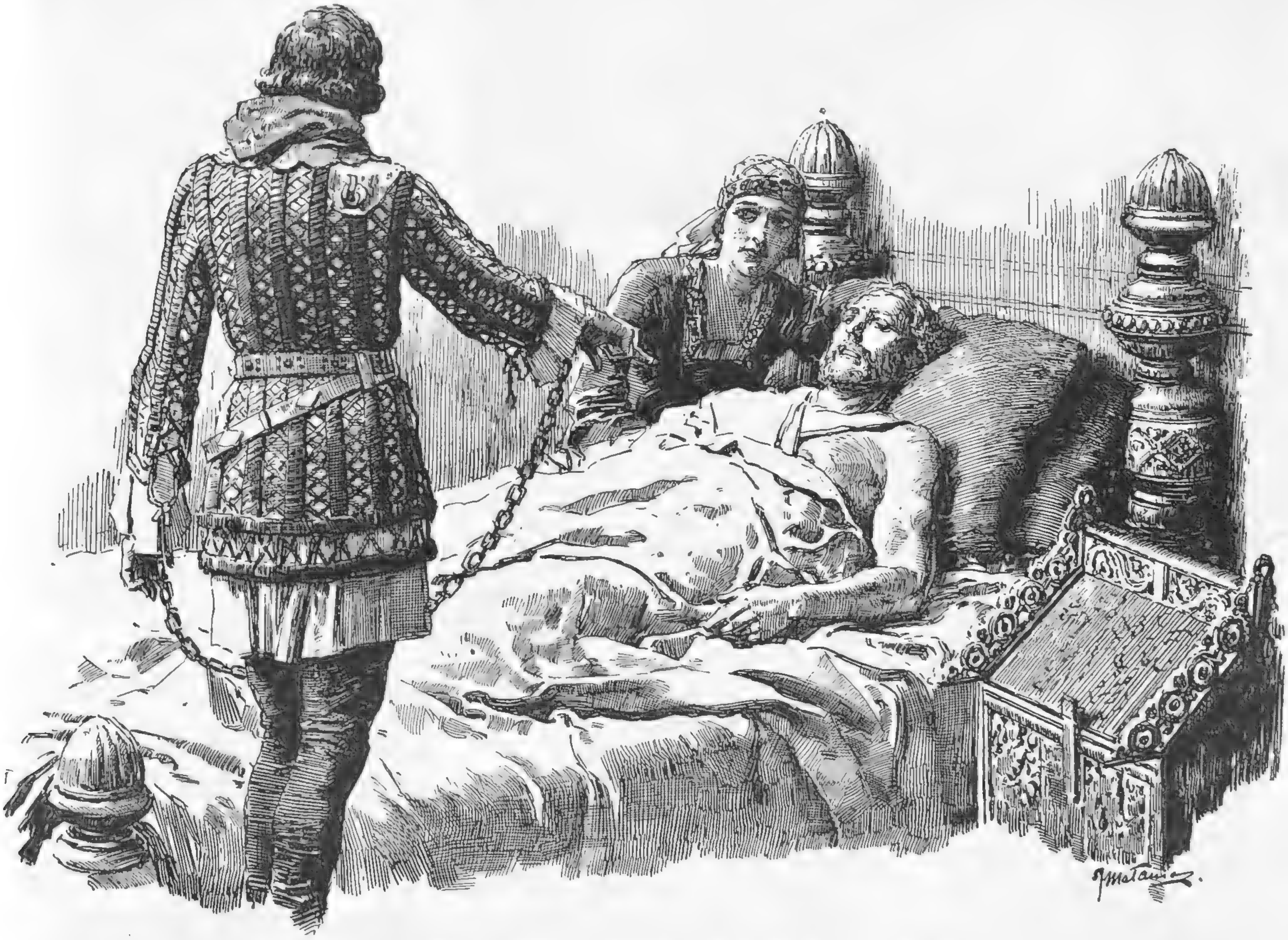
A few days later they reached the town of Azotus. It soon became apparent from his manœuvres that this time Saladin was determined to attack. The Crusaders identified his conspicuous figure without much difficulty. His whole person shone, jewel-like, and he wore a white garment which flapped in the wind like a loose cape.

Richard divided his army into three parts: the right wing he put under the command of d'Avesnes, the left under the command of the Duke of Burgundy, while he himself commanded the centre.

One can safely say that only on very few occasions in history have two greater masters of war ever faced each other. The tension on both sides reached a point that defies description. The Saracens gave the signal to advance, and when they got within a few hundred yards their straight line began to curve in the shape of a half-moon, so that the extremes were moving more rapidly than the centre. It was obvious that Saladin, perceiving his worthiest opponent at the head of the centre, was launching the force of his attack against the flanks.

The charge was carried out with fantastic impetus, the motionless Crusaders trying to withstand it with their lances and heavy shields. But the impact forced them back.

(Continued on page 116)



THE death of Richard. He demanded to see the man who had aimed the fatal arrow, and on hearing that it had not been unintentional, forgave him

HEALTH

Now is the Time to Take Care . . .

After 'Flu

By Chrysis

Lime-green Crystelle, uncrushable velvet négligée from Marjorie Castle. Rug and chair from Waring and Gillow

WORSE, by far, than the influenza itself, is the weary depression left behind it.

Even if you wake up feeling bright and cured, back creep the body pains an hour later, with a sinking inertia that makes you faint before the slightest task as though it were a mountain. Yet all visible cold signs of the malady, as such, have disappeared.

Then, what is the poison that remains? Amongst other things catarrh that has settled in the intestines, and is acting as a poison-contractor.

A sea change for several weeks is the grand way to expel it. There is still nothing like the ozone for clearing the system.

But if, like so many of us, you have to lump your 'flu and report at the office, don't fly to appetisers, tonics and strengthening foods to help you out. Not yet. They will only feed the poison in you and add to your state of ill-being.

Here are the rapid short-cuts to recovery. But I warn you they are Spartan. When you have done with them you will not glow with health alone, but with the added virtue of heroes and heroines.

1. Wash-outs. That is: a colonic or internal douche once a day. Just before bed-time is best. Wash-outs are the latest treatment given in nursing homes. They are neither difficult nor inconvenient to follow at home. They are inexpensive and perfectly safe.

2. Wash-outs should be helped by small doses of agar-agar or plantago pysillium seeds. Agar-agar, Japanese sea-weed, can be found in a granulated form at any chemist's. It has no drug effect, and is taken to offset the lack of bulk in a sparse diet. By affording such bulk, it stimulates elimination.

Plantago pysillium seeds resemble flax seeds. They combine the stimulating qualities of agar-agar with the lubricating qualities of oil, as they become gelatinous on absorbing moisture.

A teaspoonful or more of agar-agar can be taken three times a day, followed at once by hot milk or soup. Or a dessert-spoonful of plantago pysillium seeds can be taken once a day in hot soup.

The seeds should be left to heat and swell in the soup until they become like sago, when they are easy to swallow and pleasant to taste.

3. Your diet should be of the very lightest. Orange juice alone would be ideal—you can't starve on the juice of twelve oranges a day—but there is a danger that orange juice in our grey climate may produce too much acid. It is the presence of sunlight that transforms citrous juices into energy sugar-cells in our blood.

So here is the recipe of a vegetable brew that acts directly on stomach catarrh, and is one of the finest blood-purifiers.

Place 4 oz. potato peelings, 4 oz. turnip or carrot tops, 4 oz. turnips, 4 oz. carrots, 4 oz. outer lettuce leaves, 4 oz. celery, one large onion, and four cloves in a lidded casserole. Barely cover them with water. Bring to the boil and then simmer for six hours. Strain and pour off. No pepper, no salt.

Vary this with hot milk, orange juice, Brand's essence.

4. Exercise is as important as diet. Get your body working.

Once you are up and about, don't froust and hunch yourself up over the fire: get out. Walk, even if you want to clutch on to the houses and railings because you feel your legs won't support you.

Throw your shoulders back and take deep breaths, however much the fresh air cuts you. It is the only way of oxygenizing and revitalising the lungs, and through them the whole body.

As soon as you are able to lift your head again from sharply bent postures, start the daily dozen before the open window, first thing out of bed every morning.

All this needs will-power, but works wonders.

Then, when you find misery departing, although you are still weak, and hunger returning—not as a gnawing pain in the stomach, but as a craving in the mouth—swing back to your normal diet, and any tonic or stimulant that will satisfy your needs.

Wines, spirits, Phosferine, that unexcelled nerve tonic. Phosferine Tonic Wine or Horlick's as a last extra at night. The way is now clear for these foods to strengthen.

Add water-cress to your breakfast of bacon or fish. Forgo all items in your former menu except the milk, Oxo and oranges.

Alternate succulent beefsteaks and cabbage, underdone liver and brussels sprouts, coddled eggs in a rich milky onion sauce, for your luncheons. Avoid spices. Take celery salt, and nuts in every form. You will be thrusting forward the work of repair and achieve a record recuperation.

How to Grow New Eyelashes

Try this new two-week home treatment for lids, lashes, eyes. The results will surprise you

SOME men fall for eyes and some for voices.

Beauty of both marks the enchantress.

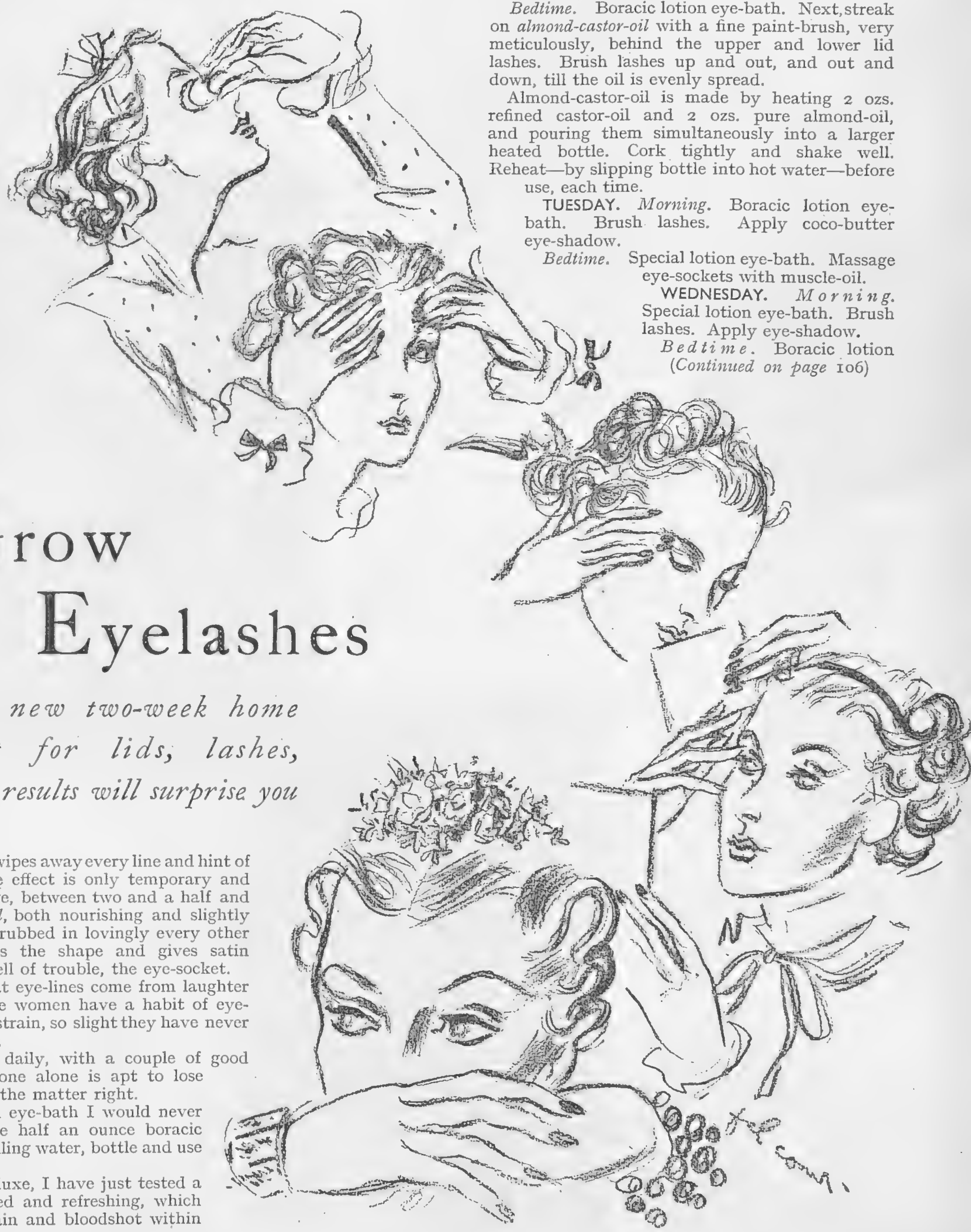
Yet one is seldom present without the other, for they are the twin mirror-echoes of the mind and heart.

Which is precisely where this lecture ends. For my business is not to psycho-analyse and examine whether you have brown eyes and a slumbrous voice, or blue, with a friendly, excited peal, or green, with subtly-matching, haunting tones, but to equip you with a brand-new pair of curling eye-fringes and eye-sockets as smooth as rose-petals.

If you will only lay aside time and will-power to follow my fifteen days' new-eye lore.

Conjure fresh eyelashes out of your eyelids. Naturally, but by means of a *silver-green eye-shadow*, which enhances the beauty of your glance while stimulating every eyelash follicle by its coco-butter foundation.

Next, apply a *white-of-egg-cream* round the eye, twenty minutes before you go out, on special occasions.



This cream positively wipes away every line and hint of puffiness. But as the effect is only temporary and lasts, according to age, between two and a half and four days, a *muscle-oil*, both nourishing and slightly astringent, should be rubbed in lovingly every other night. This preserves the shape and gives satin smoothness to that well of trouble, the eye-socket.

Now, you know that eye-lines come from laughter and strain. But some women have a habit of eye-puckering due to eye-strain, so slight they have never bothered to remove it.

An eye-bath twice daily, with a couple of good change-over lotions—one alone is apt to lose its effect—would put the matter right.

Boracic lotion is an eye-bath I would never be without. (Dissolve half an ounce boracic powder in a pint of boiling water, bottle and use cold.)

As an eye-wash de luxe, I have just tested a lotion, divinely scented and refreshing, which relieves eye-burn, strain and bloodshot within three minutes, especially if any of the latter are due to grit or exposure to glare or wind.

Should a feeling of tiredness remain, *herbal sachets* wrung out in almost boiling water and placed over the eyes complete the cure forthwith.

I discovered both these at a London good-looks laboratory. But failed, alas, to coax the specialist to divulge their recipes. She said the eye-lotion came from Egypt. Maybe. Her eyes spoke for it. They were a rich deep colour, large and clear as a child's.

So the lotion and the eye-shadow are included in the fortnight's home remedies. So is muscle-oil. And, if you only follow this routine rigorously, your eyelashes will be tangling soon.

MONDAY. *Morning.* Special lotion eye-bath. Brush eyelashes (with a fine eyelash brush to be obtained at any chemist's). Apply green coco-butter eye-shadow, which will be part of your make-up.

Bedtime. Boracic lotion eye-bath. Next, streak on *almond-castor-oil* with a fine paint-brush, very meticulously, behind the upper and lower lid lashes. Brush lashes up and out, and out and down, till the oil is evenly spread.

Almond-castor-oil is made by heating 2 ozs. refined castor-oil and 2 ozs. pure almond-oil, and pouring them simultaneously into a larger heated bottle. Cork tightly and shake well. Reheat—by slipping bottle into hot water—before use, each time.

TUESDAY. *Morning.* Boracic lotion eye-bath. Brush lashes. Apply coco-butter eye-shadow.

Bedtime. Special lotion eye-bath. Massage eye-sockets with muscle-oil.

WEDNESDAY. *Morning.* Special lotion eye-bath. Brush lashes. Apply eye-shadow.

Bedtime. Boracic lotion

(*Continued on page 106*)

BOOKS:

By Arnold

A Murder or So

"Thou Shell of Death": *by Nicholas Blake*

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

MR. BLAKE is a deceptive writer—deceptive because, with his easy, smiling manner, he really does give us rather a lot to swallow. The central mystery, extremely elaborate and psychological and intellectual, is all very capital; but the reader will find, if he watches the characters, that they do and say the most astonishing things. No wonder the policeman is heard to murmur "Cor!" We murmured "Cor!" ourselves, several times. Mr. Blake has written an amusing book, but it is not quite as well-mannered as it seems to be. Its clothes may carry the labels of Savile Row; they were bought, one guesses, at a misfit agency.

"The Loss of the *Jane Vosper*": *by Freeman Wills Crofts* (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

ON the other hand, Mr. Crofts is a far better writer than his quiet method might lead the reader to suppose. His new instalment of the cases of Inspector French begins with an admirable piece of writing—an unforced, unsensational description of a disaster at sea. Mr. Crofts, in short, is a novelist as well as a provider of thrills. Under the stimulus of success, he writes better instead of worse. His latest book shows that he is still advancing, still taking pains, still learning.

"Long Shadows": *by Averil D. Sanderson*

(Constable, 7s. 6d.)

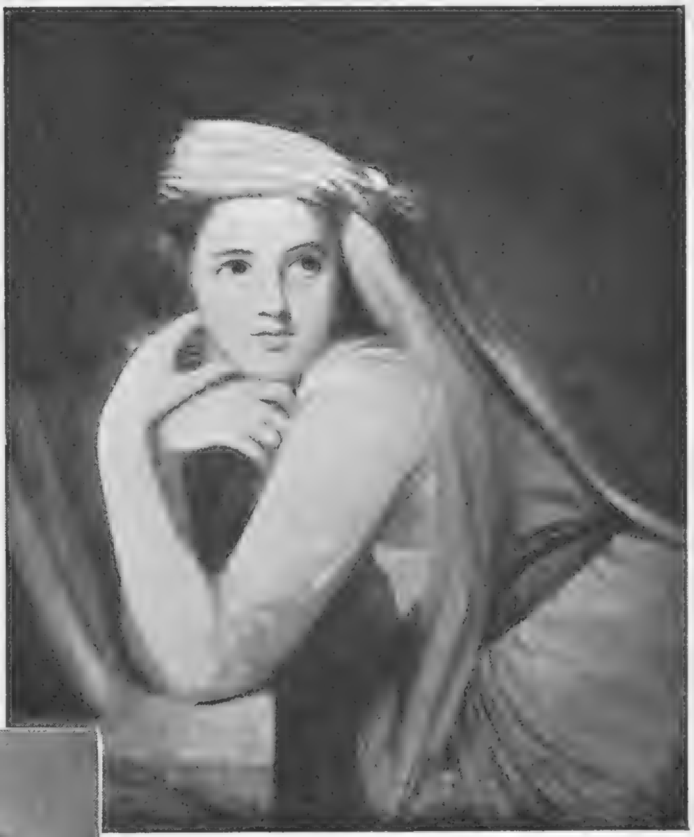
LADY SANDERSON is a recruit to the fashionable pastime of detective fiction. She has an easy, natural style, which makes her story pleasant to read; and the story itself, even though the early identification of the criminal may prove within the powers of experienced readers, is soundly constructed and logically developed. Whether she remains in the crowded halls of crime or decides for fresher air, Lady Sanderson should find herself assured of a public.

LADY SANDERSON

IF, as may be contended, the best known of all English love affairs is that of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, one yet has to admit that its popularity partly rests upon a number of extraneous and confusing accidents. The victor of Trafalgar is the favourite hero of England, and Emma, as represented in an endless succession of portraits by Romney, is the favourite beauty. That they should have shared a mutual and illicit passion seemed, even to the Victorian age, too good to be true—too wonderful for words, one might have said, but for the recollection of the millions of words which have, in fact, been spent on them. But the half-ignorant and wholly sentimental attitude, the Hollywood attitude, of the British public towards the lovers obscures the interest of an absorbing story. Emma's beauty was already overblown; Emma's graceful form was already deteriorating into a mound of flesh when Nelson first met her; and to the little sailor who had had to make his way in the world the most wonderful thing about Lady Hamilton seems, in the beginning, to have been her close friendship with a Queen—Maria-Carolina, wife of Ferdinando IV, King of the Two Sicilies, and sister of Marie-Antoinette. Lady Hamilton, for reasons not unconnected with her personal safety, was thankful to see the English fleet; and Nelson, for reasons not unconnected with snobbery, liked the novel sensation of being lionised by Royalty. But everything must have a beginning; and presently the fat and ageing ex-kitchenmaid and the little man distinguished by nothing but his genius in battle existed only for one another.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN, author of "Patriotic Lady"

A library has sprung up round their loves. But since many of the volumes have been written by moralists or by apologists for one or another of the characters in the story, there is always room for an impartial account. In *The Dear Emma* (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), Mr. Edmund B. D'Auvergne has done his best to write such a book. He has made a genuine effort to be fair to everyone (not a bad ambition, either) and, except that he does a little less than justice to Nelson, he has succeeded. Especially is he to be commended for his full and sympathetic portrait of Sir William Hamilton; and of Emma, too, he writes with real understanding. Towards the end of the book his patience wears a trifle thin, but he never ceases to be sincere and conscientious, interesting, and deserving of respect. I suppose it is hardly necessary to qualify my remarks by adding that he makes no attempt to present Ferdinando sympathetically. Who could?



LADY HAMILTON, from the portrait by Romney. This lady is the subject of two books reviewed in this article, viz: "The Dear Emma," by E. B. D'Auvergne, and "Patriotic Lady," by Marjorie Bowen

Miss Marjorie Bowen's *Patriotic Lady* (Bodley Head, 15s.) is adorned with a dust-cover showing a slim Emma at the feet of a tall Nelson. In spite of this idealistic picture, Miss Bowen opens in rather censorious mood. The youthful Emma, Greville and Sir William have been measured at different times by Victorian, Edwardian and Georgian standards, but it has been left to

The Admiral, the Ambassador and the Servant-girl

Palmer

Miss Bowen to apply all three simultaneously. She is a better writer than Mr. D'Auvergne, and there are pages in her book which are beyond his powers. But whereas his sympathies tend to weaken, hers warm into life as she proceeds. so that the first part of his book will seem, to the romantically minded, the better, and the last part of hers. The more cynically minded reader may amuse himself by contrasting the two Sir William Hamiltons here presented, and by wondering what on earth they would have found to say to one another, had they met. Both these books should be read for their own sakes and because, on the whole, they correct each other's weaknesses. Mr. D'Auvergne does not like Nelson; Miss Bowen does not like Emma, and neither dissembles.

THE subject of the Hon. Violet Biddulph's volume, *Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 15s.), was a cousin of Queen Anne. She was pretty, witty, and had a weakness for men of letters. Her kindness to them has done more than her blue blood to keep her name alive, and she is remembered today principally for her patronage and support of John Gay. Her biographer has done her work with more conscientiousness than charm. All the facts are here ; nothing is omitted ; and the result is like an unusually long entry in a biographical dictionary, interesting rather than enchanting.

LEONHARD FRANK, whose book "Three of the Three Million," is a story of the unemployed. Very easy to read, but impossible to forget

Early novels, as well as crocuses, herald the Spring. One of the first of these, *Friendly Relations* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), is by Miss Audrey Lucas, daughter of the writer known throughout the Empire as E. V. Miss Lucas tells, with humour and charm, a story of family life. Her powers of observation are keen, and she has a light, swift, sympathetic touch. Only a lack of courage mars her work at the end when, in the effort to shape her narrative, she forces upon it some hasty and unpromising reconciliations and a too convenient death.

MISS AUDREY LUCAS, who in "Friendly Relations" tells, with humour and charm, a story of family life

IN *Carl and Anna, In the Last Coach,* and all the books of Leonhard Frank, the reader is conscious of seeing the world through eyes that have never ceased to look at it, never turned inwards to regard its reflection. His new novel, *Three of the Three Million* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), is a story of the unemployed, and even with this well-thumbed material he makes something new, living and direct. His three heroes seek work in Germany, South America, Italy, France, and Switzerland ; and, except for a few days spent sitting in a barber's shop-window with parti-coloured heads, advertising hair dye, they find no work anywhere. One perishes ; the other two return, old and broken, to their native village. That is the story. It does not, of course, make cheerful reading, but it is told with such gentleness, sympathy and (on the whole) absence of bitterness or propaganda that it lifts the whole problem out of the realm of politics and economics and places it on the level on common brotherhood. A short book, very easy to read, impossible to forget.

Mr. Claude Houghton has followed up *This Was Ivor Trent* with a novel called *Christina* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). It is an exciting story of jealousy, but Mr. Houghton's more discriminating admirers will not, I think, be altogether happy about it. Its central figure, Brand, is the kind of man more often met in print than in life ; and throughout the book Mr. Houghton's feeling for drama seems to transcend his feeling for literature, if not for life. It would not surprise me if he ended by writing for the stage. I believe he would do so very effectively. Dramatic, too, though not fitted for the theatre, is Mr. Sydney Bell's long (*Continued on page* 88)

Poems

"The Frozen Earth, and other Poems": *by Winifred Holtby* (Collins, 2s.)

THIS little paper-bound edition of fourteen poems by the late Winifred Holtby has been made for the sake of her admirers and friends. (A complete edition is contemplated later.) The verses do not aim at greatness or importance ; rather are they the wistful asides of a woman of tireless spirit and delicate physique. Few writers of so limited an output receive the obituary notices accorded to Miss Holtby. For, good though her work was, her friends knew that she was greater than her work, which suffered from the variety of her interests and her unwillingness to ration herself in service, in enthusiasm, and in friendship. If that is another way of saying that she had not the artistic temperament, one must consider the possibility that she chose not to have it.

"The Year's Poetry, 1935": *compiled by Denys K. Roberts, Gerald Gould and John Lehman* (Bodley Head, 6s.)

FOR the second year in succession, this "representative selection" makes its appearance, and it is to be hoped it will become an annual event. Not too much attention should be paid to the rather alarming statement in the preface that "our aim has been to choose not so much . . . the outstanding individual poems of the year, but rather poems which . . . best illustrate the most significant contemporary tendencies and developments," for the editors, if ever they seriously harboured the intention of reading poetry in such an odd way, seem to have abandoned it. The collection is properly exclusive, and the best poems in it are good poems, whether they illustrate any tendency or not, and the poems which are not so good are not so good, whatever their significance. The editors have done their work well. If, at times, the reader is conscious of monotony, of a strong resemblance of one contemporary poet to his fellows, the fault is not necessarily the editors'.

GERALD GOULD

Here is the modern High Beam gas fire in an up-to-date setting. This is a self-lighting model. No matches and no by-pass are required. Notice the vertical radiants at the top which make the whole of the fire opening glow with warmth

Comfort—1936

Gas Fires to Warm Your Heart and Save Your Pocket

WHETHER or not you are a person who likes a "good coal fire," you have to hand it to gas fires. They're clean; they give warmth where you want it, at once, and the best of them are economical and decorative as well.

You wouldn't think there was much more they could do to improve last year's gas fires, but the makers are resourceful people and not content to let any other kind of domestic heating outstrip gas heating.

Improving gas fires, in fact, has become quite a mania with the people who are employed to improve gas fires, and this year's output of inspirations is well up to standard. Nor have they run out of ideas yet. So they say.

Here's a list of this year's inspirations, beginning with—

More Heat, Less Gas. This means exactly what it says. In other words, more comfort and fewer shillings in the meter.

If you are interested in the technical details of this particular improvement, I can quote from the official booklet: "The new design of the radiants and the addition of upper or 'scrubber' radiants, give a higher efficiency than ever before. You obtain a greater amount of heat from every therm of gas and actually use less."

These are High Beam gas fires we're discussing, by the way.

Increased Comfort is second on the list of improvements. The vertical radiants which are now added to the top of the usual horizontal ones make the whole of the fire opening aglow with warmth. Whereas there was once a gap between the top of the horizontal radiants and the margin of the fire opening, this is now completely filled with glowing light and warmth.

An increase of the valuable short infra-red rays is also announced. These, as you know, penetrate the skin and warm the blood or, if you prefer, the cockles of the heart.

Self Lighting. We kept this improvement to the last because we like it so much, and we think you will.

Apparently you walk into the room and turn on a tap and there's your gas fire, glowing away at you at full pace. No matches, no trouble and *no by-pass.* Don't ask us how it's done. We simply know it's true.

From the point of view of appearance the new High Beam gas fires are as adaptable as one could wish. They fit into almost any scheme and are exceptionally pleasant to look at apart from their virtues of comfort.

There are at least eight different designs. The "Inlae," a built-in model, is one of particularly nice appearance. It is fitted above hearth level as many modern gas fires now are.

This is the "Castile" High Beam gas fire with patent self-lighting tap. Scientific tests prove that a medium-size High Beam gas fire uses only 3½ cubic feet of gas per hour to each radiant where other fires use four cubic feet

Another model—named by the makers the "Vanitie"—is given additional ventilation through perforated panels inset in the surrounding frame. The additional air passes into the chimney in diffused streams over a large area, thus permitting of four or five air changes being effected each hour under ordinary conditions.

The smallest of the High Beam fires is as nice to look at as the biggest, and is fitted with every feature of the larger models.

Scientific tests of the medium-size fire prove that it consumes only 3½ cubic feet of gas per hour to each radiant where other fires require four cubic feet.

"Lustre" finishes as well as coloured paint finishes are available. The "Lustre" finishes include black and silver, gold, burr brown, black and gold, brown, black and copper, brass and opal.

So that you may enjoy this delightful season to the full, we venture to suggest some better ways of . . .

Spring Cleaning

RONUK
The HOOVER
"Kleenoff"
10d.
· MARKS ·

HUSBANDS can say what they like: spring cleaning is fun. Provided you've lulled the men of the house into a state of semi-consciousness about the whole affair and can safely get on with the job free from masculine dissent there's something satisfactory in "a good turn-out."

Fortunately, "a good turn-out" is a very different affair now from what it once was. Cleaning materials and cleaning implements make light of the tasks that once were pure drudgery.

If you set about the annual cleaning in a systematic sort of way and provide yourself beforehand with all the necessities for easy cleaning, the whole business can be disposed of in a day.

Many people feel that the efficiency of modern vacuum cleaners makes it unnecessary to take up carpets that are regularly treated all the year round. This certainly applies in the home where the latest model Hoover is used. This model now has a beater as well as the usual powerful air-suction attachment. Needless to say, the beating process is done while the carpet is still on the floor, and not a particle of dust or dirt is freed into the atmosphere.

The agitator is revolved by a belt from the motor. But the beaters do not bang the carpet on to the hard floor beneath. Powerful air suction lifts the carpet up from the floor so that the Hoover actually beats on a cushion of air. This treatment loosens the most deeply-embedded particles of grit and "dances" them to the surface, to be drawn by suction into the Hoover dust-bag.

Having avoided the removal of carpets, then, the actual cleaning of furniture, silver and china is the most formidable task to be faced. Furniture is best washed with a chamois leather wrung out of vinegar and water. This removes deposits of dirt and grease and leaves a good natural gloss which can be enhanced by the application of Ronuk and the proverbial "elbow-grease."

A teaspoonful of borax in a large basin of boiling water makes an excellent cleaning solution for silver and plate. Put spoons and forks into this solution and leave them to soak for a while, afterwards polishing with a soft duster. The regular use of Silvo, however, keeps silver and plate in perfect condition all year round.

If you prefer to wash your blankets at home, here is a good tip. Add a tablespoonful of glycerine to the rinsing water. It softens the fabric and brings the blankets back to their original fluffiness. Many people prefer this method to sending blankets to the laundry.

Gas cookers should have some attention while the cleaning fever is at its height. The gas company is always prepared to send a mechanic to give a thorough inspection to burners and to replace attachments that are becoming worn.

At all times the interior of the oven and other parts can be freed from grease by the use of Kleenoff, which is simple to use. An immaculate cooker gives you twice as much service.

I'll *Tell you all I Know*

By Mary Young

I'VE got (water) softening on the brain. The more I think about it the more important it seems in the whole scheme of cleansing and beautifying the skin.

Even if you are not of the school that washes its face—and even hardened cream-washers feel the occasional urge to have a really good water-wash—there's your hands to be considered and the rest of your body, which is never properly cleaned in hard water.

If you have ever washed in softened water and experienced the smooth silkiness of it, the way it lathers, removes the dirt, the glorious feel of your hands afterwards, you will know that hard water compares with it like poverty with luxurious riches.

Fortunately, the financial difference between soft and hard water is not that wide.

If you can't afford a proper water-softener which acts on the water all through the house, there is a remarkable contraption on the market now which softens the water you are using at the moment.

This is all it is—as simple as can be. A white handle is attached to a glass bulb in which some mercury is imprisoned, the bulb being protected by a wire frame.

You shake this thing about in the water, and it neutralises the crystal-forming salts which are found in most hard water, thus automatically softening it.

Now, don't ask me to explain how or why this happens. Even if you told me the scientific working of wireless, it would still seem magic that we can listen to America and it sounds like next door.

We have tried out the thing in our house, and it gets full marks.

It is particularly useful for travellers, who are bound to come across hard water here and there.

BEFORE I leave the subject of water, I should like to tell you of another something for the bath that I've found. They call it a beautifier and soap-saver, and you use it instead of a friction body-brush.

It is made of crêpe rubber, so conveniently shaped and pocketed that you fill it with all the little bits of soap which are usually thrown away when they get too small for use. Rub the skin hard with it. There is a lovely, creamy lather; your pores are opened, cleansed, and you are tonicked and frictioned up as if you had had an expert masseuse working on you. All this for ninepence.

MOST of us look grand for a day or two after we have been to the hairdresser's. Then we slip up, perhaps go out hatless in a strong wind, sleep sans net. Bang go the smooth waves, the suave curls, the neat ends.

There are two alternatives. One is doing a quick set yourself. The other—and how many use this easy way out—is to give it a quick curl up with the tongs.

The trouble is that a set takes more time to dry naturally than most of us can afford to give it.

But how about it if you had in your bedroom a dear little hair-dryer, something like the one your hairdresser used back in the days before helmet drying.

This little dryer has a couple of adjustable heaters which you heat up on a flame, or over a meta stick (as you would the curling tongs).

While one heater gets hot, you spray your hair, set, curl and pin it. You can soon get the hang of it by watching the hairdresser at work. Then insert the heater in the dryer and, by working a little lever, it produces a gentle current of hot air.

Start to dry your hair, and in the meantime heat the second heater. As, in a home set, you don't make the hair as wet as the hairdresser does, the whole operation shouldn't take you more than five or six minutes.

Think how you can use this on your holiday, bathing, cruising.

BATHING-SUITS get more svelte and lovely each year. But, unfortunately, figures don't. Young, slim-bosomed girls don't have to worry, but practically everyone else does, not only the fat girls, but those with average figures who, dressed, make you think they, too, are slim and lovely, by wearing uplift brassières.

You, with me, must often have looked around a plage with an intense longing to put some sprawling, untidy tops into brassières beneath their suits.

Well, it wouldn't do. They would show. They would be uncomfortable. The straps would show. The suits couldn't be properly backless, and what not.

But, cease to worry, ladies. There is a grand new way out of all this now. There shouldn't be a sagging bosom to be seen on any beach, or any ship.

You will be able to buy your new swim suit as brief, low and tailored as you like, but with a brassière cleverly worked into it. Not a thing shows except the new, lovely uplift it gives you.

And don't worry about prices. They'll be reasonable. I haven't full details at the time I write this. But they should be to hand by the time you read it.

LAST I come to big news for you, madam, who are slim but whose ankles have fattened. You who, weighing only nine stone, yet have that fat double chin. You who have a fat back-of-the-neck, fat wrists, shoulders, arms, a diaphragm roll.

The news is a slimming treatment, specially for localised fat, though, if you are sufficiently persevering, it can be used for general obesity too. It is so simple, so inexpensive, so astonishingly effective that, after a few weeks of it, you'll wonder why you suffered so long before you discovered it.

It is a remedial cream which looks and smells as pleasantly as a face cream and a lotion used in conjunction with it. The treatment is practically fool-proof. First you apply hot fomentations, then you rub the cream in for about ten minutes, until it is fully absorbed. Then you apply the lotion to tighten up the skin and close the pores.

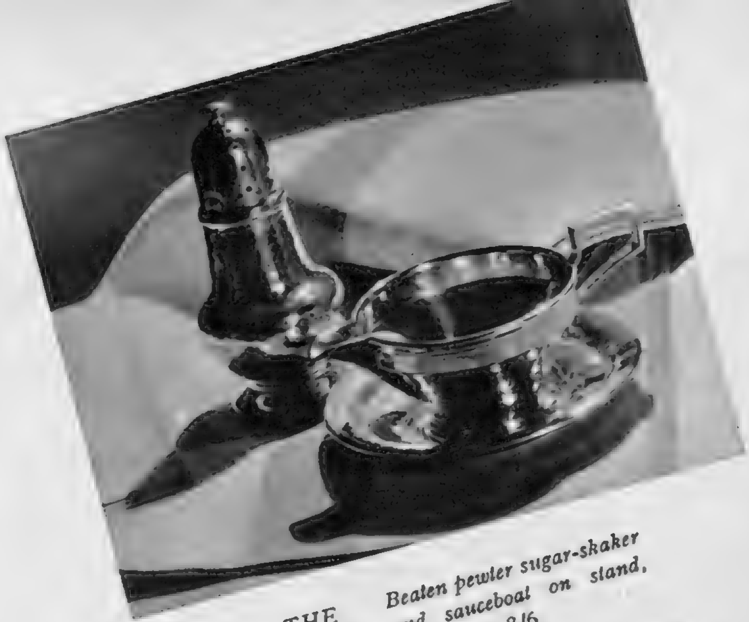
All I ask you to do to get real results is to use it faithfully, and not to break the continuity of the applications.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and enclose stamped envelope.

Mary Young

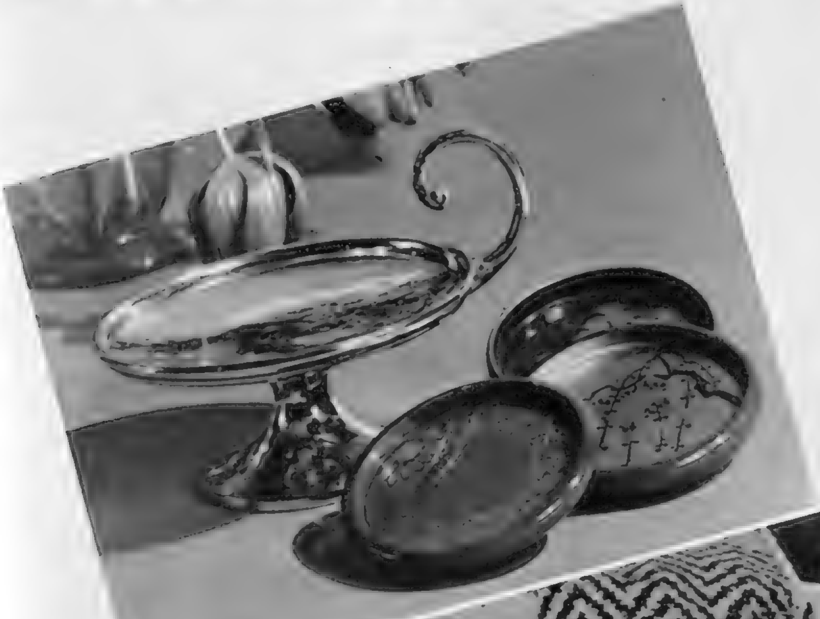
Something New *for your* Home

Now your house, with its freshly scrubbed paint, cleaned curtains, rugs and covers, and general air of freshness, practically asks you to buy it something new. Here are a few suggestions for every room, all decorative, useful, all inexpensive



THE DINING-ROOM

Beaten pewter sugar-shaker and sauceboat on stand, 17/6 and 18/6



A sweet-dish in beaten pewter, and lacquer trays for glasses. The first, 10/6; the trays, 1/7 each

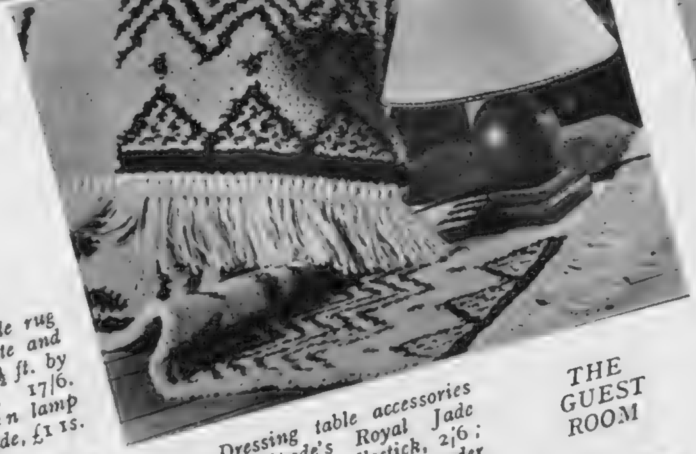
THE SITTING ROOM

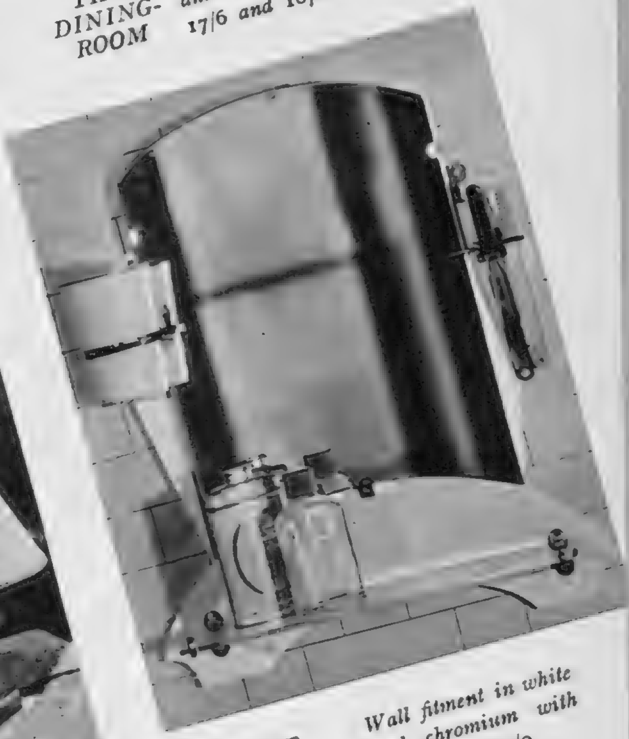
or

A vase and cigarette-box to match, both in Spode's Royal Jade Pottery. Vase, 4/6; Cigarette-Box, 9/-

or

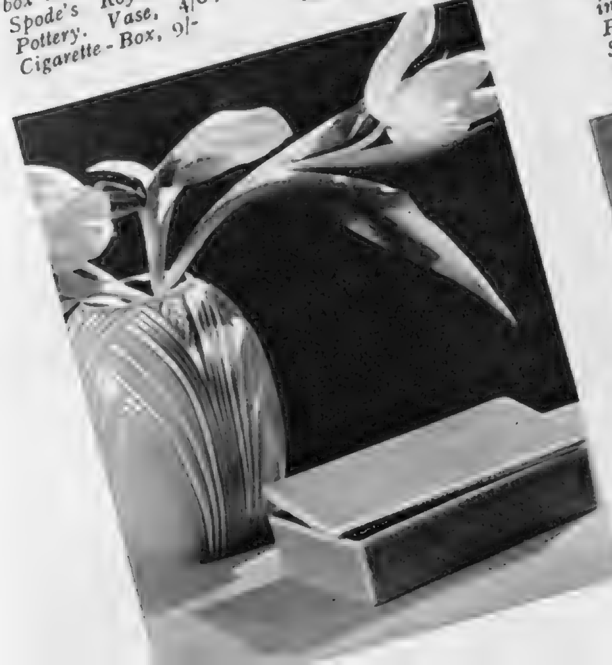
A reversible rug in off-white and brown, 5½ ft. by 2½ ft., 17/6. Wooden lamp and shade, £1 1s.





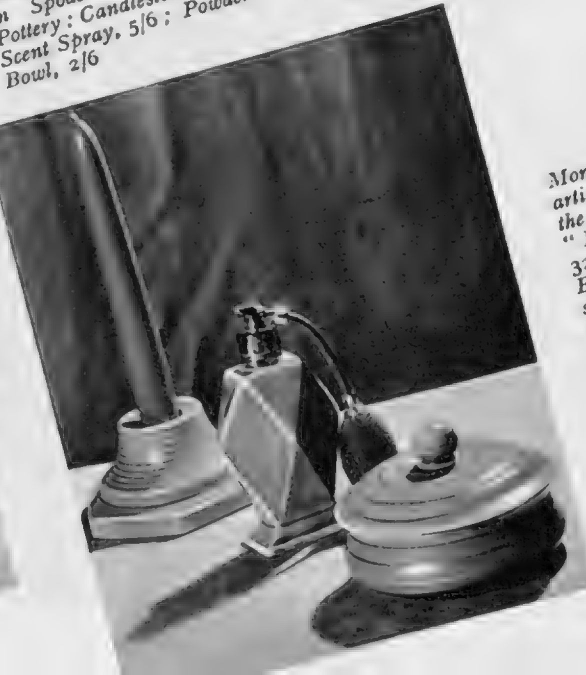
THE BATH ROOM

Wall fitment in white and chromium with glass shelf, 11/9



THE GUEST ROOM

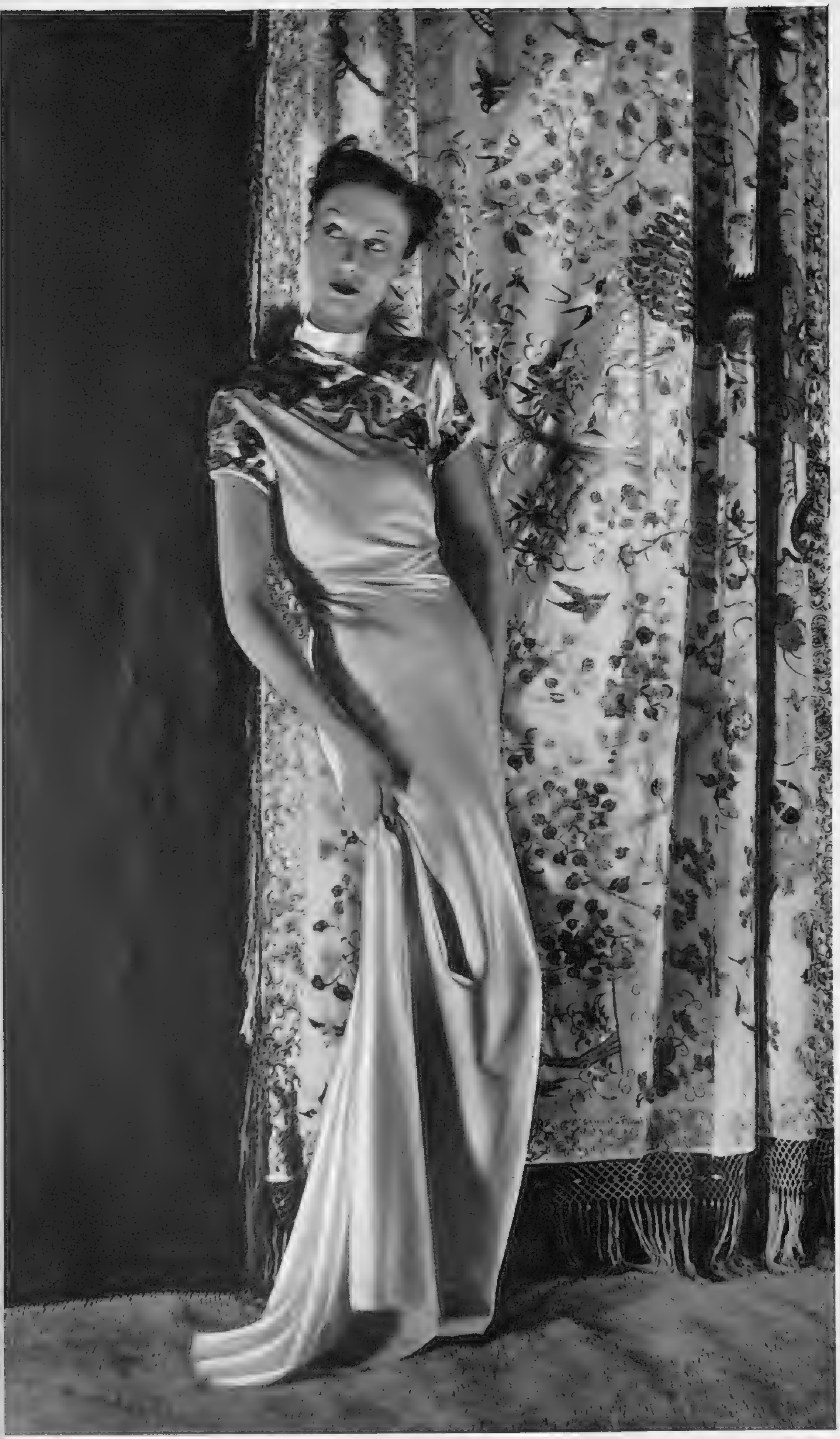
Dressing table accessories in Spode's Royal Jade Pottery: Candlestick, 2/6; Scent Spray, 5/6; Powder Bowl, 2/6



More details about these articles on application to the Editor, Woman's Dept., "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope

Fashions: By Jean Burnup

Editor Woman's Department "Britannia and Eve"



Chinese . . .

Victor Stiebel, the Chinese Exhibition in mind, took some supple ivory satin, moulded it figure-tight in front, gave it a princess panel and short train behind, added a little stand-up collar, some exquisite embroidery in shades of sunset pink, jade, lavender-blue . . . and there, Mesdames, on your left, is a dress in a thousand.

Soft Pedal Colours . . .

If you have not yet come out of black—and many women will follow Court mourning and wear it with smartness right through to the end — your colours will be pianissimo. Pastels, whites and yellows, quiet pinks and blues, slate-greys. The three elegant early spring dresses on page 61 are black, silvery-grey, and egg-plant.

Shoes . . .

Square toes, short square heels, a fashion from New York, occupies front window space everywhere. The claim is that they make feet look small, ankles slim. See page 60.

Accessories . . .

Please look at the two pages of accessories which close this fashion section. They have been carefully picked from the London shops, with our eyes on style and economy.

Next Month . . .

Eight pages in full colour of Paris and London fashions.

SPRING WARDROBE

HERE is the basis of a complete Spring and on-into-early Summer wardrobe.

A suit that, with accessory changes, can stand by you for town or country; a blouse and a jersey; a longer coat and dress in contrast colours, in the new, casual manner; two hats.

That is the basis, sufficient in itself for now, but chosen with a view to careful augmenting later on.

Presently you will wear a straw hat, dressier, thinner frocks beneath that three-quarter coat. The more you mix your colours, the smarter. Anything goes. At a dress show, we saw a grey coat over a primrose yellow dress, a pink piqué box coat over a loganberry woollen, for instance.

Now for details. The suit is Irish homespun, French blue with a broken check. The skirt has an inverted pleat back and front. (Skirts, incidentally, are just so much shorter than last year.) The coat has high revers, a yoke and box-pleated back, a belt all round, two envelope pockets. SIX POUNDS SIXTEEN AND SIX.

The woollen jumper is plum coloured, white-checked, with a high pointed turnover neck. TWENTY-NINE AND SIX.

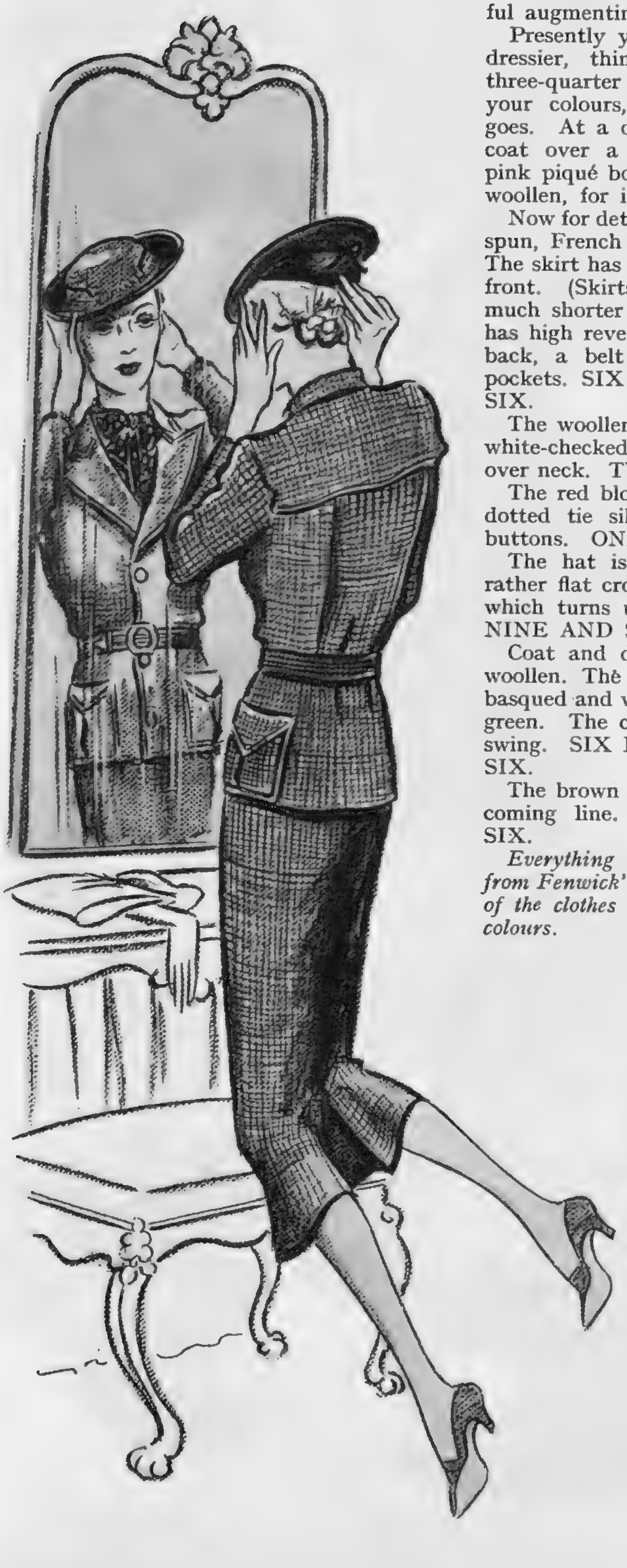
The red blouse is made of horse-shoe-dotted tie silk, trimmed with wooden buttons. ONE GUINEA.

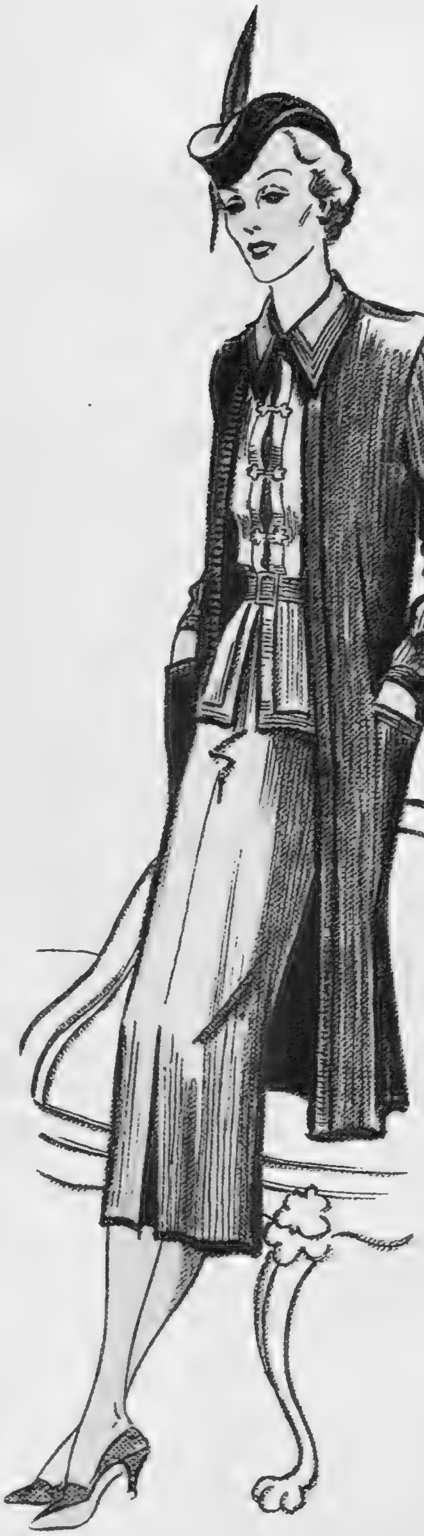
The hat is light-weight felt, with a rather flat crown and a lilt to the brim which turns up all round. TWENTY-NINE AND SIX.

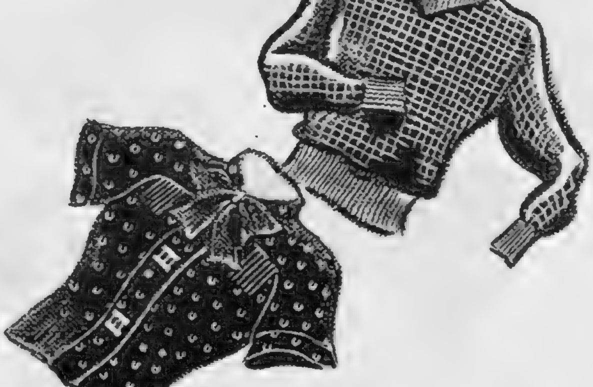
Coat and dress are in a soft ribbed woollen. The coat, dark brown, the dress basqued and with smart front fastenings, green. The coat has a light, backward swing. SIX POUNDS SIXTEEN AND SIX.

The brown felt hat has a dashing, becoming line. TWENTY-NINE AND SIX.

Everything drawn on this page comes from Fenwick's, New Bond Street. Most of the clothes can be obtained in several colours.







SHOE NEWS...

WOMEN who have gone into the new square-toed, lower-heeled shoes declare that in all their lives they have never had such foot comfort.

As for appearances, they do to your feet what we all want shoes to do to our feet—they make them look smaller. As for smartness, they somehow manage to make high-heeled, point-toe shoes look dowdy.

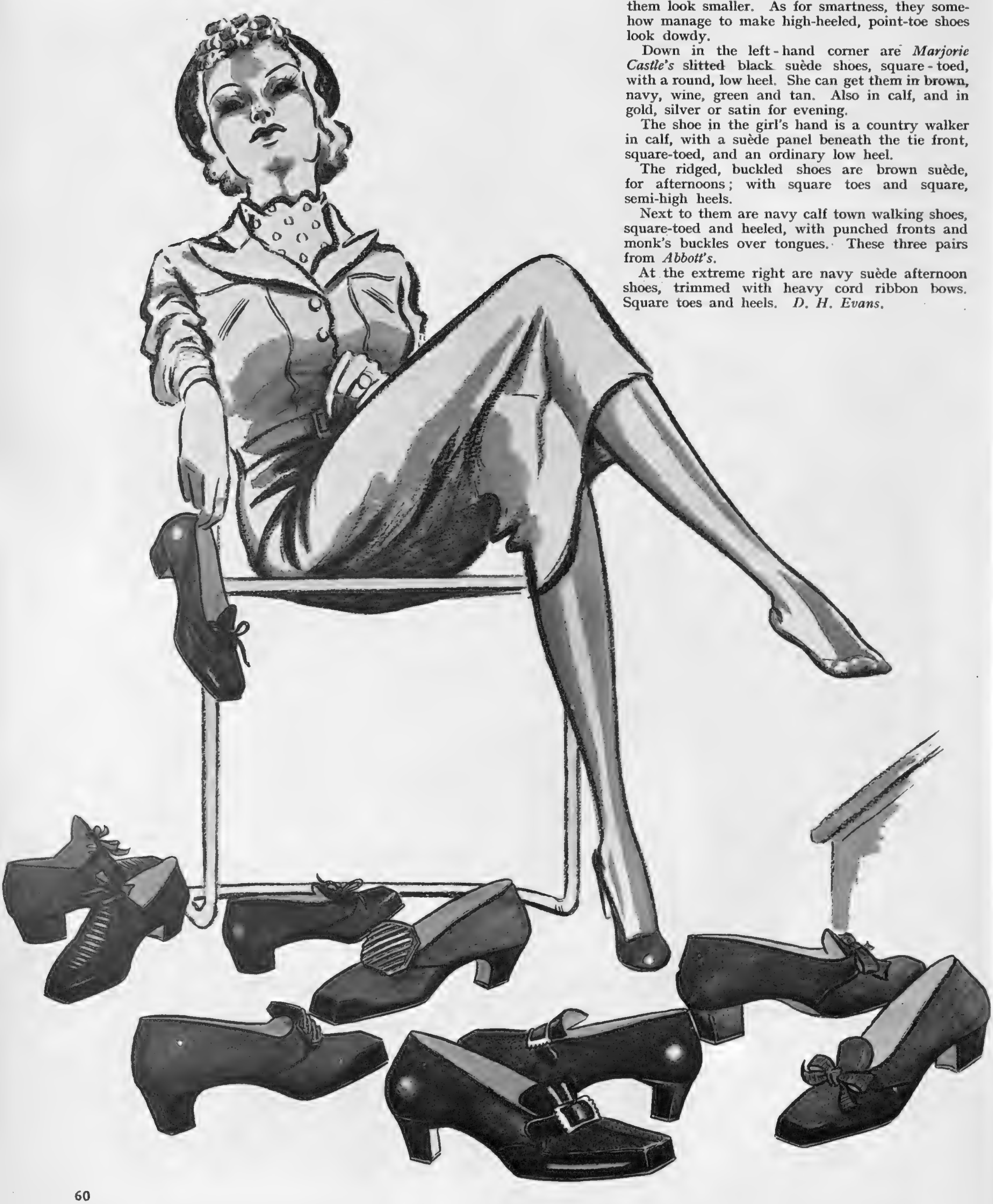
Down in the left-hand corner are *Marjorie Castle's* slitted black suède shoes, square-toed, with a round, low heel. She can get them in brown, navy, wine, green and tan. Also in calf, and in gold, silver or satin for evening.

The shoe in the girl's hand is a country walker in calf, with a suède panel beneath the tie front, square-toed, and an ordinary low heel.

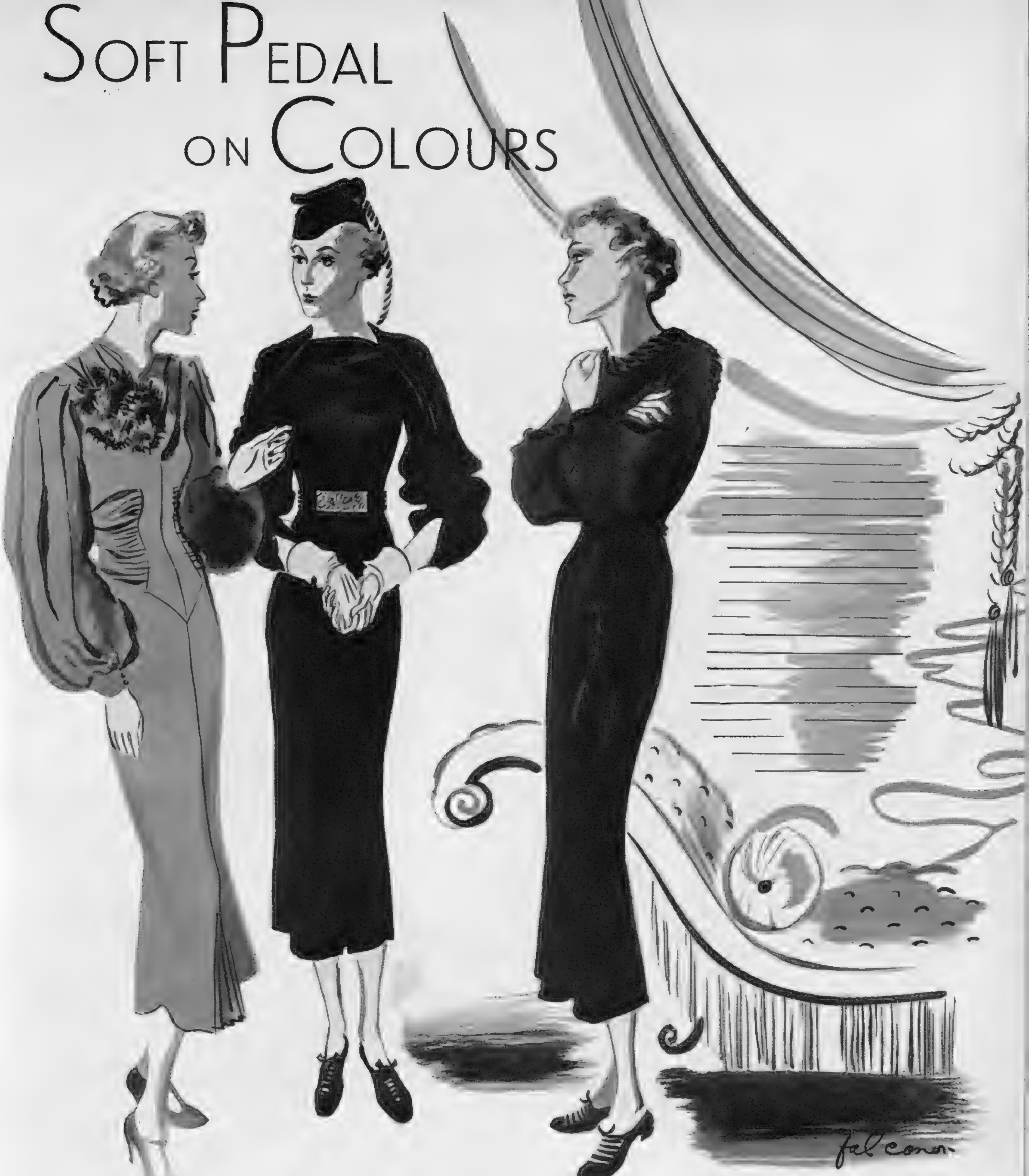
The ridged, buckled shoes are brown suède, for afternoons; with square toes and square, semi-high heels.

Next to them are navy calf town walking shoes, square-toed and heeled, with punched fronts and monk's buckles over tongues. These three pairs from *Abbott's*.

At the extreme right are navy suède afternoon shoes, trimmed with heavy cord ribbon bows. Square toes and heels. *D. H. Evans.*



SOFT PEDAL ON COLOURS



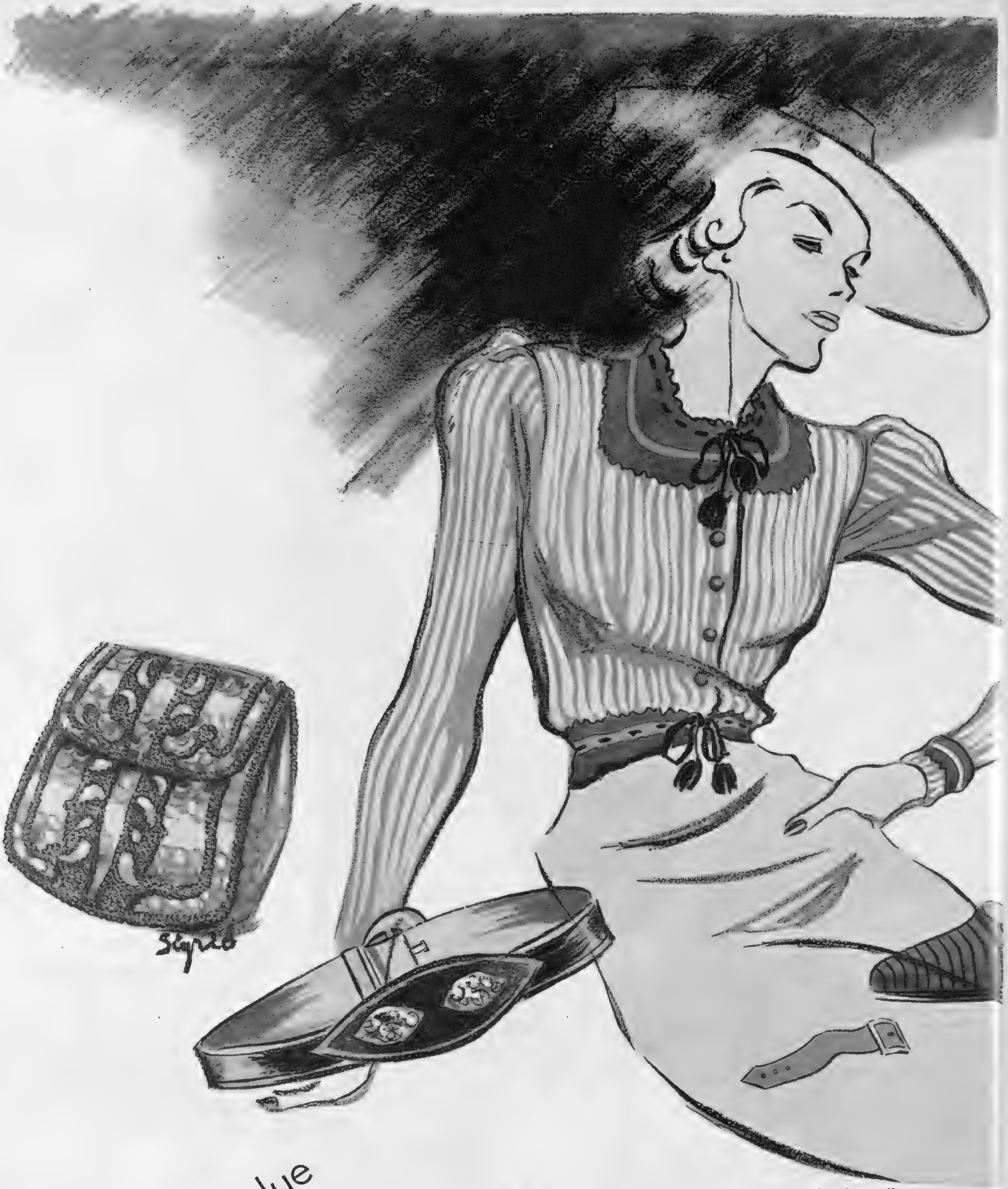
WHEN we went into dark and subdued colours this late winter we discovered, not for the first time, how infinitely more becoming they are than those colours which are like the sound of brass instruments. Now, too, we are beginning to place bright accessories against our quiet dresses, enhancing them and us.

The dress on the left is grey orlando, satin-backed ribbed silk to you, a lovely afternoon fabric. Full, loosely pleated sleeves end in tight cuffs. Two pleated neck pieces cross in front and form a pointed back yoke. There is waist ruching and a big sash, tying at back. Two black flecked orange flowers add the gaiety. *Spectator Sports.*

In the centre, a fine black woollen dress. High draped neck fullness meets lines which run from shoulder tops right down the sleeves, gathering fullness as they go. The self belt fastens with a dull gold leaf-patterned buckle. *Matita.*

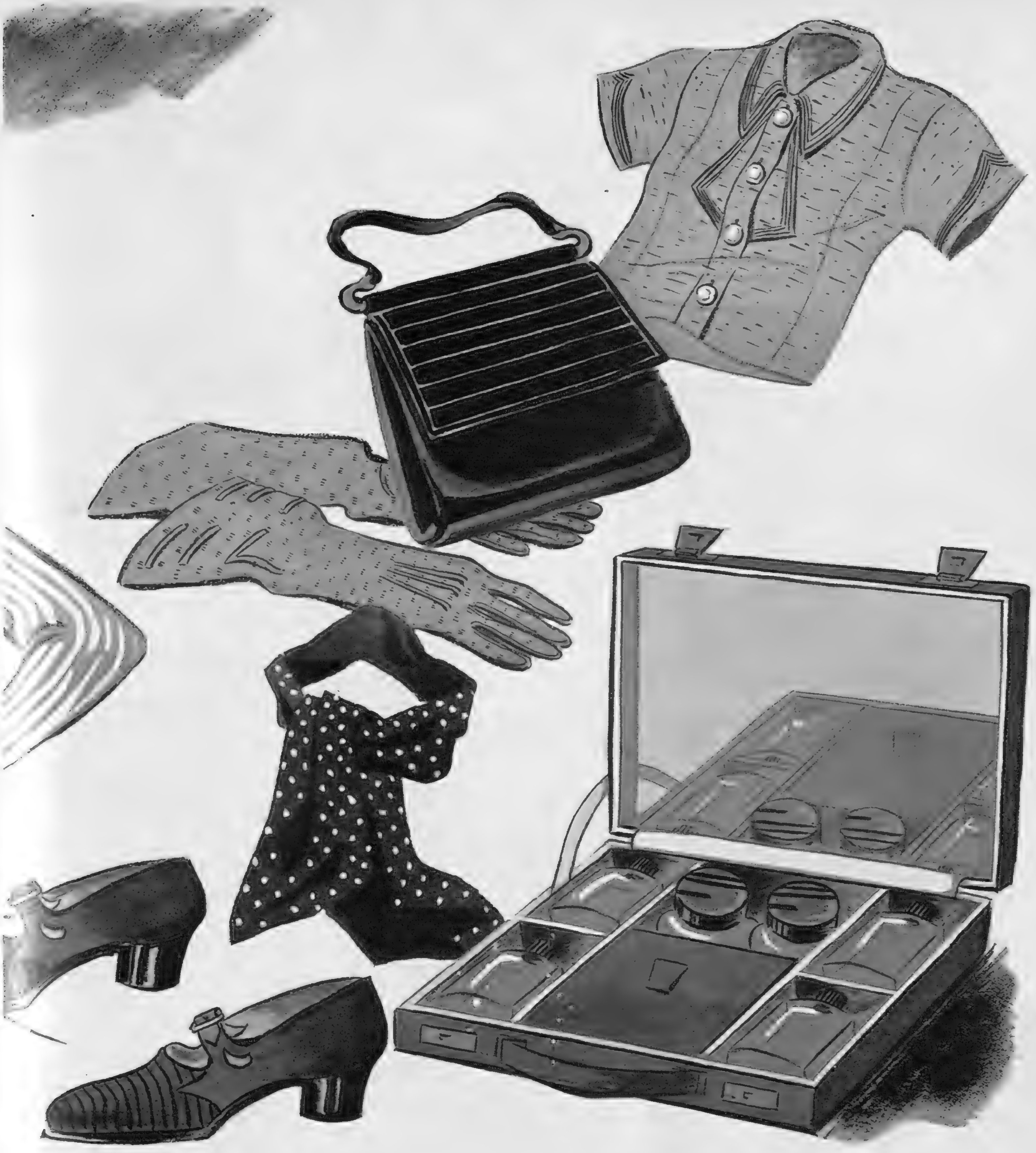
Last, angora—and a magic angora that does not moult even on first wearing—in a glorious egg plant shade. A twist of the fabric goes round the high neckline and forms a girdle. Little yoke pieces droop on each shoulder, with gauging beneath. Long, full sleeves, gathered at wrist. Slight flare to the skirt. *Wolsey.* £2 - 9 - 6.

Further details of these three model dresses, their cost—in each case inexpensive—and the shops where they can be obtained, on application to the Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia and Eve*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.



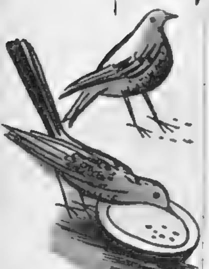
Extra-Special Value For Money

GLITTERING sequin and bead evening bag, silver or gold. Mirror in pocket, thumb-loop at back. TEN SHILLINGS. . . . Next, a calf leather belt, with let-in embroidery. Black, navy, brown or pale colours to order. THREE AND ELEVEN. . . . The white wool ribbed Tyrolean jacket fastens with seven silvery buttons. Green band with red line round neck, cuffs, waist. Green cord at throat and waist. Leg-of-mutton sleeves. TWENTY-NINE AND SIX. . . . The walking shoes are stitched suède, so soft and pliable you can bend them in half. Detachable buckle ties. Obtainable in black, brown, red, white, blue, green, and summer pastel shades. THIRTY-NINE AND SIX. . . . Tubular cashmere scarf, white spots on green, or other colours. FIVE AND ELEVEN. . . . The



gloves are soft kid with hogskin markings, never to be told apart from real hogskin. White and pale beige. FOUR AND ELEVEN. . . . Suède and calf handbag, excellent shape and style, with stitched suède flap and calf handle attached by gilt fasteners. Good inside arrangement. Brown, black, and black and white. ONE GUINEA. . . . The blouse is flecked uncrushable linen, with stitched collar and cuffs. White, natural, green, cloud pink and blue. TWELVE AND ELEVEN. . . . Last, a make-up travelling case, containing four bottles, two cream jars, space for tissues, glass stoppers inside the coloured bakelite tops. FIFTEEN AND SIX. . . . Further details on application, with stamped envelope, to Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia and Eve*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

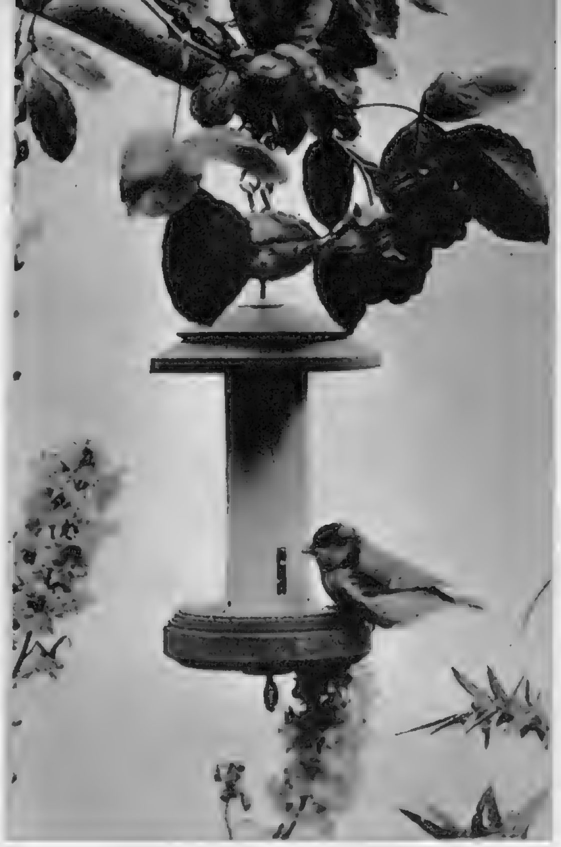
Chosen From the London Shops



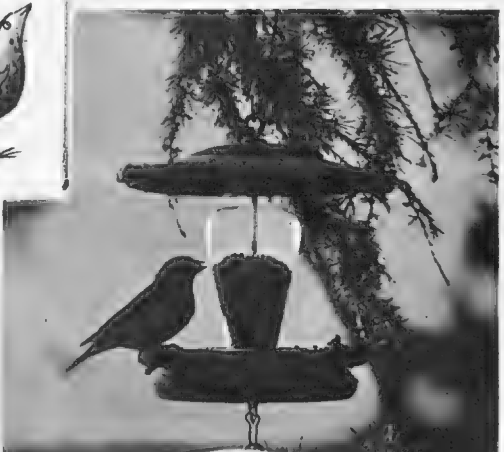
Feeding Wild Birds

You can attract a feathered circus to your window

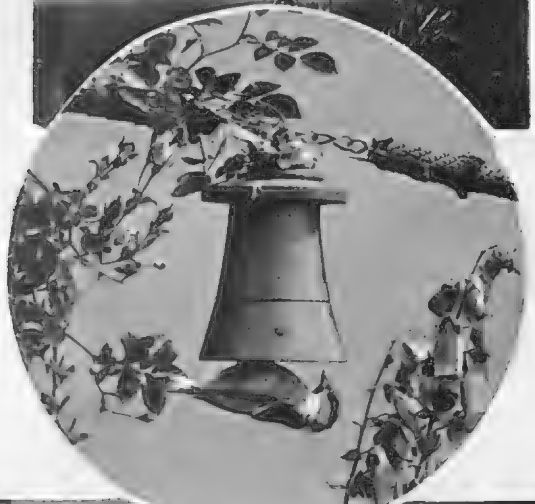
By H. Mortimer Batten



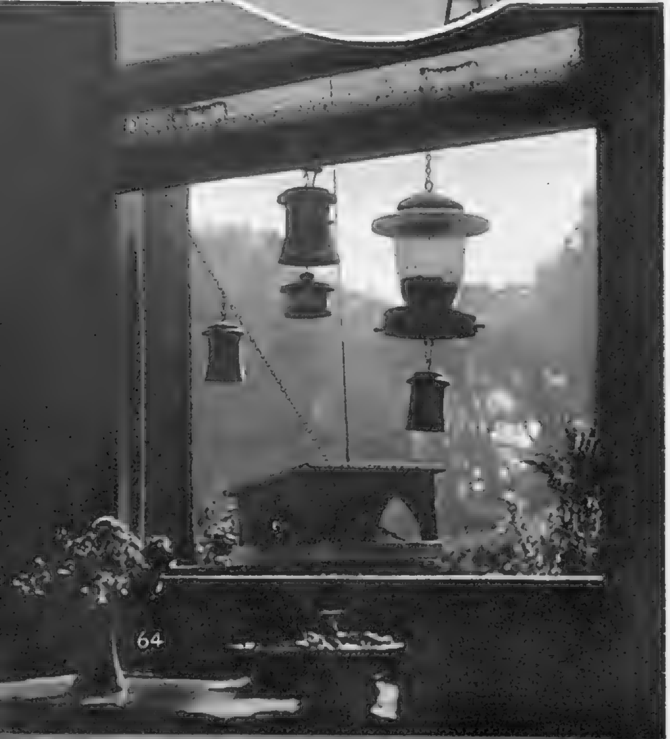
A Blue Tit feeding from peanut-feeder



(Left)
A Greenfinch feeding from glass-barrelled seed-hopper in the author's bird sanctuary



(Above)
Tit feeding from a tit-bell, one of the simplest and most popular types of feeder



The bird window with hanging feeding devices and bird-table.

IF you have ever scattered crumbs on window-ledge or lawn you have known the pleasure of watching the wild birds eat. Why not go further, and make a bird window at which the little creatures can really have a banquet?

It is an inexpensive interest which appeals to children and grown-ups alike, particularly if you get down to the study of the birds' requirements, and the favourite foods of the different species.

Children in particular delight to make something which the birds appreciate. The bird pudding is a good beginning.

This is simple enough. Take a pie-dish, or, better still, an oven pan, fairly shallow and with vertical sides. Into this pan put the various table oddments, bits of fat, crusts, rinds of cheese, pudding, porridge, stale cake (raisins delight the thrushes)—in fact, anything but fish and very salty or highly-seasoned foods: bacon fat is all right, but avoid sausage.

This glorious conglomeration is moistened sufficiently to enable you to mix it into a thick paste, then pop it into the oven for a few minutes to brown.

Do not turn it out of the pan, but place the pan on the bird-table or the window-ledge sheltered from the rain.

All kinds of birds will come to it, but to prevent the greedy ones from flying off with large chunks, which they litter about the garden and thus invite disaster from cats, it is an excellent plan to cut a square of ¾-in. wire netting which exactly fits the top of the pan.

Thus the birds have to feed through the wire netting, which sinks into the pan as the food is consumed.

The small nut-feeders and tit-bells now so widely used are charming for hanging outside the window. They cater for those individual species which are most interesting and beneficial to the garden—notably the tits. They function quite apart from the bird-table, at which the hungry mob is fed.

You do not buy shelled peanuts for the sparrows; they are for the tits, nuthatches, and woodpeckers, and are served in a peanut-feeder.

The tit-bell is for tits and nuthatches, and one or two other insectivorous birds with clinging feet, who can alight upside down. It is more decorative than the untidy half-coconut you see in some gardens.

It is a wooden bell whose contents remain fresh indefinitely. The tits clean it out inside until it is almost polished.

HEMP-SEED attracts all the finches, from the handsome greenfinch and the cheery chaffinch to the pretty painted goldfinch. The tits also hammer away at it.

To use seed economically and in order to get the maximum pleasure from watching the birds, a seed-hopper is necessary.

The grain trickles through into the little feeding troughs as the birds use it, and the bulk is kept dry.

The greater the variety of foods the greater the variety of birds you are likely to attract, but if you supply the home-made bird pudding, shelled peanuts, mutton fat, hemp seed, and canary seed (never mix two seeds in one hopper) the birds will have no grounds for complaint.

If you are a little more ambitious, try some special bird cake on your feathered visitors. It is scientifically compounded to provide the vitamins which insectivorous birds lack in winter and spring, and which causes them to peck buds and blossoms.

Tit-bell refills of this cake can also be obtained in cardboard cartons.

Cry Baby

and how to stop him

By Len Chaloner

WHAT is the cure for tantrums? Until the Nursery Schools gave away the secret, tantrums were regarded as inevitable with all babies emerging from the nice, cuddly, stay-put age into the wills-of-their-own age, liking nothing so much as mud, water, and noise.

Tantrums may begin as early as eighteen months and go on perhaps until around three years. The child may be playing with a box and lid on the floor, trying to fit them together, or is perhaps attempting to bang coloured pegs into a board. All at once boxes or pegs and board are flung far and wide and, with a yell, he throws himself flat on the floor and screams.

The disturbance may start in another way. Mother or nurse want to put him to bed or dress him for a walk, and he is picked up from the floor and his toys gathered up and put away.

Instantly a yell, and a rigidity with it that makes dressing or doing anything else with him a difficulty.

What is to be done about it? Often he gets a slap, though the result of that is usually to intensify the emotion. Put him to bed to cry it out?

Why not try to discover the cause of the trouble instead? Just as there was a reason for his crying as a tiny baby, there must surely be a reason now to produce this violent emotion, if you could only understand it.

IF you think back to his baby age, you will remember that when he arrived he was utterly helpless.

He could not even turn over in his cot without help, and for a long time he was quite unresponsive, unaware of you. He did not even focus properly at first the people who moved around him. He was indifferent whether you came or went, or whether the room was light or dark.

Because of his helplessness, he was all-powerful, and you waited on him hand and foot. He cried for his feeds or because he was cramped or cold or had a pain, and his simple needs were fulfilled by you.

Almost imperceptibly, changes took place as the months went by. Now, at eighteen months or two years, his wants have grown to be far more numerous, with his increasing perceptions and activities, but he is having to meet their limitation in a number of different ways.

Not only do you ignore these wants or the fulfilling of them, but you even restrain him from fulfilling them for himself if you are not in agreement with him about them.

On top of this, he is contending with his own incapacity. He sees you fit boxes together and handle many things successfully which seem to refuse to behave for him as they behave for you.

It is this bewildering sense of frustration which is largely the cause of tantrums. An outburst against the impotence of it all, for his difficulties are often heightened by his inexperience in regard to time. He knows only now . . . or never. "Presently" means nothing convincing to him.

"But what's all this to do with it?" I hear you ask. Is there to be no discipline? No obedience? Well, let us see what the Nursery Schools have done about it.

There must certainly be something convincing about a system of management when it takes only two qualified women to care so happily and successfully for as many as twenty to thirty growing babies.

Their idea at first glance might seem old-fashioned, for it follows the well-worn proverb that prevention is better than cure. But in the prevention of tantrums has come about the avoidance for the baby of many needless frustrations.

He learns self-help as the means of self-discipline. Much that is kept out of his way at home is placed deliberately available to him in the Nursery Schools. Taps, cupboards and pegs, to make interesting the business of his toilet; dressers, cups and saucers at meal times.

Gone is the undignified impotence of the high chair. He is a citizen who learns to lay tables, clears them and even in turn serves his fellows.

He delights in ministering to the cat or caring for the school flowers, helping not as a duty or under orders, but as part and parcel of a community all doing the same thing and proud of it.

You can reproduce much of this for the growing baby in his home. There is plenty of miniature furniture about, or a footstool makes the basin available in the bathroom.

It means patience on your part to help him to do without you, in achieving small things for himself, but this is the vital age when habits are easily formed.

Even dusting or sweeping in miniature, given the right atmosphere of geniality, can be the most delightful games ever invented.

And if you want to take him for a walk, give him due notice beforehand—as you would warn one another—that presently it will be time to go out, or tidy up for bedtime. He is far less likely to be resentful.

IF inadvertently, through fatigue or misunderstanding or inexperience, he should fall into a tantrum, your best plan is to be patient, taking very little notice; showing him that you are not disturbed, though you are not cross or impatient either, inferring rather by your behaviour that you know things will come right.

You can go on dressing to go out without him if need be, or carry on with some other affairs of your programme.

Only if it is really vital for his well-being is it wise to interfere with him.

In this way, if you can help your growing child to feel also the honesty of your love for him, you will lead him gradually to bridge the distance between helplessness and achievement, modifying in time the nature of his desires and learning with experience the meaning of time, which lends him courage to wait for their fulfilment.

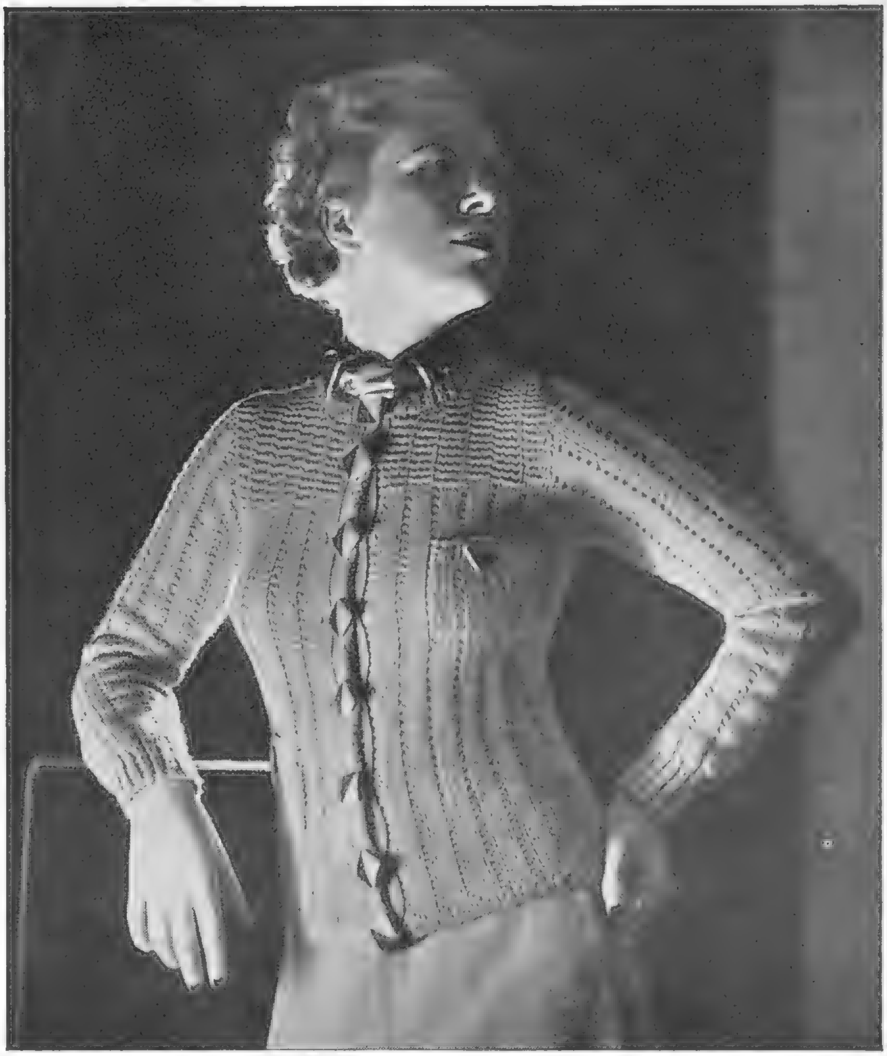
With Quick Fingers and "Kwiknit" Wool you can make this smart Cardigan

Materials required :
12 ozs. of "Kwiknit" wool. 1 pr. of No. 4 Double Century Knitting Pins. 1 pr. of No. 7 ditto. 10 Buttons.

Measurements :
Length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 23 ins. Width round bust under arms, 34 ins. Under arm of sleeves, 19 ins.

Abbreviations :
K. Knit. P. Purl. St. Stitch. Sts. Stitches. Dec. Decrease. Inc. Increase, Pat. Pattern. Tog. Together. Beg. Beginning
Knit into the backs of all cast-on stitches.

In A Week-End



Back.

Begin at lower edge. With No. 7 pins cast on 68 sts. Rib 3 rows K. 1, P. 1. Work in the following pat. :

1st row. *K. 3, P. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row. Purl.

Work until 4½ in. from start. Change to No. 4 pins and work for 9½ in. (14 in. in all from start).

Shape Armholes.

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows (a dec. of 8 sts. each side). Continue on the remaining 52 sts.

Yoke.

Repeat the following row until armhole measures 6 in. *K. 4, P. 4, repeat from * to end of row.

Shape Neck and Shoulders.

Work 18 sts. Cast off 16 sts. Work 18 sts. Place the first 18 sts. on a spare pin. Work on the last 18 sts. in yoke pat. for 1 in., at the same time decreasing one stitch every row at neck edge until 14 sts. remain. Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row (14 sts.).

Right Front.

With No. 7 pins, cast on 38 sts. K. into back of sts. Rib 3 rows K. 1, P. 1.

5th row. (To make buttonhole) Rib 2. Cast off 4, *K. 3, P. 1. Repeat from * to end of row.

6th row. P. to last 2 sts. Cast on 4, rib 2.

Now continue in this pat. keeping the 6 front edge sts. in K. 1, P. 1 rib, and making buttonholes every 18th row, until work measures 4½ in.

Change to No. 4 pins.

Continue in pat. until work measures 14 in. in all from start, continuing buttonholes every 18th row.

Shape Armhole.

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of next 4 armhole end rows.

Yoke.

1st row. Rib 6. * K. 4, P. 4. Repeat from * to last 4 sts. K. 4.

2nd row. * P. 4, K. 4. Repeat from * to last 10 sts. P. 4. Rib 6.

Repeat these 2 rows until armhole measures 4 in.

Shape Neck.

Cast off 10 sts. at neck edge. Continue in yoke pat. on the remaining 20 sts. until armhole measures 7 in., at the same time decreasing one st. every row at the neck edge until 14 sts. remain.

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows.

Left Front.

Work as for right front, with border, armhole, etc. on opposite side and without buttonholes.

Sleeves.

Begin at lower edge. With No. 7 pins cast on 36 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 4 pins and the following pat. :

1st row. * K. 3, P. 3. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row. Purl.

Repeat these 2 rows until work measures 3½ in., including ribbing. Then inc. one st. each end of next and every 6th row until 48 sts.

When sleeve measures 19 in. from start cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 8 sts. remain. Cast off.

Neck.

Sew up shoulder seams. With No. 7 pins pick up and knit 90 sts. round neck. Rib 5 rows K. 1, P. 1, making another buttonhole at the end of 3rd row, thus :

Rib to last 6 sts. Cast off 4. Rib 2.

Next row. Rib 2. Cast on 4. Rib to end of row.

Cast off in rib rather tightly.

Pockets.

With No. 4 pins cast on 16 sts. Work 16 rows of pat. as for back. Rib 4 rows K. 1, P. 1, making a buttonhole in the first row by—

Rib 6. Cast off 4. Rib 6.

Next row. Rib 6. Cast on 4. Rib 6.

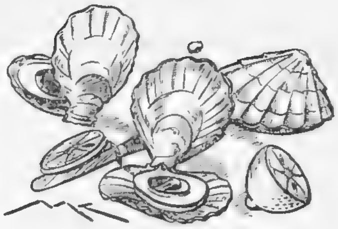
To make up.

Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Work buttonholes. Sew on pockets. Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew on buttons.

Restaurant Delicacies

which are easy to prepare and serve at home

By ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT



WHEN you dine in a restaurant, many delicacies are served which are seldom seen at a private dinner party.

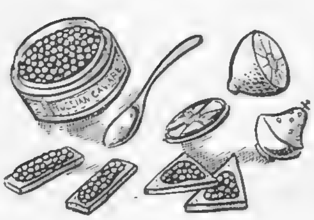
An enterprising hostess, however, can quite easily produce many of these delectable dishes in her own home.

The oyster, which is undoubtedly the most popular *hors d'œuvre* of all, is best served in its natural state.

Hold the deep shell in the palm of the left hand, and with the other hand insert a special oyster knife at right angles into the hinge of the shell.

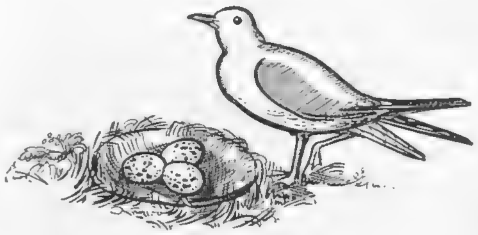
Lever open the shell. Avoid penetrating the flesh of the oyster; at the same time be careful to preserve as much of the liquid as possible.

Allow four to six oysters for each person, serving them in their deeper shell, bearded if preferred. Arrange neatly on a soup plate with the valve sides to the centre, and accompany with thin brown bread and butter, quarters of lemon, and black and red pepper.



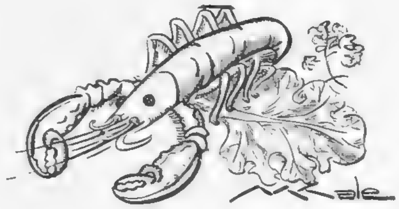
Caviare, which is the roe of the sturgeon, should be kept very cold, or on ice until required. It may be handed round in its jar placed on a folded napkin and served with a bone spoon, generally with fingers of toast.

If more convenient, however, it can be spread on croûtes of bread and garnished with coloured butter. Thin wafers of cut lemon should be served as an accompaniment.



Penguins' and gulls' eggs can be prepared in the same way as plovers' eggs.

Serve them hard-boiled in the shell and place in a folded napkin or mossy basket. For convenience at table, the points of the shells are generally peeled beforehand. Oriental salt is the right seasoning.



A GOOD lobster should have a smooth, glossy shell, and should be free from incrustations, as these are a sign of age. It may be bought already cooked, but to ensure absolute freshness, it is advisable to buy it alive.

Put the lobster into a pan of cold salted water (¼ lb. salt to each gallon of water). The temperature should be very gradually raised to boiling point and the lobster boiled from twenty to thirty minutes according to size. Rub the shell with a little salad oil or melted butter to give it gloss, and when cold it is prepared for the table.

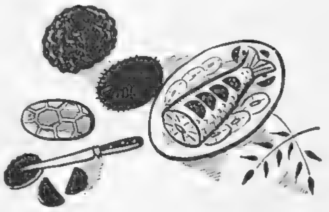
Remove and crack the two large claws and separate the head from the tail. Split the tail in halves, down the middle, using a strong knife and hammer if necessary. Any uneatable parts, such as the intestine, stomach and spongy gills, should be removed before arranging the lobster on a dish.

To prepare asparagus, cut the stalks an even length and scrape the white part lightly from the tip downwards. Then tie in bundles according to the thickness. Cook in an asparagus kettle in boiling water with a little salt and lemon juice added, from thirty to thirty-five minutes.

If you have no kettle, choose a pan large enough to hold the asparagus lying flat, and place a wire drainer at the foot. When the green tips are tender, drain and dish on a slice of toast or a folded napkin.

When serving, hot, melted butter or mousseline sauce is the best accompaniment, but if served cold or iced it should be accompanied with mayonnaise or a cold savoury sauce.

Some epicures, however, reverse the process and serve a cold sauce with the hot vegetable, while a hot hollandaise sauce, to which the juice of a fresh orange has been added, is particularly delicious with iced asparagus.

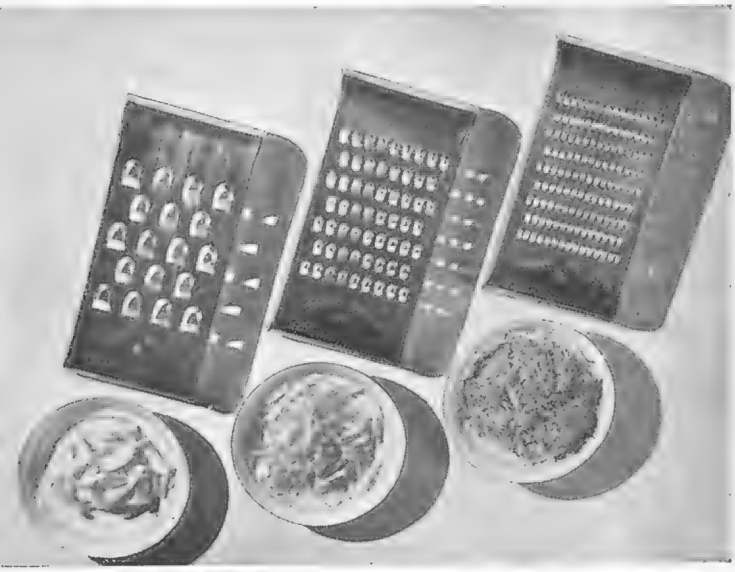


Most of our truffles are imported from France in bottles, but when fresh truffles can be got, they are delicious. Either the fresh or the bottled variety can be stewed in (*Continued on page* 93)

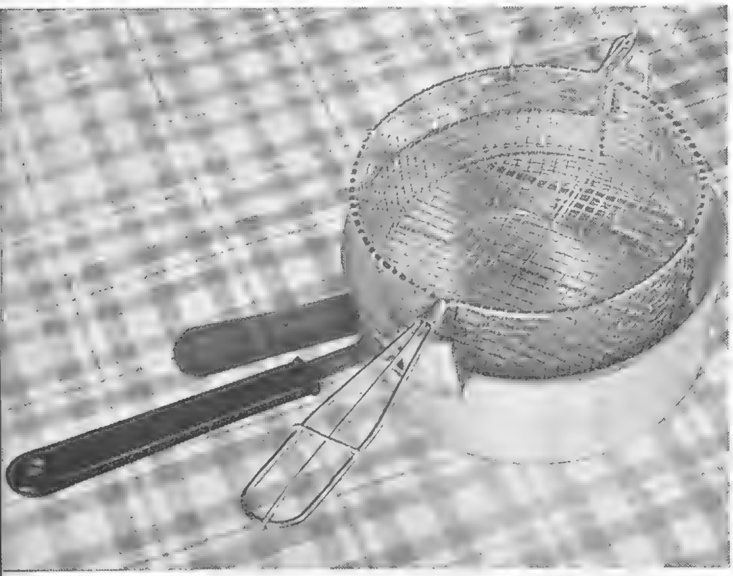
Especially for Housewives

New *and* Inexpensive Kitchen Equipment

Here is a "Kepfirm" Non-slip Carving Stand fixed to a dish in readiness for use



The "Wonder Shredder," singular in name although made up of three separate shredders, will prove a valuable asset in any kitchen



A fish-fryer of cast aluminium with machined flat base and insulated handle, specially designed for electric and hot-plate cookers

LET me introduce the "Wonder Shredder," an Empire product from Canada which has already made many friends over here.

Although singular in name, it is actually a set, comprising a fine, a medium, and a coarse shredder, for which a thousand and one uses will be found in every kitchen. They are made of a double copper steel base, and double plated, which renders them rustless and stainless. One thing which endeared them to me was the astonishing simplicity of cleaning them. Just a wipe with a damp cloth and they were ready for fresh service.

A pamphlet giving the uses of each shredder, together with some interesting Canadian recipes. is enclosed in each set. Price 3s. 6d. the set.

For Hot-Plate Cookers

WHEN cooking on electric or other hot-plate cookers it is of the greatest importance that cooking utensils should have a dead flat base to give perfect contact, and thus save fuel costs.

The fish-fryer illustrated on this page is ideal for such cookers. Its base is machined dead flat, it is made of cast aluminium which cannot chip, break or crack, and the handle is insulated with bakelite as a protection against heat or shocks.

The rests for the wire basket are an excellent idea; as, when your fish is fried, you can leave it to drain itself while your hands are free to get on with other dishing-up jobs. Price 19s., with basket.

Try This

HAVE you tried cooking with "Cropar" Cookery Parchment? If not, you must do so without further delay. I could write about it at great length, but have to limit myself to a few bare facts about its advantages.

It can be used as a container for all food which is cooked by steaming or boiling, and, being airtight and waterproof, it greatly increases food values by preserving all the natural mineral salts in green vegetables and all the juices in fish, etc.

It also eliminates cooking odours and keeps utensils clean, thus saving time and labour.

If rinsed after use, "Cropar" can be used repeatedly, and full directions, together with a time sheet, are given with each packet. A sixpenny packet contains five sheets (25 in. by 25 in.) and one yard of white string.

The following directions will give you an idea of how it should be used.

Place your food on a sheet of moistened "Cropar" and pleat the edges to form a bag. Having ascertained that all the edges of your paper have been taken in so that no steam or water can come in contact with the food, tie tightly with white string. Place in a pan and boil in the usual way.

Boiled fish is particularly good when cooked in the "Cropar" way, for it comes out firm and swimming in its own juices, which, being imprisoned in the "Cropar" bag, have been unable to make a nasty, greasy mess of your fish kettle.

To the Last Slice

THOSE whose job it is to carve for a hungry family will appreciate a "Kepfirm" non-slip carving stand. It holds meat firmly, so that it cannot slide about all over the dish, and enables a joint to be carved safely and thinly to the last slice.

It is adjustable to all shaped dishes or plates by simply loosening the centre wing nut and extending or shortening the arms to the required length. When this has been done, the screws at the end of each arm are tightened to hold the stand securely in place. Price 1s. 11d.

Enquiries relating to anything mentioned on this page should be addressed to The Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and a stamped addressed envelope or postcard enclosed for a reply

Good Buys of the Month

WRITE to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

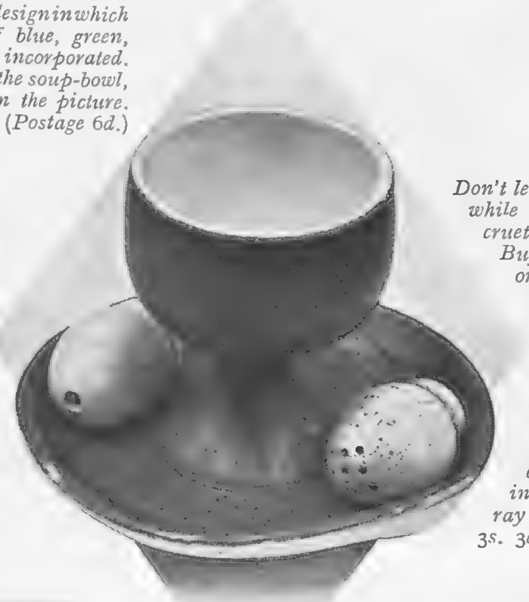
If you would like us to buy for you, send an *open postal order* (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

These charming lacquer coffee cups may be obtained in black and gold or red and gold. The set of four, with matching tray, is 28s. 6d., post free. Bought separately each cup and saucer is 4s. 6d. (postage 3d.), and the tray is 10s. 6d. (Postage 6d).

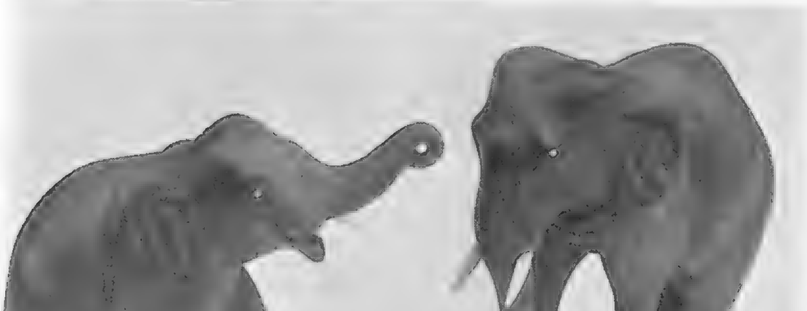
We *Shop* *for* You

A soup-bowl and milk-mug of pale primrose pottery, each decorated with a hand-painted design in which attractive shades of blue, green, yellow and grey are incorporated. The design is inside the soup-bowl, so cannot be seen in the picture. Price 2s. 9d. each. (Postage 6d.)

This morocco leather fitted writing-case, leather lined and with steel quadrant hinges, is excellent value at 25s. Obtainable in red, brown, green or blue. (Post free)



Don't let your egg get cold while you wait for the cruet to come your way. Buy one of these original Moorcroft pottery egg-cups, in the saucer of which there are grooves in which lie your own individual pepper and salt holders. The egg-cups are made in blue or sun-ray yellow. Price 3s. 3d. (Postage 3d.)



The decorative value of elephants has long been recognised, but fashions, even in elephants, change, and instead of the ivory and ebony ones to which we have grown accustomed, there is now a vogue for teak ones of Burmese origin. The gay little fellow with raised trunk is 10s. 6d., and his more dignified companion 11s. 6d. (Postage 6d. in each case)

This original soiled-linen basket of Oriental design has a really well-fitting lid. It is made by Egyptian natives, of bast, in green and red on a natural ground. Price 12s. 6d. (Postage 1s.). The waste-paper basket is 4s. 9d. (Postage 9d.)

Variations On The Theme Of Marmalade Pudding

By A. H. Adair

Dumpling Surprise: Cored apples, filled with marmalade, sprinkled with sugar, wrapped in suet crust

If ever you should be more careful than usual about the right kind of diet, it is during the month of March. Treacherous changes of temperature—quite warm sun and bitter winds—make this month a dangerous one, especially for children and delicate people.

Whatever the weather *appears* to be, you can always make sure of eating suitable food if you balance your meals carefully with both light and substantial dishes.

I can think of no safer way of doing this than by serving a good old-fashioned English suet pudding with oranges in some form or other.

You all know the great value of oranges during any epidemic of colds or influenza. English people all over the world, in all climates, instinctively cling to the orange habit by eating oranges every day for breakfast, in the form of marmalade.

But this is by no means the end of the uses to which marmalade can be put, so I hope you will try some of these recipes. They are all based on traditional English puddings, but are so much easier to make nowadays, when there is no chopping of suet to be done.

To make a good suet crust, sieve three-quarters of a pound of flour, and mix it well in a basin with six ounces of Atora shredded suet. Add a good pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking power, mixing well again. Now add, little by little, enough water to make a dough, kneading this well. Roll out the dough on a floured board and use as a crust for baked or boiled sweets, suggestions for which will follow.

Marmalade Roly-Poly

Having prepared your suet dough, roll it out into a piece about eight inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. Spread this thickly with Robertson's 'Golden Shred' marmalade. Leave the edges free. Roll lightly and seal the ends with cold water.

Have ready a cloth which you have dipped in boiling water and wrung out; wrap the pudding in the cloth, tie the ends with string, and put into boiling water to boil for about two hours.

The roly-poly can be baked also, in which case you put it on a greased baking tin and cook in a hot oven for about an hour.

Dumpling Surprise

Have ready some suet crust, roll it out and cut it into squares large enough to cover an apple completely.

Take some good eating apples, remove the cores, and fill the cavities with Robertson's 'Golden Shred' marmalade. Sprinkle the tops of each with soft sugar, and wrap up the apples in the suet crust, moistening the edges with cold water and pressing them firmly down.

Tie each dumpling in the corner of a cloth sprinkled and rubbed with flour, and put into boiling water to boil for about three-quarters of an hour.

Suet Flan

Grease a round tin and line it with a thin layer of suet crust. Bake this in a quick oven for about half an hour; remove it and add a layer of apples cut into very thin rounds about the size of a penny. These should be arranged in circles, each circle very slightly overlapping the other.

Sprinkle with soft sugar and spread with Robertson's 'Golden Shred' marmalade. Put back in the oven for another twenty minutes to half an hour.

I feel that I should state that I have not yet tried this recipe, which has just been sent to me by a friend whose judgment I trust. As it fits in with this article and certainly sounds delicious, I thought it would be well worth trying.

Marmalade Sauce (1)

When serving roly-poly pudding I should always have a little extra marmalade to serve as a sauce. This is very simply made by putting half a tumblerful of water into a saucepan with about the same quantity of Robertson's 'Golden Shred' marmalade. Stir well over a slow fire, adding a little sugar to taste, until thoroughly hot.

Marmalade Sauce (2)

The basis is the same as for the preceding recipe, but this is a more elaborate sauce for guest days.

Put the marmalade and water into the saucepan, mix well over the fire, and then add a good tablespoonful of Madeira and a little lemon juice. Add sugar to taste, stir until thoroughly hot, and serve.

Dishes *which* Cook Themselves

HOWEVER devoted to good cooking you may be—and there are still many people who take a pride in their home cooking—it is always useful to know how to make a certain number of dishes which, once started, can be left more or less to themselves.

Nobody wants to spend half her life in the kitchen, nor is it in the least necessary to do so.

Provided that you plan your meals methodically and well in advance, the preparation of any meal should not take longer than two hours.

One hour is enough for many types of meal, so that in twice that time you should be able to turn out quite an elaborate affair.

But whatever your menu, it is essential to compose it of things which do not all require constant attention or to be cooked at the last minute. That is where the French *en casserole* cooking is so useful.

I should like to mention here that most English people have a theory that a *casserole* is essentially made of earthenware or glass, and that casserole cookery is some very special method. This is not the fact.

A *casserole* is simply the French word for saucepan, whether it be made of earthenware, copper, iron, enamel, glass, or anything else. Something cooked *en casserole* is merely cooked in a saucepan, and it may be cooked on the stove or in the oven according to the recipe.

The legend about this type of cookery arose, I think, out of the fact that many French cooks have always used and still use earthenware utensils.

There is one very useful pot which I would recommend to everybody, and that is a kind of squat saucepan without a long handle, but with two little ears for lifting, and a close-fitting lid. It is just what you want for stews which are cooked in the oven.

Anyway, whatever type of saucepan you use, let it be as thick as possible. If you are at all in doubt whether the contents are liable to catch while simmering, put an asbestos mat under the pot.

Lean stewing veal, butter, olive oil, an onion seasoning . . . your ingredients for Veal Provençale

Poulet en Casserole

Carve the chicken (raw) into five pieces; two wings, two legs, and the breast. Break the carcase roughly and put it in your thick saucepan with a few carrots cut in slices, an onion cut up, a bunch of herbs—thyme, parsley, and a bay leaf tied together—salt, pepper, and a teacupful of water. Cover the pan and bring to the boil slowly.

Melt a little piece of butter in a frying-pan and put in the pieces of chicken for a few minutes, turning them so that they are nicely browned. Remember to start with the legs, as they take longer.

Put the pieces of chicken into the saucepan and throw away the butter from the frying-pan, into which you put salt and pepper and a little water to make some extra gravy, which you add to the saucepan. Cover this tightly and simmer gently for about thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

If you are using an earthenware, glass, or other presentable utensil you can serve the chicken in the same dish, having first fished out the carcase and the bunch of herbs.

Variations

This chicken *en casserole* can be varied in many ways.

A little white wine or dry sherry added when you put in the pieces of chicken will make the dish richer.

Tomato *purée* can be used—also put in at an early stage—or tomatoes peeled, cut into pieces and seeds removed.

Potatoes, cut into cubes and fried to a golden brown, are very good if added about ten minutes before the dish is finished, while if you want to serve the chicken in a more elaborate form for a dinner party use the white wine treatment and add, about ten minutes before serving, about a dozen Chipolata sausages and a small tin of French button mushrooms.

This will also help the dish to go further.

Veal Provençale

Take about 2 lb. of stewing veal, trim off all fat, and cut the veal into pieces about 3 in. square. Use the type of pot which will go in the oven, put in a piece of butter about the size of half an egg, melt it, and add two teaspoonfuls of olive oil.

Put in an onion finely chopped and brown it—(if I were making the dish for myself I should add a tiny piece of garlic finely chopped)—and brown also the pieces of veal, turning them on all sides.

Add salt and pepper, a sprinkling of flour and a tablespoonful of tomato *purée*. Stir this all together and add about two tablespoonfuls of stock or gravy, stirring while it comes to the boil. Cover the pan and put it in an oven just hot enough to keep the dish simmering and cook for about an hour and a half.

Lobscans

Here is the exact recipe for this old-fashioned North-country dish as I had it from the country. Take 2 lb. of neck of mutton, divide it into pieces, put into an earthenware jar, with carrots and onions cut up fine, and herbs. Cover with water and cook slowly in the oven for two hours, take out, cover with potatoes, and cook in hot oven for one hour.

A Feature drawing your attention to Reputable Advertising Products to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

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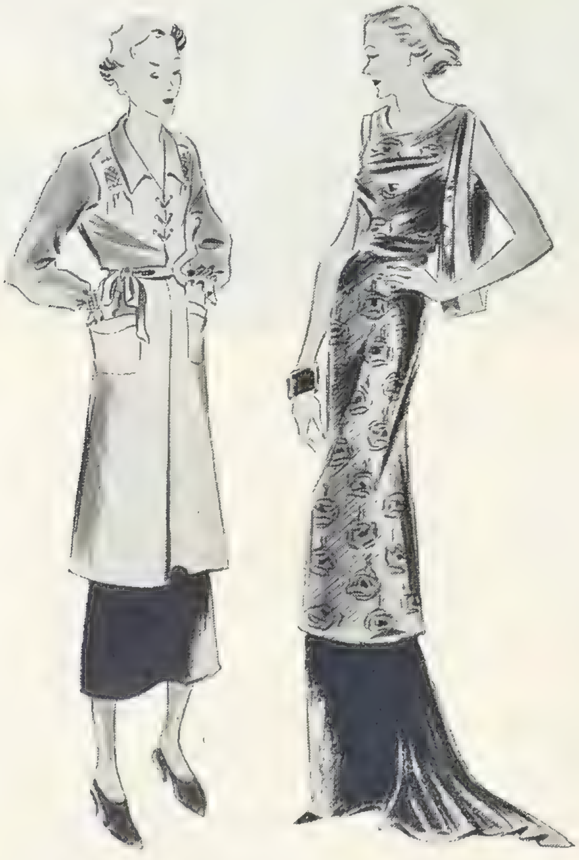
HAND-WORKED smocked frocks never date, and women who like planning colour schemes can let themselves go when choosing one of Lilla's famous smocked frocks for either day or evening wear, for the hand-smocking can be carried out in any combination of shades.

Lilla's showroom in 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, has long been renowned for three things: quality, individuality and versatility.

By versatility they mean that, although this is a shop of character and in no sense a store, the choice of clothes here covers an exceptionally large range, including distinctive morning, afternoon and evening gowns, either smocked or unsmocked, smocks in every style and material; washable day and evening frocks for tropical and cruise wear; costumes and long coats; maternity wear; sportswear of every kind; and coats and skirts in Donegal and Otterburn tweeds.

Remodelling is also undertaken here, estimates, sketches and practical advice being given free of charge, and your own materials are made up.

Lilla's are now enlarging their premises and taking the shop on the ground floor at 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, a move which has become necessary owing to ever-increasing business.



One of Lilla's popular hand-worked smocks in a cotton tub fabric, price 17/11. On the right a demodé brocade gown has been remodelled into an attractive tunic which, with a taffeta slip of sheath Grecian line with a fan-tail train, forms a most useful dinner-gown. Lilla's charge for the complete remodel and for supplying the taffeta underdress is 7 gns.

Economy, simplicity of design and neatness of appearance are features of the new Clensol water softener. One Clensol "brick" will soften about 1,500 gallons of average water

Antiseptic Throat Sweets

March is one of those treacherous months, when epidemics of 'flu, tonsilitis and colds of every type are usually very prevalent.

A word of timely advice may save many people from falling victim to one or other of these ailments. Carry a packet of Mac's Brand Antiseptic Throat Sweets in your bag or pocket, and when in buses, trains, tubes, cinemas, or other crowded public places, place one in your mouth and let it dissolve slowly.

Mac's instantly destroy the germs of the common cold, influenza, tonsilitis, laryngitis and catarrh, are absolutely harmless and pleasant to taste.

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Numerous requests from appreciative users of their beauty and toilet aids have led the famous Bond Street firm of Yardley to open a Beauty Salon at 33, Old Bond Street, where advice on beauty problems and the most up-to-date treatments and preparations may be obtained.

A most comprehensive treatment, which includes massage of face, neck and shoulders, costs only 10s. 6d., while the quick facial at 5s. 6d. is so convenient when one wants to look one's best, but has not time for a longer treatment.

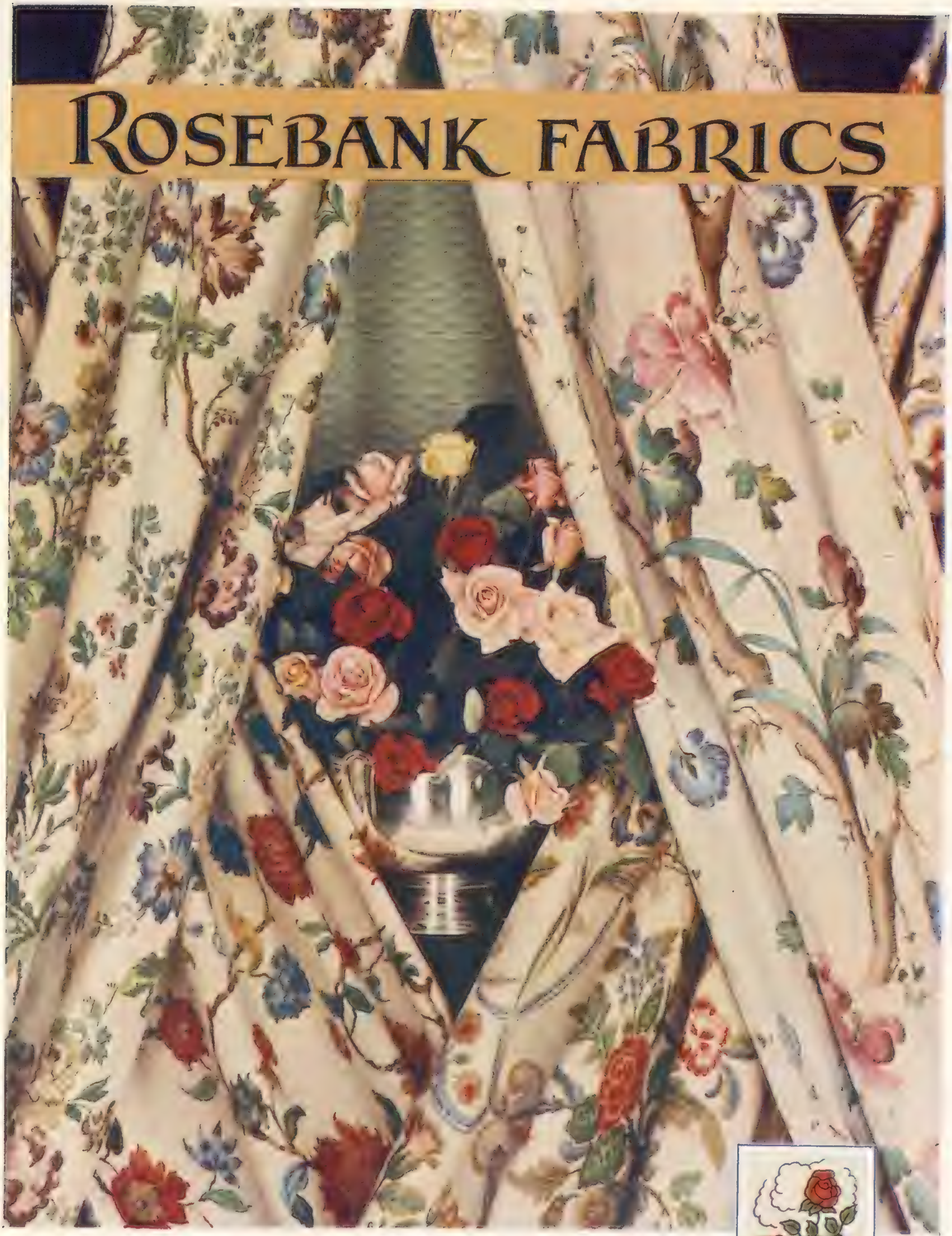
The salon itself is a tonic to jaded nerves and drooping spirits, so restful is the atmosphere and so comfortable the appointments. These qualities, combined with the efficiency and skill of their staff and the purity and effectiveness of their preparations, have ensured the unqualified success of Yardley's newest venture.

Constant Soft Water

The remarkable success enjoyed by Clensol water-softening "bricks" has encouraged the manufacturers to still further efforts, and now, after two years of experiment, they have produced an entirely new appliance which will soften the entire household water supply at a cost of less than a penny a day.

This new mains attachment can be fitted at any point in the mains, and the whole apparatus, complete with six bricks, each of which will soften from 10 to 14 days' supply of water, costs only £8 10s.

It can be bought with a deposit of 25s., and twelve monthly instalments of 13s. 4d., and will soon pay for itself with the numerous economies it effects.



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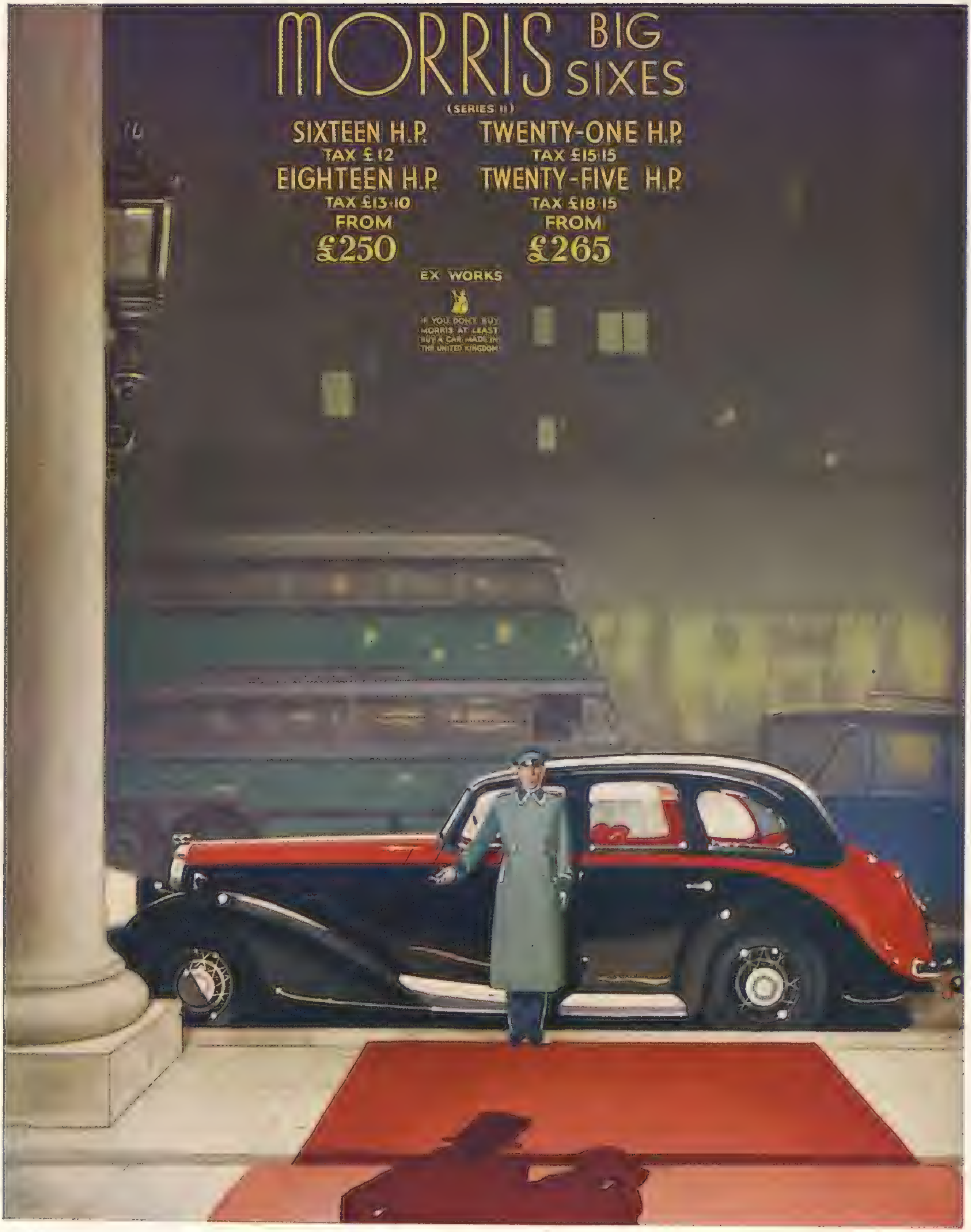
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Accessories *that* Make Motoring History

By the Earl of Cardigan

32
36
28
40
24
R.P.M.
44
20
48
16
52
12
56
8
60

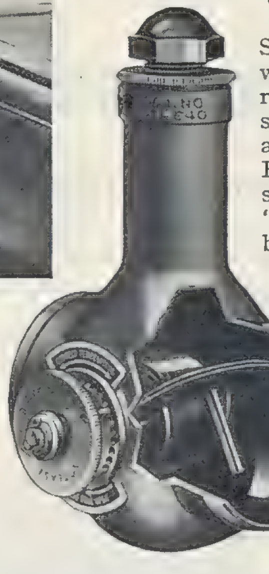
A 5 IN. *rev. indicator. An instrument much appreciated by the experienced driver*

OF all those who contribute to the making of a motor car, it is probable that the supplier of accessories is the one to receive the least gratitude from the general public. This may be partly because relatively few accessories have what may be termed "dramatic value"; but it is also due to the fact that we all tend greatly to underestimate the influence of accessories on the motor industry as a whole.

To take some early examples—to whom did the public feel grateful when the first car appeared with a windscreen, or a windscreen wiper, or an efficient set of lamps, or an electric starter? It is safe to say that praise was given almost exclusively to the chassis manufacturer, and in all probability rightly so; but they also owe much to the close co-operation of the car manufacturer and the makers of accessories.

More recently we have seen cars produced with extra fog lamps, reversing lights, driving mirrors, automatic signalling devices, duo-tone horns, and a dozen other such refinements. In all these cases it was the accessory designer who led the way, and the chassis or coachwork manufacturer who followed.

THE *"Thirtilite" visible speed signal. The illustration shows the device fitted to the dashboard*



THE *"R.P." thermostat, which can be so adjusted as to make the engine run at any temperature desired*

To bring the same story right up to date, it will be remembered that permanent jacking was one of *the* novel features of the last Motor Show. In particular, many cars adopted the excellent hydraulic system known as "Jackall," and no doubt gained considerable kudos by so doing.

Now, the "Jackall" hydraulic system of jacking is, and has been for years, a speciality of Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, the accessory suppliers. This firm was quick to see the need for some permanent set of jacks to be fitted to the modern type of chassis and to recognise the special virtue of the "Jackall" proposition. We ought to remember this and—now that such jacking forms part of the standard equipment of many a 1936 model—feel appropriately grateful.

THE interesting question now arises—if we look carefully through a list of accessories sold *as* accessories at the present time, shall we be able to deduce what will be the standard equipment of ordinary motor cars three or four years hence? Judging by past history it seems rather probable.

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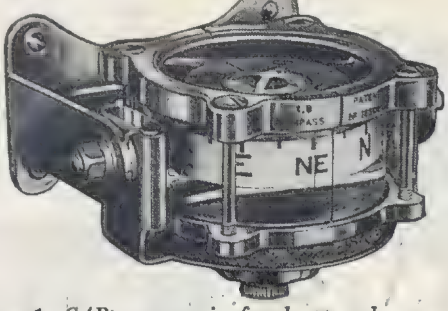
A*N internally illuminated mirror clock*

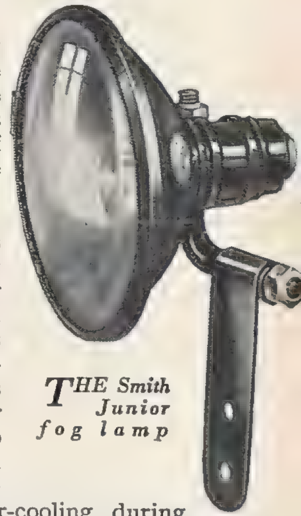


A *CAR compass is found extremely useful when driving in strange countries or in a fog. Several cars in the recent Monte Carlo rally were equipped with this compass*

Glancing through Messrs. Smith and Sons' catalogue with this in mind, it looks as if we may in future see many interesting additions to the conventional instrument panel. For instance, there is a unique type of clock which is capable of switching on a car's side lamps at any prearranged hour. The clock is set—rather like an alarm clock—when the car is to be left at a parking place. Precisely at lighting-up time the side and tail lamps are lit automatically. The process, I should add, is *not* repeated on the following day, unless the owner once again sets the mechanism at work. Thus the whole process is entirely fool-proof.

Engine revolution indicators are strongly featured—and an instrument of this type is indeed much appreciated by the experienced driver, who likes to know just what his engine is doing. A car compass is also offered—although this is perhaps a less likely candidate or standardisation.

Fulfilling a more general need, Messrs. Smith have two devices for giving warning when a speed of 30 m.p.h. is recorded. One of these gives a visual signal by lighting a lamp, the other is audible by means of an electric buzzer. Either of these might be the means of saving an inattentive motorist from being "gonged" while passing through a built-up area.



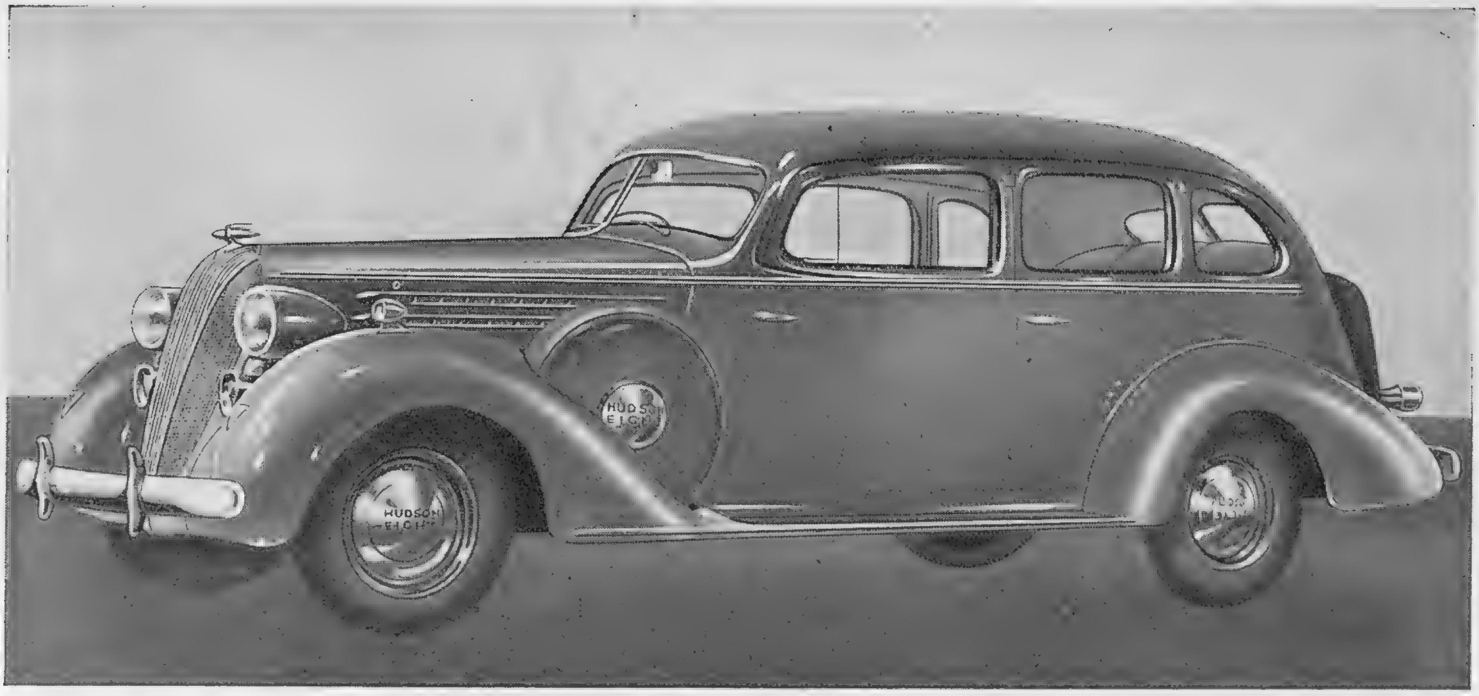
THE *Smith Junior fog lamp*

The control of engine temperature is the object of other accessories which have been standardised for some time on a very wide scale. There is the "R.P." thermostat, which can be so adjusted as to make the engine run at any temperature desired. The effect of this is to restrict or cut off the circulation of water in the cooling system whenever the engine is cold or too cool for efficiency. This, of course always applies for the few minutes after starting—and during this period the thermostat ensures much quicker warming-up than would otherwise be possible. Over-cooling during mid-winter running is likewise prevented.

For warning purposes, a thermometer is of great value, although it is often absent from the equipment of the present-day car.

These are but a few of the contributions which are being made by the accessory manufacturer to the cause of better and more reliable motoring. The full list of them is very large—and it is continually growing.

The growth is necessary; for, as we have seen, the accessory of to-day becomes the standard fitment of to-morrow. The designer of accessories must therefore constantly be thinking "one move ahead" and foreseeing what the public will need and appreciate in the near or immediate future. That he succeeds, and has always succeeded, so well in this difficult problematical task is a matter which surely should compel our admiration.



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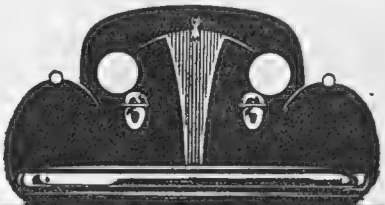

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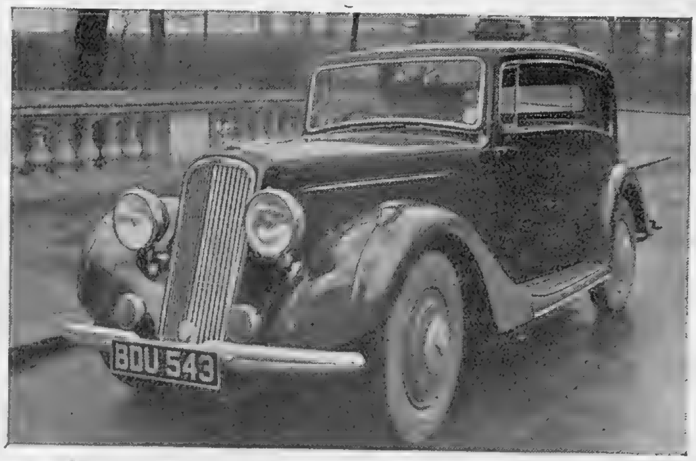
CVS—88

An *Attractive* Humber Model

The 12 h.p. "Vogue" Saloon

THE "Vogue" saloon is probably one of the best known of Humber models, even though other types are marketed in considerably greater numbers. It is, of all Humbers, perhaps the most striking in appearance. Its "lines" are distinctive. The coachwork was inspired by Molyneux, the famous dress designer, and has been built around the popular 12 h.p. chassis. It is a car which, even in a crowd, is never in danger of being ignored.

As to whether this "Vogue" model catches the eye because it is out of the ordinary, or because it is genuinely beautiful, I have never been quite certain. It is largely a matter for individual taste. What is definite is that it is in no sense a freakish proposition. The coachwork is luxuriously appointed, rather surprisingly roomy, and has plenty of solid merits, among which we may quote the exceptionally good visibility through the uninterrupted side windows.



THE "Vogue" model Humber is a car of distinctive and striking appearance, the coachwork having been originally inspired by Molyneux. The long, curving side window is an uncommon feature

The two forward seats are exceedingly comfortable, as is also the back seat, which has been cleverly planned so as to provide an entirely adequate degree both of head-room and knee-room. The single door on each side is of great width, and the front seats tilt forward, so that there is no difficulty in getting in or out. Luggage, of course, can be stowed *more* easily in this two-door saloon than in the more usual four-door type.

There is a rear luggage trunk which is handy for ordinary suitcases and light baggage. Indeed, my only coachwork criticism relates to the housing of the spare wheel. This is extremely neat, and looks very well, but will involve delay if the wheel is ever needed in a hurry. This is a point which coachbuilders should not ignore.

The Humber "Twelve" chassis is, of course, an established favourite. It is powered by a four-cylinder engine, paying a £9 tax; but it would not be at all easy for anyone, without lifting the bonnet, to distinguish between this "four" and a good, average "six." The degree of smoothness is quite remarkable, and it remains unimpaired even at very low or very high extremes of engine speed.

The road performance leaves nothing to be desired, for a maximum speed of 65 m.p.h. can be reached, and the car will cruise at 50 m.p.h. and more in a perfectly effortless manner. In third gear there is likewise a good turn of speed, so that it is possible to climb at 40, with a maximum, for this ratio, of 45 m.p.h.

The gearbox is an all-synchro-mesh unit, in other words, it exemplifies the synchro-mesh system of gearing carried to its proper and logical conclusion. No matter what change one may wish to make—even the very uncommon one from second "down" to first gear—the result is precisely the same. There is no noise, no uncertainty, no call upon the skill or ingenuity (*Continued on page* 80)

The Humber "Vogue" Model in Brief

Engine: 12 h.p., four cylinders with side valves. £9 tax.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, all ratios synchro-mesh.

Performance: Third gear, 45 m.p.h.; top gear, 65 m.p.h.

Springing: Good, semi-elliptic; car holds road well.

Steering: Definite, with good lock.

Brakes: Very efficient: new type hand lever.

Coachwork: "Vogue" two-door saloon type; compact, but with comfortable seating.

Price: £335.

THE single door on each side is of great width. The front seats being made to fold forward, it is very easy for all passengers to get in and out. Similarly, surplus luggage can be stowed inside without any difficulty

THE back seat provides plenty of head-room and knee-room—rather more than the compactness of the coachwork might lead one to expect. There is a comfortable central arm-rest

THE front seating is very luxurious, and the instruments are neatly grouped, leaving space for two cubby holes. The electric lighter will be appreciated by smokers

THE luggage boot is large enough to contain a number of suit-cases. When it is closed and locked it offers entire security against pilfering

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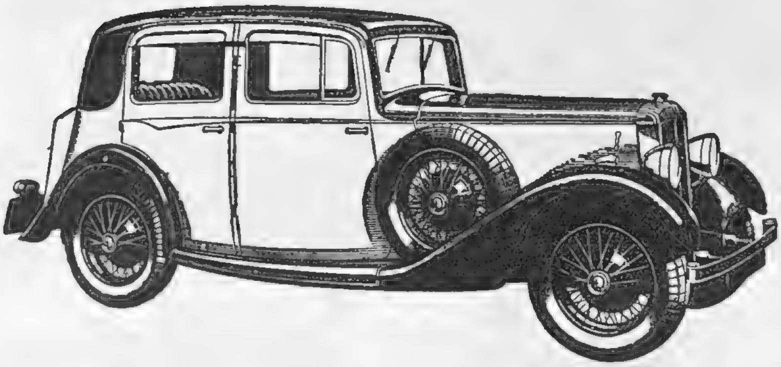

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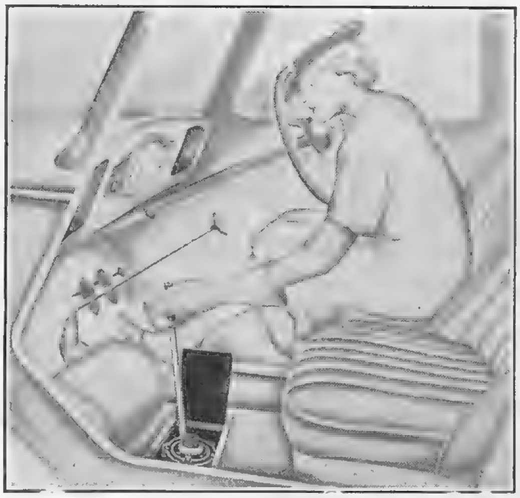

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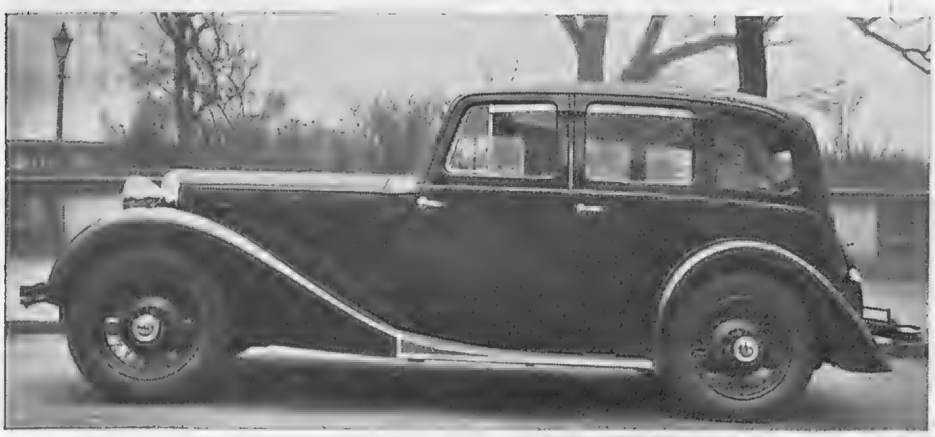

THE 15 h.p. Daimler is distinguished in appearance, and, although of moderate size, provides a remarkable degree of comfort. It has also a very satisfactory road performance

A Real "Luxury" Car

Built to a Modest Scale

By The Earl of Cardigan

WORDS are dangerous things! When, for instance, I use the term "luxury car" to describe the new 15 h.p. Daimler, I must beware that no one misinterprets what I have in mind. To some people, I dare say, these particular words may convey a type of car which specialises in petty luxuries at the expense of real performance, and caters for the elderly back-seat passenger rather than for the enthusiastic driver.

This is precisely what I do *not* mean when I put the 15 h.p. Daimler in the "luxury" class. What I *do* mean is that it does everything that a real, honest-to-goodness 15 h.p. car ought to do—"and then some!" as the expressive American phrase is. It has a quite astonishing number of refinements, and these are all in addition to—not in place of—the solid and practical good qualities which the 1936 motorist has learned to demand.

Let us take, first of all, the bare facts and figures of its road performance. The engine is a six-cylinder, overhead-valve unit of very high efficiency. Besides being exceptionally smooth and silent, it is capable of brisk acceleration, and gives the car a highly satisfactory turn of speed. In top gear, 70 m.p.h. can be reached, and in third gear 50 m.p.h.

Four speeds are provided by the gearbox, which is of the pre-selective type. All gear changes are fool-proof, and can be made not only confidently but also with great rapidity. This means that the car can be driven at a good average speed, even in hilly districts and with a novice at the wheel. The same applies whenever heavy traffic is encountered.

The fluid flywheel, inasmuch as it makes the car easier and less fatiguing to handle, is a further aid to efficiency. Fluid transmission prevents the beginner from ever stopping his engine inadvertently; but it can also be appreciated by the experienced driver. Among other virtues, it enables the car to be started from a standstill almost instantaneously under any circumstances, and always with irreproachable smoothness.

The brakes are of the Girling type, and do their work in a most effective manner. The semi-elliptic springs give very comfortable riding, which is enhanced by a stabilising device at the front end of the chassis.

The steering is extremely pleasant, and has a light, firm action which makes for confidence at speed. By slackening a nut, the length of the steering column can be adjusted, and the wheel brought into a convenient position to suit any individual driver. This is a comparatively new idea which, in my opinion, adds very greatly to motoring comfort.

To turn now to some of the many features which earn for this Daimler its especial place in the "luxury" class—there is, first and foremost, a degree of mechanical refinement which would be remarkable in any car, and is still more remarkable in the case of a 15 h.p. model costing well under £500.

IT is, of course, nowadays very mild praise to describe any car, of however modest a size, as being silent and smooth in its running. There remain, however, degrees of silence and degrees of smoothness, and my feeling is that one would have to look well outside the 15 h.p. class—and outside the £500 class also—to find a car which surpasses the Daimler as regards these qualities.

Then, again, it is difficult to think of any car, at any price, which is better designed to make motoring *convenient* for its owner. No one will doubt that a Daimler is a convenient car to drive. It can be controlled almost entirely by means of two pedals only—those of the accelerator and the foot-brake.

When, in this connection, I say "almost entirely," I am using no casual phrase. Practically all other controls are automatic in their action. There is automatic ignition—although a manual control for additional advance or retard has been fitted—and there is also automatic carburation. The driver does not have to use a "choke" device to ensure a correct mixture when the engine is started. A thermostat sees to this for him—and obviously regulates the mixture in perfect accordance with the engine's varying temperature.

(*Continued on page* 80)

THE engine is of overhead-valve type. Note, at the front end, the thermostat which controls the mixture for the carburettor

AN advantage of this car is that there are positively no obstructions in the front compartment. Thus, in spite of right-hand gear and brake levers, the driver can easily slip in and out on the off side

The 15 h.p. Daimler in Brief.

Engine: 15 *h.p., six cylinders with overhead valves.*
Transmission: Pre-selective gearbox—four speeds—with fluid flywheel.
Performance: Top gear, 70 *m.p.h.; third gear,* 50 *m.p.h. Infinite flexibility.*
Brakes: Girling type, highly efficient.
Springing: Good, semi-elliptic.
Steering: Light action, adjustable for length.
Coachwork: Very comfortable and well appointed.
Price: Saloon model, £465.

THE instrument panel is simple and neat. On the steering column is a locking device. When this is loosened, the position of the wheel can be varied to suit the convenience of the individual driver

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

She's taken for her daughter's sister

Most people judge by appearance. If your eyes sparkle and your skin is clear and you've got bounding health, then people think you're young. But if you look dull and gloomy and are irritable and depressed, then don't blame people if they think you're old! Yet really, constipation may be to blame.

If you suffer from constipation simply eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal. For ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" that is necessary to exercise the intestines. It also contains Vitamin B to tone the system and iron to enrich the blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps you feel and look younger. You'll like this cereal food. It is delicious with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
Best as a Cereal
Best for Cooking

7½D Per Packet

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

120

A Real "Luxury" Car

To start up the engine, therefore, one need never do more than turn the ignition key and touch the self-starter button. (It is not even essential that the gears should be in "neutral" at the time!) Maintenance is likewise made convenient by means of an automatic lubrication system, fed from an oil reservoir in which the oil level is permanently visible.

The coachwork is certainly luxurious. The car loaned to me by Messrs. Car Mart was the saloon model, priced at £465. Both leg-room and head-room proved to be very ample, and the seating arrangements uniformly comfortable. It is a further convenience that, owing to the chassis layout, the driver may enter or leave the car on either side with equal ease, or slip across from one front seat to the other. There are positively no obstructions.

Altogether, within the compass of 15 h.p., it is difficult to see how the Daimler Company could have combined luxury more aptly with mechanical efficiency. This is a car which entirely deserves the success which it is enjoying.

An Attractive Humber Model

(*Continued from page 77*)

of the driver. Such a box must unhesitatingly be awarded full marks.

Good road-holding is another admirable feature of this Humber model. When one gets into a completely strange car, as I so often do, and proceeds at once to drive it over wet tarmac at speeds of 60 m.p.h. or more, it depends almost solely on the road-holding qualities whether the process is entirely pleasant or very much the reverse. In this case, I can truthfully say that I never had an anxious moment, in spite of thoroughly disagreeable weather.

The steering proved to be very definite, although extremely light in action. Incidentally, for traffic purposes, the wide steering lock is a point to be appreciated. The springing is good, and its slight hardness at low speeds is fully compensated by the firmness and steadiness which become apparent when the car is travelling fast.

The brakes are most efficient and can at all times be used firmly and with confidence. The hand brake is of especial interest, owing to its unusual method of operation. In simple language, the lever does not stick up from the floor, but hangs down from a point just behind the instrument board, being pivoted at the top instead of at the bottom. This seems to me an excellent idea, for the result is just the same, and the pendent lever cannot possibly form an obstruction.

The "Vogue" model Humber, altogether, is a car which deserves its continued popularity. It has many points which should attract the lady driver, and many more—this is important—which should appeal with equal force to the said lady's husband or brother. It is not every car of this type which has this valuable dual advantage. The price is £335, and there is a wide variety of colour schemes available.

A Meritorious Performance

To enter a new model for the most difficult trial in the world, without testing it in ordinary competitions first, and then to select the severest route of all, requires unwavering confidence in his product on the part of a manufacturer.

Such, in effect, is the real significance of the remarkable feat accomplished by the "Flying Standard" in completing the Athens route in the recent Monte Carlo Rally.

Norman Black, the racing motorist, and his two companions, T. H. Wisdom and the Marquess de Belleroche, well knew the almost insuperable obstacles which bestrew the route from Athens to Monte Carlo. From the very beginning they had faith in the ability of the "Flying Standard" to win through, for the car was obviously suited to motoring under "Colonial" conditions.

Through Greece, Bulgaria and Yugo-Slavia the car was battered and shaken over the bumps of a track which by no stretch of the imagination could be called a road. At times the only indication of direction in the desolate waste was a line of posts in the ground! The chassis could not be spared by travelling slowly, for the regulations demanded an average speed of 25 m.p.h., with no allowance for stops for fuel and food.

At last, after nearly 1,000 miles of this ordeal, during which four flooded rivers were forded and the dreaded Dragoman Pass surmounted, the magnificent roads of Hungary were reached, straight as a die and beautifully surfaced.

Here the "Flying Standard" showed its versatility by settling down to a steady 70 m.p.h. gait, enabling the crew to reach Budapest in time to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Then on to Vienna, beyond which a new hazard was met with in the form of frozen roads. In these conditions the drivers were greatly assisted in maintaining the scheduled average speed by the steady road-holding of the "Flying Standard," so that Munich was reached without loss of marks.

By now the reliability of the "Flying Standard" had been proved beyond all doubt, and it was the turn of the drivers to put their powers of endurance to the test.

The run through Strasbourg and down to Monte Carlo was as uneventful as a normal Continental tour, and after four days and nights on the road, during which time 2,500 miles had been covered and eight countries traversed, the "Flying Standard" purred into Monte Carlo.

Such a gallant journey deserved a better reception than pouring rain!

Crime Changes

(*Continued from page 23*)

governments, and sundry other things, would stimulate the development of a new forger species.

The soil of mechanised, speeded-up, lawless, paper-money post-war world was lush enough before it was fertilised by ruined currencies, inflation money, and devalued money, and further enriched by the artificial manure of worthless bond and share issues. Little wonder that in this world soil the money forger has germinated and reached the astonishing growths represented in America by a total of $1,250,000 in bogus bills seized by the U.S. Secret Service in a year (only a portion of the amount printed), and mass-production plants like the one found in New York State, estimated to have churned out 6½ million bogus five-cent pieces before it was accidentally uncovered; and in Britain by the aforesaid jump in money-forging cases, with the *per capita* figure rising steadily from 1·1 coiners and 6·2 forgers among every million citizens, to 4·5 and 11·1.

There has been a tendency for American-type crime to be imitated here. But a variety of factors prevent it from developing: national characteristics, compactness of the national area, efficient police, incorruptible judges, absence of the electoral system which in America links the judicature to the political machine, and so on. Nevertheless, in some British cities there are petty rackets, minor gangs, gang feuds with razor-blade and broken bottles used in place of guns (crooks don't care to carry guns when, under the new (*Continued on page 82*)

IN CANNES, NICE, MONTE CARLO–YOU'LL FIND *YARDLEY COMPLEXIONS* NOW IN EVIDENCE

ONE may see more pretty women, perhaps, within a stone's throw of the Casino at Cannes than may be counted within a mile of Piccadilly Circus. Yet have you ever thought that the difference is not in actual eyes, ears, mouths and noses?

How to face southern suns (or grim days in the north) with such fresh, radiant skins that the onlooker overlooks mere features, is fortunately no secret. On the Riviera they're beginning to call it "the Yardley complexion." For Yardley's delightful new preparations for skin care are available at the nearest better chemist, store or coiffeur, wherever there are lovely women.

Yardley's subtle success with every type of skin is the result of the most careful study. Yardley's "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" set forth exactly the right treatment for exactly your needs; the exquisite new preparations (in their lovely containers) wash, cleanse, stimulate, nourish and prepare you for your Yardley make-up. Whether your skin is normal, dry or oily, you'll find that Yardley takes care of you. A few minutes a day at home with Yardley will transform you into the new and better-looking woman you'd be on the brilliant Côte d'Azur. In our Salon in Bond Street, Mary Foster, Yardley's Beauty Consultant, will give you full directions or your first treatments. Or write for our free book in colour "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street."

FOR SKIN CARE: English Complexion Cream cleanses and nourishes normal skins, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Toning Lotion removes cream and stimulates all skins, 2/6 (triple size, 5/6); Skin Food nourishes and rejuvenates, 3/6 (triple size, 7/6); Skin Lotion, for arms and neck, also a powder foundation for oily skins, 2/6 (triple size 5/6); Foundation Cream, for oily or normal skins, 2/6; Liquefying Cleansing Cream cleanses pores, removes make-up, 3/6 (triple size 7/6); Trial Beauty Boxes for each type of skin, 5/6. **FOR MAKE-UP:** Orchis Face Powder, 2/-; Rouge Cream, 2/-; Lipstick, 3/-; Eyeshadow, 2/-; and Nail Enamel, 1/6.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

YARDLEY Skin Lotion
YARDLEY Toning Lotion
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YARDLEY Foundation Cream
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GAY
INTERIORS
by Adelaide Heriot

★Free—

a wonderful book on Home Decoration

Tea-roses in a lustre bowl . . . two tall ivory candles . . . an oval mirror, gilt-framed, duskily reflecting bloom and shimmer. . . . Does that sound nice to you?

Yet for years the mantelpiece had been a blot on the room. Shrouded in burnt-treacle paint, heavy with pipes, papers and dusty little knick-knacks, overhung by a great dingy engraving, it was enough to make angels weep. So Mrs. Moore, fresh from reading a certain small book, set out to Do Something About It . . .

And the book? We hoped you'd ask that, because we want to send *you* a copy—free, of course. It is **GAY INTERIORS,** and has been written by a woman who has tackled every kind of renovation problem in her own and other people's houses—and is eager to pass on her experience in the form of useful hints and ideas.

A card to Price's (*Dept. A.4*), *Battersea, London, S.W.11 will bring it to you. You'll enjoy and profit by it—truly!*

PRICE'S
ART
CANDLES

law of November, 1934, they are liable to fourteen years for the offence of using, or attempting to use, a firearm, or even an imitation, to threaten, or escape arrest), and latterly there have even been a few "heart-balm" cases.

"Heart-balm" is the slang term for blackmailing breach-of-promise suits. Until the authorities in New York and several other States of the Union crabbed their style by legislating against breach suits, it was estimated that some 20,000 lawyers specialised in "heart-balm" cases, while 30,000 professional "heart-balm" babies made a regular living at the racket.

This sort of thing is not possible in England, with its different court procedure, and less exuberant newspapers. Lately, however, there have been a number of cases in which a girl and a man partner have "worked" the breach racket. One couple "rang the bell" half a dozen times in as many months, settling for small sums of from £50 to £200, and catching in their net victims ranging from a "mama's boy" of 24, whose mother paid up, and a widower of 54, a retired professional man, who had been very willing to have a little affair, but had no intention of getting married again, and was frightened to death of being sued (he would have to leave the neighbourhood where he had lived all his life).

It is curious to observe that although year by year the volume of crimes rises, the British island remains about the safest place on earth to live in. The paradox is explained, however, by probing beneath the surface of contemporary crime phenomena.

The number of persons found guilty of criminal offences of all kinds was 603,615 in 1933, and the tide is still rising. This looks as if Britain were sliding into the sanguinary American crime trough. But the truth is that our increasing criminality keeps pace with the increase in the number of laws regulating our daily lives in the interests, real or presumed, of our community of 45,000,000 souls.

At a glance, the statistics indicate that one in every 90 of the population is a criminal. But before one jumps to this conclusion, a little analysis is in order. If you go over 30 miles an hour in your car, or fail to take out a licence for your dog, you are, at least to the cold statisticians in the Home Office, a criminal. You have committed a criminal offence, and down you go to swell the number of persons found guilty of criminal offences in general and of non-indictable offences in particular.

About nine-tenths of our total crime list is accounted for by persons found guilty of non-indictable offences, and of these around half (284,528 out of a total of 540,955 in the last statistical year were up for road traffic offences) are persons who have done something they ought not to do while in or out of their motor-car. Between 30,000 and 40,000 people are dealt with every year now for offences against the Revenue laws—most of these being for failure to take out a licence for something or other. Almost as many are dealt with every year for trading on Sunday. In short, more than 50 per cent. of our increasing criminality can be notched up against the traffic laws, Revenue laws, and the law against Sunday trading.

There are over 100 non-indictable offences in the list, which runs the gamut of Sunday trading, gaming, possessing picklocks, stealing a dog, or breaking one of the innumerable laws under the Acts for the better regulation of our life—Acts to do with public health, with traffic, merchant shipping, the fighting Services, labour, trading, factories, mines, liquor (longest list of all—you give a longer measure of liquor than the one asked for, the so-called "long pull," in a club, and you are for it), education, animals, fisheries, etcetera, etcetera.

Only about 12 per cent. of the whole 600,000 odd cases is accountable to indictable offences, which range from murder and assault to rape, child-stealing, bigamy, fraud, forgery, and suicide.

There are 83 indictable offences, divisible again into anything from two to twenty different sorts of offence. You can commit an offence under the head of "Other Frauds" (Item 48 in the list) in 23 separate and distinct ways, ranging from obtaining credit by false pretences to concealing treasure trove, cheating, pretending to use witchcraft, and fraudulently stamping anchors and chain cables. You can "maliciously injure" in seventeen ways, sending letters threatening to burn or destroy property being one. You can wound and otherwise endanger life in eleven ways, starting with just plain wounding, and going on to attempting to choke, placing explosives near buildings with intent to do bodily harm, and possessing firearms with intent to endanger life. Murder is one of the few things in the list that is just plain murder, irrespective of how, when, where, and in what manner one happens to do it.

One of the curious things observable about murder—it helps to bear out our expert friend's observation about the unchanging nature of that crime—is that the current tendency of the murder rate has not yet affected the age and sex factors in murder recapitulation. Murder involves men far oftener than women, in the proportion of about 9 to 2.

There is no doubt that a high degree of certainty of detection and arrest, followed by swift conviction and execution, exercises a restraining effect on the potential murderer in every country. For it must be realised that murder can never be entirely eliminated. There will always be a certain number of killings by reckless or unbalanced persons, or habitual criminals. But the number of murders by criminals in connection with robberies or house-breakings, and for revenge, or gain, or to avoid scandal by weak-minded but sinister citizens (many murders of women by men are committed for no larger motive than to avoid petty trouble or scandal), would surely increase if the potential killer felt he had a good chance of "getting away with it."

It is probable that this may be a factor in the new increase in the murder rate (the last figures show 99 cases of murder of 110 persons aged one year or more, against 78 and 93 the previous year). The police here are more handicapped than they used to be by the new laws relating to investigation and inquiry. But as between Britain, with between 70 and 110 murders annually, and America, with between 11,000 and 13,000 a year, there is something to be learned from the fact that in Britain in the last statistical year there were only 15 acquittals out of 58 persons arrested, while in New York 54 per cent. of those prosecuted were discharged or acquitted and convictions numbered only 22 out of every 100.

More *criminals* kill in America than in Britain. In the latter country the killer is usually involved in a crime of passion, or a domestic drama, or he is mad. Of the 99 aforesaid cases of murder in Britain, 40 murderers or suspects committed suicide before they could be arrested. It happens every year in about the same proportion.

Of the 50 persons arrested, two committed suicide and 15 were released. That left 41. Of these, one was found insane before trial, 5 insane on arraignment, and 16 guilty but insane. Thus, out of the 99 cases of murder, we have no fewer than 64 ruled off right away by the self-destruction of the murderer, or his mental derangement. This is a normal year; the averages usually run about the same.

We are left with 19 out of the original 99. Of these, 11 were executed, and 8 had their death sentences commuted to penal servitude for life (the latter means the recognition of extenuating circumstances: those murderers could not be categoried as "killers" in the sense that Brown or Dillinger were killers). In the previous year, the averages ran about the same, with 56 out of 78 murderers committing suicide or being found mad, and 4 of the 10 convicted and sentenced to death being hanged, while 6 had their sentences commuted to penal servitude for life.

(*Continued on page* 84)

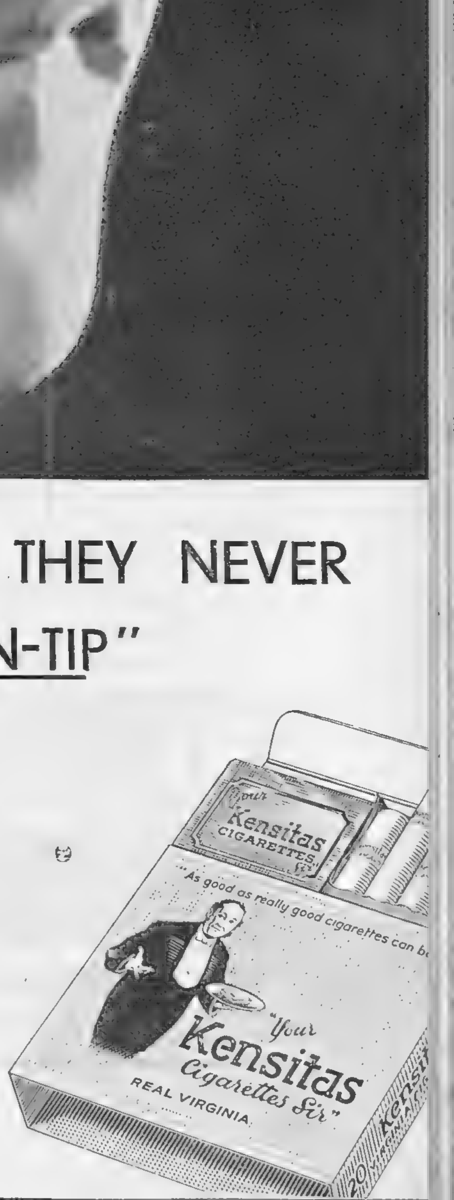
"**KENSITAS*** APPEAL TO ME BECAUSE THEY NEVER IRRITATE MY THROAT, AND HAVE A PLAIN-TIP"

Will Hay

Will Hay, the favourite stage, screen and radio comedian of "St. Michael's" fame.

The *Costlier Tobaccos* used in Kensitas *(the centre leaves of the finest Virginia tobaccos)* together with the Kensitas Private Process assure you a plain-tip cigarette that will not affect, irritate or hurt your throat.

**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation... Against Cough*



Your Kensitas Cigarettes
"As good as really good cigarettes can b
"Your Kensitas Cigarettes Sir"
REAL VIRGINIA
20

Are
FLAMING LIPS
the "Forgotten Fad"?

It seems so . . . for wherever the smartest women gather, you see more and more natural make-up this year!

● Surely you've noticed it . . lipstick styles do seem to be changing. Lips are rosy and natural this year . . . more "lady-like" . . . bright red lips seem to be on the wane.

Apparently more and more women are finding out about Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee *can't* give you that "painted look" . . . because *Tangee isn't paint!* Instead, it intensifies the natural colouring of your lips. Gives your face a younger, lovelier look . . . makes you more attractive.

In the stick Tangee is orange. But on your lips it changes to the one shade of blush rose most becoming to you.

Tangee Lipstick is waterproof. Stays on for hours. And its special cream base always keeps your lips soft and smooth. For those who require more colour, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.

From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
New ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee colour principle

LUFT-TANGEE LTD.
88 Regent Street, W.I
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.I

Crime Changes

Every year now, crime grows more dangerous for the professional criminal. Society ceaselessly tightens up its organisation to fight crime. Science lends a hand. A hair has convicted a man. So have dust, nail marks, a trace of soil on a boot sole. A woman has been caught from the clue of a particular brand of lip-stick left on a cigarette end. Men have been caught, some hanged, by a laundry-mark, a bullet "finger-printed" in a police laboratory, a pattern of hob-nails worn a certain way, a shoe-heel print in a garden bed, by hair and dirt scraped out of a finger-nail. Biologists, physicists, chemists, and microscopists are on the job in police laboratories now, and not only at Hendon (the new Yard laboratory) but at the chief provincial centres. The man hunt is ingenious and relentless in serious crime. Hauptmann in the States was traced by expert concentration on the grain of the wood of the ladder left behind against the wall of the Lindbergh house.

Criminals think they can throw the hunt off the scent by searing the finger tips with acid, or rubbing the skin away with sandpaper, by dyeing the hair, or changing the features. All considerable errors. The stubborn skin grows quickly, and the betraying pattern of loop, arch, and whorl—an indelible design extending through all three thicknesses of skin—returns to its unwilling possessor. Even while the pattern is temporarily obliterated, identification can still be made by the formation of ears and nose.

The camera will soon join the microscope in the new exact science of criminal identification. It has been found that the pattern of the blood vessels on a man's eye writes his signature as precisely as do the whorls, loops and arches of his thumb-print. Retinal photography will revolutionise the system of criminal identification as an invaluable adjunct to finger-printing, which up to now has been regarded as the only mathematically exact way of determining identity.

Big business is developing its own intelligence systems to co-operate with the regular police forces. The intelligence work done by the experts hired with the £100,000 fund put up by the insurance companies ended the amazing fire-bug racket. The great marine insurance organisation of Lloyd's has its own secret service to keep down, and expose, shipping insurance frauds—ships insured after their loss is known to the persons making the insurance, ships scuttled with dummy cargoes aboard, forged bills of lading and invoices, ante-dated letters and the rest.

The Greeks still hold the record for fake claims on Lloyd's, although the Spaniards run them close. In the first six months of one year no fewer than forty-one claims were made on behalf of Greek vessels insured at Lloyd's. In every case the facts were suspicious.

Lloyd's matched its shrewdness and vast accumulated experience against the cunning shipwreckers and won in almost every case, saving the underwriters losses amounting in the aggregate to some £6,000,000.

The Revenue Department maintains its own little Scotland Yard, an experienced small group of sleuths who keep organised smuggling down to a minimum, and are continually putting foreign smuggling rings out of business by destroying their markets inside this island. Incidentally, smuggling, of the amateur variety, is one of the increasing crimes.

There seems little doubt that, as the regulation of life proceeds, and new laws are passed which strain the morality of the average citizen, crime, and especially petty crime, will continue to rise. For the moral development of western mankind has not kept pace with his material progress, due to science and invention, and the harnessing of both by entrepreneurs to the bread-and-butter life of our world. Besides, it is so easy to be a criminal when there are so many laws. Only lately has it ceased to be a serious crime in the United States to buy or sell a glass of beer, or a whisky-and-soda, or any other alcoholic drink. In the same presumably highly civilised state it is a crime to own gold bullion. In Italy it is a crime to own foreign securities. In Germany it is a crime for a Jew to marry a Christian, or vice versa. In Soviet Russia murder is still a crime, but not half so serious as an offence against the State, the one being punishable by eight years in jail, and the other by the quick death of the executioner's bullet, or the slow death of the timber forests or the salt mines. And governments get entangled in their own laws, and break them—as witness the plight of the Roosevelt Administration, which, according to the Justices of the Supreme Court, has been breaking the law of the Constitution as recklessly as any bandit breaks the laws for the protection of the citizen's property.

To Meet the Prince

(*Continued from page* 21)

and the butler, looking a bit shaken by recent events, announced: "Sir Moses and Lady Welberstein," he moved to the hearthrug and stood there, slim, erect and indubitably princely.

Sir Moses' dark eyes flicker past his hostess and rested on that gallant figure a moment. Then he took a few steps forward and bowed low. Mrs. Durbin heard herself crossing the Rubicon suddenly, and irrevocably presented Sir Moses in due form to that very charming young man, Prince Rudolf of Moritzia.

"But I need no introduction to Sir Moses." The slightest perceptible accent had crept into Adrian's voice. "His fame as an art connoisseur has reached my country long ago."

"Your Highness flatters me," said Sir Moses visibly swelling. "May I present my wife."

While Adrian was kissing her fat finger-tips in a graceful foreign fashion, Lord and Lady Fitzsimmons were announced. And again Adrian knew just what to say to this head of a great steamship line, who was also a millionaire yachtsman. Knew, too, the right amount of cordiality for the next guest, Sir Meynell Temperly, the famous surgeon so constantly summoned to royal accouchements. Then came Sir Patrick and Lady Curton, an impoverished Irish baronet and his wife, and Mr. Broderick Boyd, K.C.

Adrian's eyelids flickered a little as he extended a formal hand to the Irishman. He had once shared a third-class sleeper with him on the boat to Kingstown, but Sir Patrick, genial and red faced, bowed over the hand extended to him without any sign of recognition.

"A close shave," thought Adrian, turning hastily as Mrs. Durbin presented Mr. Clancy Keeling, young, sandy-haired and monocled. While he was saying a courteous word about the English Press, "the freest, most untrammelled in the world," dinner was announced, and with a low bow he offered Mrs. Durbin his arm and led the way towards the door. From the tail of his eye he saw Monica, close to the door through which he was passing, and that eyelid closed in an infinitesimal wink.

"Watch me," that wink seemed to say. "I've only just started."

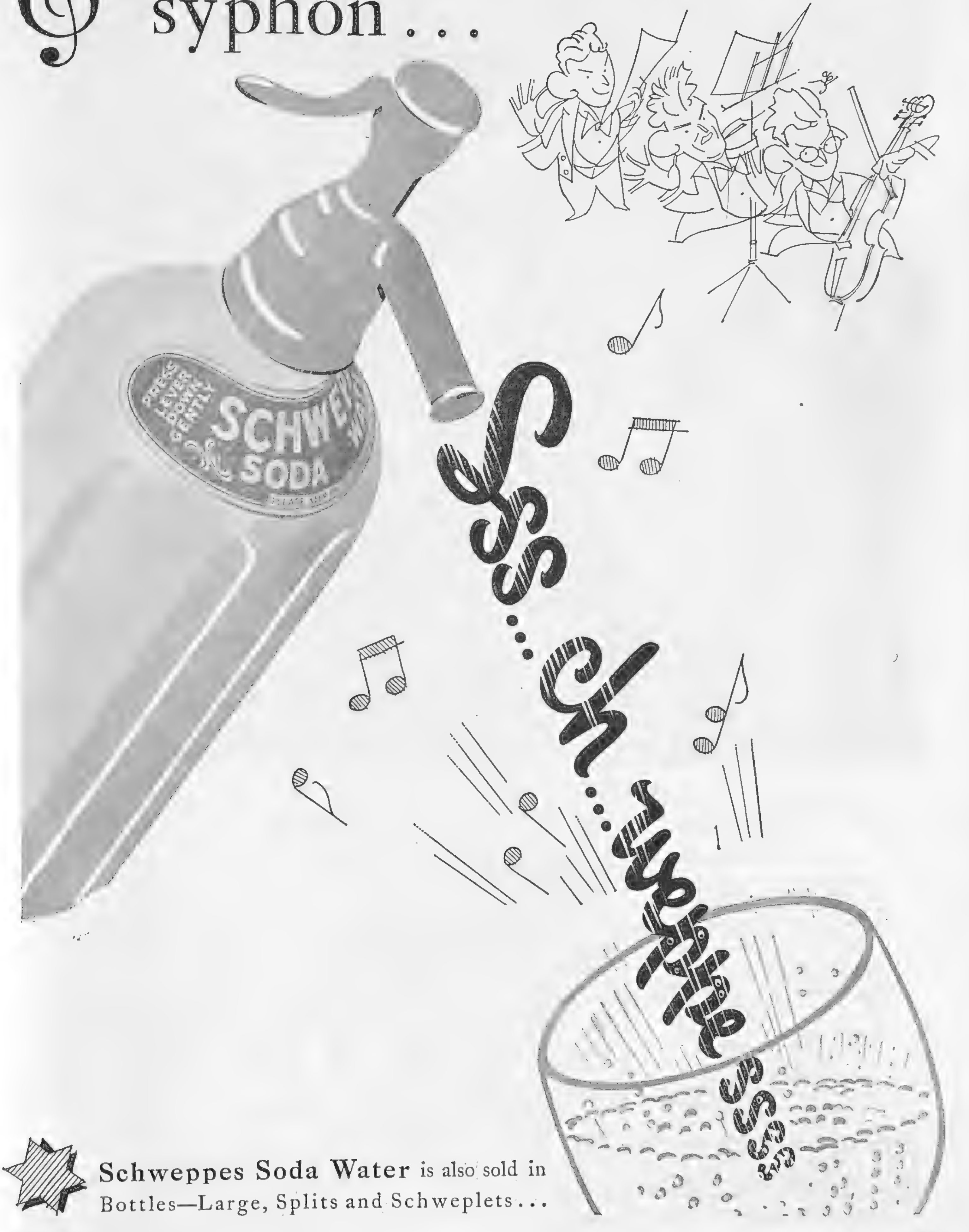
"I AM," said the Prince after his third glass of sweet champagne, "in a small way a faithful patron of modern British art," and he helped himself generously to the bombe glacé handed by Markham the butler, whom a whispered word from Monica had cautioned to show no surprise.

"They need patronage, sir," said Sir Moses gruffly. "I have clever pictures in my galleries which I have no chance to dispose of, and I know of promising artists who are almost starving."

"Indeed?" There was genuine sympathy in His Highness's voice. "That is altogether too bad. I myself," he raised his voice a little and looked round the table, collecting attentive eyes, "know of one artist who is immensely clever and as yet, alas, unrecognised. He stayed in my country last year, and there he did some

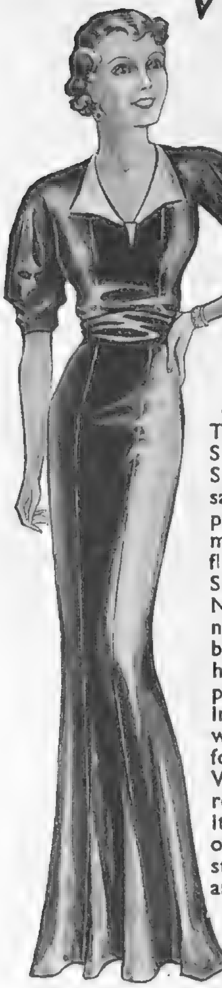
(*Continued on page* 86)

Listen to the song of the syphon . . .


PRESS LEVER DOWN GENTLY
SCHWE
SODA
SSS....ch....weppesss

Schweppes Soda Water is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

Regain Your Youthful Grace and Vigour



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SLIMMING TONIC

admirable sketches and oil paintings. Mountains with marvellous flowers spread upon them like pale carpets. Green, ice cold rivers rushing from bare rocks . . ." The Prince half closed his eyes, and gave himself up to a reverie evoked by thoughts of his native land, while a sympathetic silence prevailed.

Clancy Keeling, alert for a new personality, said: "May one ask his name, sir ? "

"His name ? " Prince Rudolf, roused from his reverie, smiled graciously at the columnist. "The man's name is Venning. Adrian Venning. It is doubtless known to all of you."

Cold chills ran down Mrs. Durbin's spine at this effrontery.

"I'm afraid no one has ever heard of him," she said, omitting to "sir" him in her agitation.

"That," said the Prince blandly, "must certainly be remedied. It happens, quite fortunately, that I have here in my pocket a catalogue of this young man's exhibition to be held at the Astra Galleries next month, and which I have promised to attend if possible. I count on some of you to support me."

While he slid a hand into an inner pocket, Monica dropped her blue eyes to hide the laughter growing in them. But there was no laughter in Mrs. Durbin's protuberant orbs as they rested on the unmanageable young man, who now apparently held her in the hollow of his hand. Willingly would she have called two more detectives to take him away at that moment, had it been possible, and risked the ensuing social scandal.

The substitute prince was now thoroughly enjoying himself. He handed the catalogue to Sir Moses, who glanced at it with great interest.

"You lay us under your debt, sir," he said in his rich Hebraic voice, "by coming over here and making a discovery for us. But I must own that it hurts my self-esteem to think that I have been blind to the arrival of a new name in the art world. Sure you're not pulling my leg, sir ? "

At this the Prince drew himself up and an expression of haughty amazement crossed his face.

"Certainly not, Sir Moses. The composition of these pictures, the colour, the emphasis and the whole technique are truly remarkable," he said coldly. "I prophesy that all his works will be sold the first day of the exhibition, unless . . . " here the haughtiness gave place to a really charming smile, "we acquire some of them now, and give this young artist the surprise of his life. The prices are marked," he added obligingly.

So the catalogue went slowly round the table, and without even seeing these masterpieces of the unknown Adrian Venning, and with only the eloquent royal descriptions to give them an idea of what they were buying, the bidding became uncommonly brisk. Sir Meynell Temperley thought privately that the buying of even a pig in a poke such as an unseen painting of a mountain well justified by the chance of being summoned to Moritzia by aeroplane at vast expense to bring future princelings into the world. Lord Fitzsimmons, who was very old and deaf, didn't quite understand what it was all about, but got a hazy impression this was some manner of toll levied upon the guests, and was so accustomed to heading subscriptions, that he mechanically initialled the one picture priced at a hundred guineas. Sir Moses had his obvious reasons. He was going to handle these pictures of Adrian Venning's, and he said so. Broderick Boyd considered the affair a bit of a racket, but pictures were his hobby, and he put his name down willingly enough for a study of a Moritzian cottage, priced at ten guineas. Mr. Keeling had discovered one for the modest sum of two guineas, and resolved to claim it as expenses on his next salary cheque. . . .

When the Prince recovered his catalogue, Adrian Venning's pictures had had a good send off. Even Mrs. Durbin, with a look of veiled reproach, felt herself obliged to add twenty pounds in this fashion to the expenses of her dinner !

"And you ? " His Highness looked deliberately across the table at Miss Grant. "Will you not patronise this young artist ? "

Collecting her wits, Monica answered this truly wicked question:

"I'll buy something left over from the show, sir," she promised, her blue eyes defying him to say anything more.

"Then you may find nothing left," Prince Rudolf remarked with one of Adrian's most impish smiles.

Over coffee and liqueurs, the royal guest, his protégé having been so thoroughly boosted, became doubly gracious. They must all, he said, with positively no exceptions, visit him in Moritzia, and he started expatiating on the sport he could offer them, and the quaint peasant dances he would arrange for their amusement.

"Until you have seen the Braganza danced by my villagers," he exclaimed, lifting his glass to them, "you have seen nothing ! "

But Mrs. Durbin had seen something far more shattering and also authentically from Moritzia. . . . Through the dining-room door, now flung open by a footman, a stunned looking Markham was ushering the same slight young man who had left her house so suddenly just over an hour ago . . . was announcing in the hushed voice with which he might proclaim the arrival of a ghost: "His Serene Highness, Prince Rudolf of Moritzia."

"That *would* happen," whispered Mrs. Durbin into the sudden amazed silence which had fallen upon the hilarious dinner table.

"I regret, Madame Durbin, my seemingly rude departure before this charming dinner to which you had invited me so kindly." The Prince's guttural tones reached everyone at the table, as they were meant to do. "It was a little matter which demanded my urgent attention. I had been warned that someone was shadowing me, and I was obliged to go and identify a fellow countryman who was deeply suspected in the eyes of your too vigilant police. I was happy to clear up a mistake and reassure them, since the suspected one was known to me as an honourable citizen of our capital. He is now at liberty, and, late as the hour is, I come to make my apologies in person."

Then, for the first time, he seemed to notice the way everyone was looking at the young man in the place which should have been his, at the head of the table. But it was Sir Moses, hurt in his *amour propre*, and out for blood, who voiced the question each guest was bursting to ask.

"Since this is Prince Rudolf of Moritzia, *who* is this . . . gentleman ? " he demanded, half-rising from his chair, an example a good many people followed.

"Wait, Sir Moses . . . One moment, sir . . . " almost shrieked Mrs. Durbin. "It was not my fault. . . it was forced upon me . . . I can explain everything. . . . "

"No need," Adrian Venning, white and rather tense, was on his feet, too. "I'll explain. I am entirely to blame."

"But who *are* you ? " persisted Sir Moses, a really murderous look in his eyes.

"Oh, I'm Adrian Venning. Frightfully nice of you all to have bought my pictures, but, of course, I'll let you off."

"Adrian Venning ! " Sir Moses was dumbfounded. "Well, of all the colossal cheek. . ."

Into this apparently irretrievable situation the real Prince Rudolf stepped easily with a remark so unexpected that the distraught company were re-galvanised into attention. It was obvious his imperfect English had prevented him following the ramifications of the trick played in his temporary absence. What he had grasped was that this young man, hastily presented to him before dinner, and whose name he had never been told, was the artist who, in the opinion of the connoisseurs at home, was likely to immortalise the grand and little-known scenery of his dear Moritzia.

"You are Adrian Venning. . . . ? " he said slowly. "But how fortunate. I am one of your warmest admirers, and there are many others, including the King, my father, himself. Permit, Madame, that Mr. Venning sits by me while I drink a cup of coffee with you all."

(Continued on page 88)

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More coffee was brought, a chair was hastily pushed in beside the seat of honour, into which the Prince slipped quite naturally, and in a remarkably short time the dinner was over.

MRS. DURBIN, breathing heavily, the diamonds on her bosom rising and falling like the waves of a troubled sea, was slowly taking in the fact that Adrian Venning had got away with it again. Sir Moses was taking it in, too, and wishing he had waited just a few minutes more before unmasking somebody he should have conciliated. Perhaps it was not too late.

"Tell me of your future. . . . ?" the Prince was saying in his halting English (why hadn't they all realised that Adrian spoke English in a way which was far too good to be true ?). "This gallery, where your pictures will shown be. I must be there, if time permits."

"Mr. Venning's future," Sir Moses slid in appropriately, "will be my care. Call upon me to-morrow morning, Venning, and we'll talk business."

Adrian knew very well what that meant. If you were in a position for Sir Moses to talk business with you, the future looked rosy indeed.

When the Prince, escorted by his hostess, went down the stairs a full hour later, he paused on the landing.

"Was there ? " he inquired, "some little *malentendu* during my absence ? It seemed as if my return embarrassed you, though my English is not good enough for me to comprehend the reason.

But Mrs. Durbin, basking in the royal smiles, assured him that there was nothing of that kind at all.

"We spoke of you so much, sir, and of your beautiful country, it almost seemed as if you were there, and when you actually came back, we were twice honoured."

"Ah . . . it is well. I should not like to have made a *bêtise*," and with renewed bows and an elaborate curtsey from Mrs. Durbin, her successful party came to its virtual end.

"Silence is golden," said the gossip-writer as he left, grasping her hand reassuringly. "Your amazing party has been an unqualified success."

Sir Moses had his hand on Adrian's shoulder and Lord Fitzsimmons, coming up, said. "Write to me if you think of using my line. I'll see you get a state cabin on condition you do us a seascape or two ! "

Sir Patrick now recalled perfectly well that journey to Ireland, and mentioned that his house was still standing, and the fishing and scenery were alike excellent, and would repay a visit.

Then, for one brief incredible moment while Mrs. Durbin was shepherding Lady Fitzsimmons to the top of the stairs, and accepting a yachting invitation, Monica found herself alone with Adrian.

"I don't think I shall be a bit happy with you," she said, though her mouth twitched with smiles. "You're such a good actor and such an awful liar. I shall never know what you're up to ! "

But Adrian said that she would be in a fairly good position to know that, since very shortly they would be married, and together morning, noon and night.

"Now for it," he whispered, as Mrs. Durbin re-entered. "Stand by me, Monica."

But there was no need, or at any rate, the onslaught was of a different kind from that which he had prepared himself for. Mrs. Durbin, placing a plump ringed hand on each of his shoulders, reached up and pecked his cheek.

"You'll soon be my cousin, naughty boy ? " she said, "so I won't tell you all I think of you, but if you're not born rich you're certainly born lucky. Sir Moses will see to that."

Clancy Keeling kept his word. No whisper of the fantastic happenings at Mrs. Durbin's royal dinner party escaped his pen. Only one announcement oozed out, in spite of himself, and was never contradicted, being true.

"Adrian Venning, the new painter about whom all London is talking," wrote Mr. Keeling, "is going to be married shortly to Miss Monica Grant, cousin of that successful hostess Mrs. James Durbin, and they are going to strike out a new line in honeymoons and fly to Moritzia, where Mr. Venning is quite definitely *persona grata* at the palace."

Books

(*Continued from page* 53)

novel on Mormonism, *Wives of the Prophet* (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.). Mr. Bell describes the early days of the new church, and his story surrounds the career of Joseph Smith. Contrary to the notion generally held in England, it was Smith, and not Brigham Young, who founded the Mormon colony. As portrayed (I know not with what fidelity) by Mr. Bell, Smith was a deceitful and self-deceiving brute of enormous stature and unpleasant habits, an early Rasputin, and like Rasputin he came to a violent end. It is not encouraging to reflect that Rasputin came 100 years later than Smith, and we must content ourselves with the consolation that he left no formal disciples.

THE last book to be mentioned this month is not a novel and not precisely an autobiography. It is rather the outburst of a man who, living to the full every moment of his day, still craves the added satisfaction of proclaiming his zest to the world. *England Have My Bones*, by T. H. White (Collins, 8s. 6d.), begins with a pæan for country life, proceeds to pay homage to salmon fishing, changes to an enthralling account of learning to fly, merges into a hymn on shooting and then, when all the *motifs* have been announced by wind and percussion instruments, Mr. White really shows what he can do by way of orchestration. *England Have My Bones* is a strenuous, even a noisy book; but its vitality and the extraordinary width of interest it reveals delight me. One must, I am sure, have lived in the country if one is to appreciate Mr. White to the full, and to share some of his experiences only is to fall very short of understanding what he has to offer. What has he to offer, exactly ? A love of Nature, an unsleeping observation, a power of abandoning himself to new experiences, a hunger for such experiences, a readiness for all, a constant realisation of the importance of background—all these, lodged in a body of tireless energy and fanned to a white heat by an insatiably curious spirit. On closing his book, you may find your muscles rather stiff. But what a gallop you will have had !

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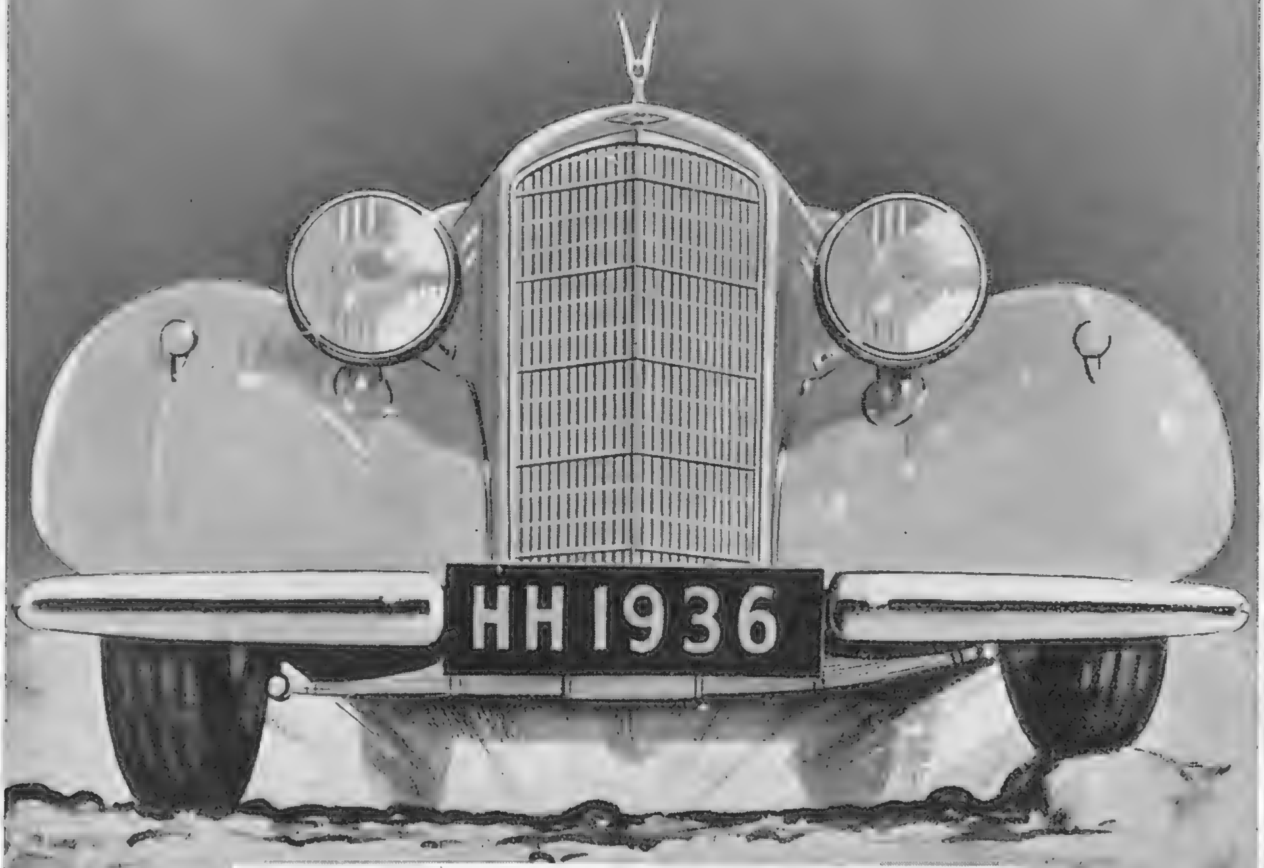

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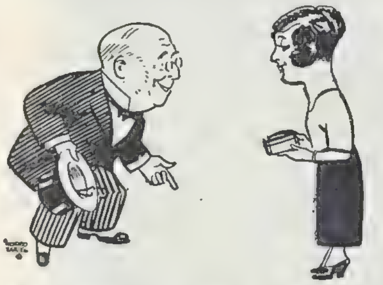

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Comrade Natasha Returns *to* Womanhood

(*Continued from page* 17)

must be conceded. I would not say that this was a conscious reflection on the part of some government body. But it is at least the natural transformation going hand in hand with the other factors that have contributed to the latest tendencies in Russia: the receding of the worries and sorrows for the satisfaction of the most elementary needs and the steady increase in the material welfare of the country as a whole.

For a long time Russia had to make virtues of its necessities. To most women silk stockings were dreams which to make real they were prepared to offer any sacrifice. Soviet moralists called them "the paraphernalia of decadent bourgeois seduction." The man-coat worn by the girls was stamped as an outward proof of successful emancipation, "the badge of honour for equality of rights between the sexes."

Uniformity of attire was euphemistically spelt: collectivism.

Yet the Russian's temperament is generally anything but ascetic. At the bottom of her heart the Russian woman loves to be impressive, longs for nothing more than grandeur.

THE chief of the Clothes Trust told me how for a time he tried to keep women's frocks short and simple. The girls bought his products, as there were no others to buy. Yet the moment they got home from the store they patched another two or three square yards of printed cotton or silk on to their skirts to make them "more beautiful."

Their taste still leaves a lot to be desired. The younger generation saw nothing of the upper classes who in their day used to set the standard of style for the whole country. The new conception of beauty in appearance has developed on the basis of portraits of kings and queens in the museums, the pictures of rich people in old books, and perhaps the models in some foreign fashion journals smuggled furtively across the border to be sold at ten times their value after they were helplessly out of date. Examples of this unhappy perversion of taste were still at large in vestibules of the Moscow theatres when during the intervals I set out to study the general standard of dress among the female members of Soviet society.

The eagerness to do the right thing, however, is noticeably apparent.

Now that the second Five Year Plan starts to achieve good results in the production of the light industries and the factories begin to supply garments of finer quality and greater variety, the tailor Trusts and fashion studios find it easier to satisfy the demand of Russia's women for better and nicer dresses.

There are State shops where frocks are made to individual orders, where the material and style can be chosen and alterations made to the customer's personal taste. The "Mosbelio" Trust produces confectionery, dresses, and lingerie. The manager is a woman, Comrade Wladimirova, a former factory worker. Although she herself makes little use of it, her flair for fashion is good and her ideas original. She has just opened a demonstrating theatre in the centre of the town. It is a very elegant and modern hall, and mannequin parades are held all day long and also in the evening for organisations and clubs as well as for individual customers and all workers and employees of fashion stores and factories. Besides, a permanent show of dresses is installed in the Park of Culture and Rest, the popular amusement centre of Moscow, where as many as 30,000 women a day inspect the newest creations of the Mosbelio.

Mannequins are also sent to the factories and collective farms to demonstrate and advise the women what style and colour would suit them best.

It is hoped that through these means the taste of the masses will be educated.

The mannequins have to do more than just walk up and down gracefully. They have to take down suggestions and complaints as well as demands coming from the public, so that their notes may be carefully studied at the fashion conferences organised regularly by the Trust. Incidentally, their profession is not at all coveted, and an extraordinarily high salary (600 to 800 roubles a month, which equals the average paid to highly skilled technicians and young medical men) has to be allowed to attract suitable persons for this job. At the fashion conference representatives of the industries, delegates from the shops, critics from the newspapers, artists and actors meet and discuss new ideas and designs. They also scrutinise the suggestions and criticisms made by the public, through the medium of "Book for Complaints and Demands," which lies open for customers' comments in all Russian shops.

Like everything else in Russia, precautions are also taken in this field to evolve scientific theories and make sure one is following the "proper policy."

So far Russian fashion appears to be strongly influenced by Western—mainly French—and American ideas. Schiaparelli has been invited to Moscow; New York houses were asked to send models. Nevertheless, there is a strong tendency not only just to adapt foreign ideas to national requirements, but to produce something indigenous and original which would attract the attention and approval of the capitalist world.

THE DRESS FOR THE WORKING WOMAN is the great task Russian fashion designers have set themselves to evolve. They think that in this respect Russia should lead the world.

As regards evening dresses and lighter wearing apparel, they still follow, without reluctance, in the footsteps of foreign countries.

Called upon to give a forecast what Russian fashions will probably tend to become in future years, one may feel tempted to say that there will be two distinctly different types: the working dress, which will be extremely simple and may very well prove to be the ideal type for its purpose, and the leisure-time dress, which will be rather on the pompous and rich side, stressing perhaps the wish to show off to themselves and the world the "economic improvement and wealth gained under Socialism."

Natural inclination, little variety in food, exposure to considerable hardships and heavy work in recent years have made the figure and features of Russian women tend towards a rather broad and masculine type.

"Physkultoora," sports (for which an unrivalled enthusiasm exists among the female even more than the male population of Sovietland) has also helped in this process, but cosmetics are now conscientiously applied to correct this deficiency. More modern ideals of beauty are now in favour.

It gave the Russians a shock when the model dresses sent by an American firm arrived last May, and they had to search for over a week to find a girl suitable to wear them at a show, since all their professional mannequins were too stout.

I overheard the conversation of a young couple on the Petrovka when, standing before a shop for plaster replica of antique sculpture, the boy exhorted his sweetheart to do more "physkultoora," so that her figure might attain the Venus slimness.

The working woman is definitely the ideal female type in Russia's official ideology. Yet now it is strongly emphasised that no kind of work need have detrimental effects on feminine beauty. Gloves are being worn more and more during working hours by factory girls. And manicure is strongly in vogue.

I spent one night in a Russian inn at a small provincial town on the Volga. Looking out of the window

(*Continued on page* 93)

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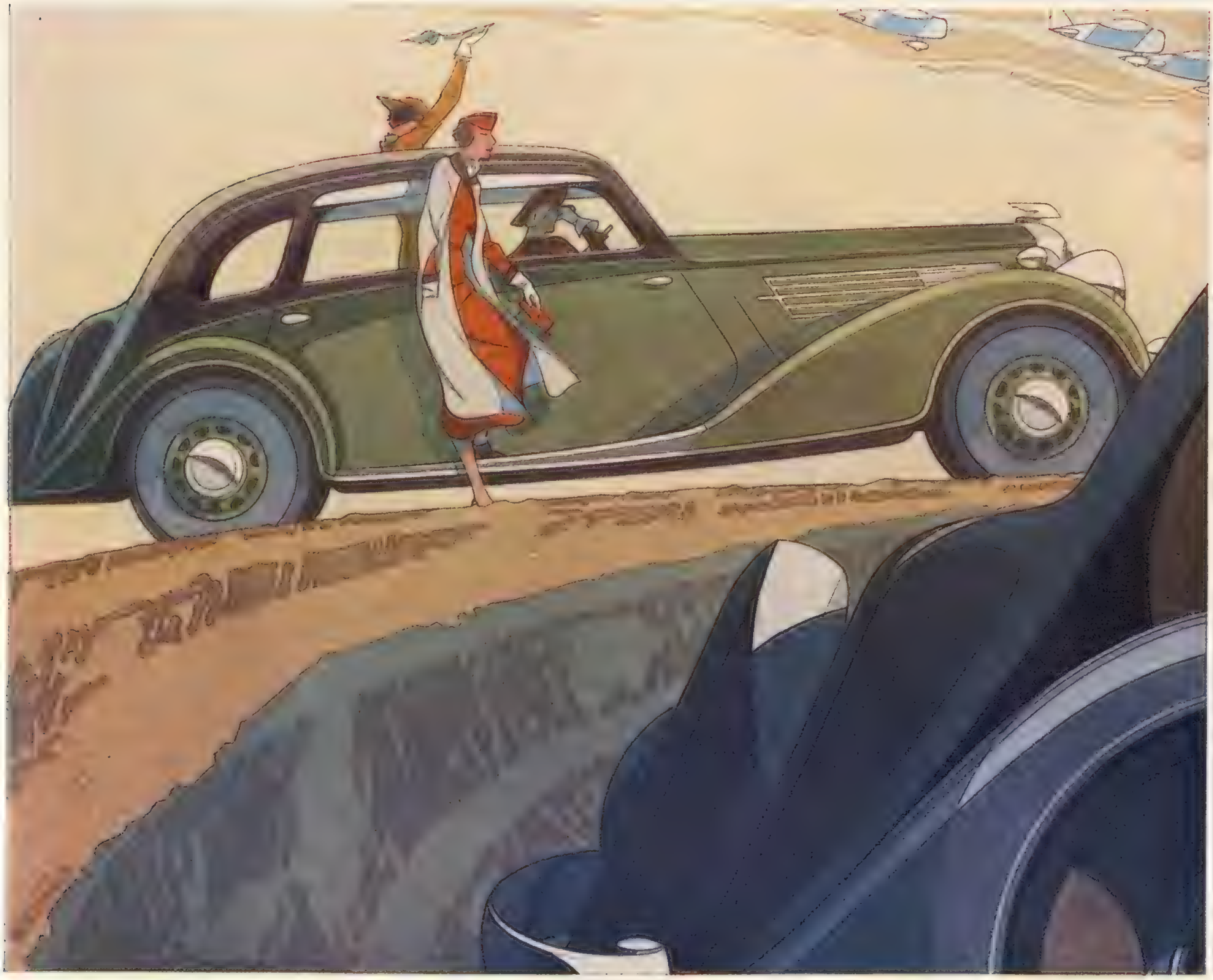

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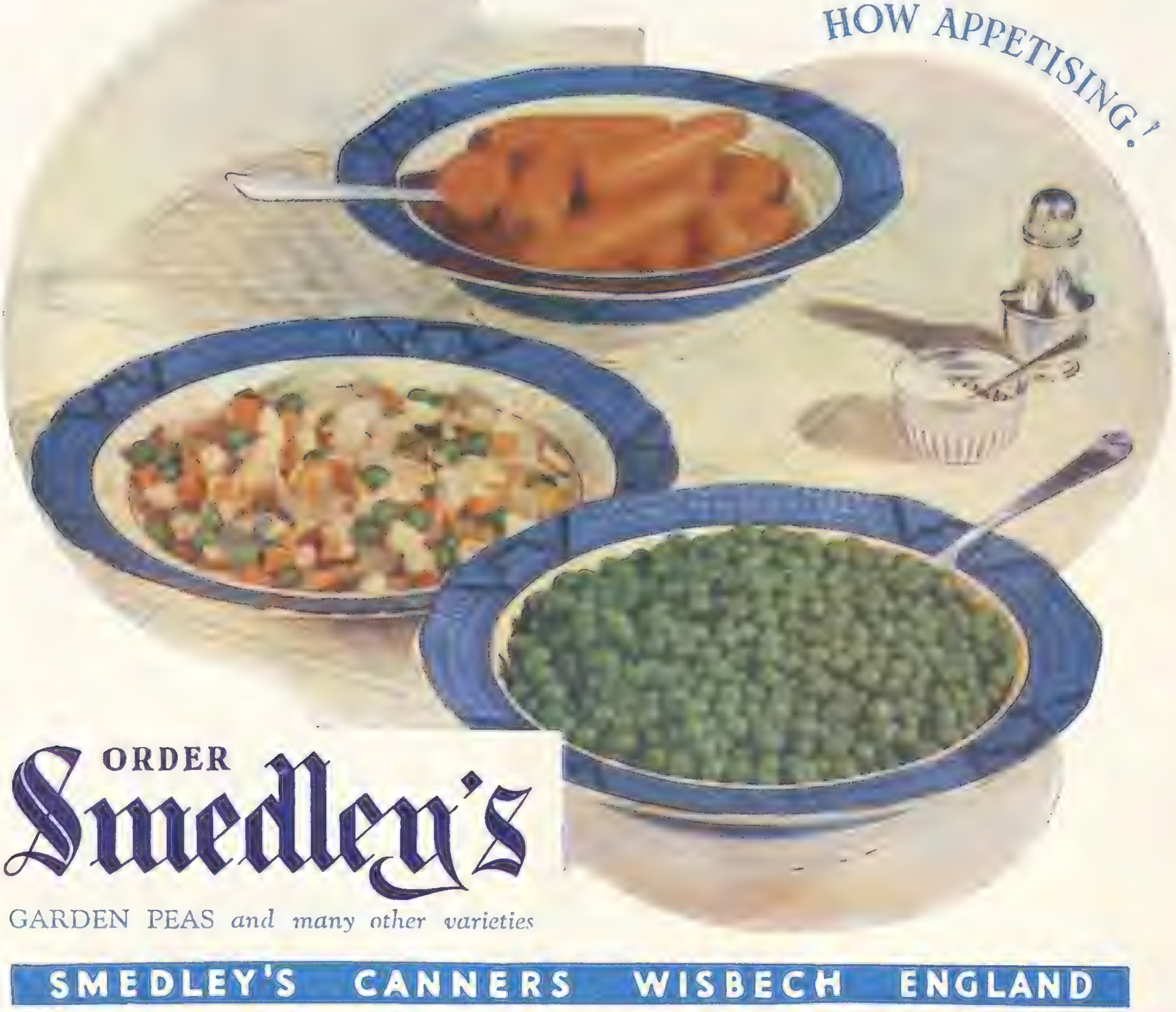
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Comrade Natasha Returns to Womanhood

after dinner I counted 17 girls queueing up outside a shop. "It was a Parikmakherskaya," a hair-dressing establishment (like everything else, run by a State Trust), and the girls were waiting for their turn to be manicured. Price: 5 roubles. On the wall outside, a large poster invited the comrades to have their hair permanently waved, and assured them that a "real and well-trained master" would attend to them. Going through the streets of this provincial and rather derelict place, I was able to convince myself that at least 70 per cent. of the younger members of the female population had availed themselves of the services of the "real and well-trained master."

For waitresses and shop assistants manicure and permanently waved hair are compulsory.

I was also very much surprised to find proper beauty parlours in Moscow, open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.—and always crowded.

I HAD an interesting talk with Comrade Shemtchushina, the wife of the Prime Minister Molotoff, who, after a successful career as a party official, was delegated two years ago to take charge of the "Teshe" Cosmetic Trust of the Moscow district. She is a very good-looking and cultured woman, an interesting personality full of vitality and energy, rather sure of her political convictions and takes her job most seriously. Working from 9 a.m. till 7 and 8 in the evening, she visits at least one of the Trust's five factories in Moscow proper every day, inspects the many branch shops which have been opened recently for the retail sale of their products, and keeps in constant touch with new ideas in foreign industries. From time to time she goes to France, England and America to study "the trade."

"Our Trust has now got sixteen factories and its output of face creams, powders and other beauty preparations is seven times that of pre-war Russia," she told me. "We cannot keep up with the continuously increasing demand, and even then we are only supplying a certain area of the country. There are other Trusts similar to ours in different parts of the country. One new factory is just being built at Kaluga, which will start production early in 1937, and by 1940 the output in the whole of the Soviet Union will be five times what it is to-day, or thirty-five times as much as twenty years ago." Like most of her modern country men and women, she was very enthusiastic on figures and statistics. "In 1933, we turned out five and a half million bottles of perfume, and in 1935 our production increased to over ten million bottles. In the same period, our yearly production of Eau de Cologne and scented toilet waters rose from just under one million to over twenty-two million bottles. We turn out 400,000 lipsticks a month in four different shades, and 100,000 bottles of nail polish. Of course we could sell ten times as much, but our capacity is not equal to doing so yet. Forty per cent. of our production goes into the villages and this percentage is continuously increasing as against the town consumption." Perhaps it will fall again a little when the Russian girls have learned that the alluring power of powder and lipstick does not increase with the quantities used each time. Comrade Shemtchushina also showed me what care her collaborators take in bringing out new designs in packages and bottles, and, having seen a row of indifferent models of the last few years, I must admit that they have greatly improved.

I was also interested to hear that lately the Trust has stopped exporting its products, the government having decided that all available goods of this industry should go to meet the increasing demand at home.

THE divorce laws have been made more stringent, and the protection of the woman and mother considerably more efficient. Men who change their feelings quick and often are socially ostracised, and very often Don Juans are pushed out of the party and exposed to public ridicule and contempt through the newspapers.

"Happy motherhood" is the cry of the day. It has been taken up by the newspapers, the theatres and films. Poets write about it, and composers do honour to it in songs. Picture postcards of pretty babies are even sold in the streets. A new film, "Maywinds," treats the problem in the style which has now become orthodox Soviet morale. The heroine, a young sports girl, longs for a child. Her husband insists that she should not imperil her swimming records and good professional chances by taking upon herself this "unnecessary burden." Needless to say, the solution is found in favour of the woman: The social insurance schemes, the crêches and kindergartens of Sovietland and the efficiency of modern science are shown to enable Natasha to satisfy her own, her husband's, and her country's ambitions. She will provide Russia with a new citizen, go on defending the swimming championships for her factory, and keep doing her part for the economic reconstruction.

This film is very typical and very delightful in its technique, and was definitely meant to be propagandist. It demonstrates the Soviet recipe for Comrade Natasha's return to womanhood.

END

Restaurant Delicacies

(*Continued from page* 67)

white wine or baked in little buttered papers. When serving, the buttered papers are removed and the truffles placed on a hot napkin.

Foie gras, or goose liver, may either be served in its terrine or cut in thin slices and garnished with parsley and chopped aspic. Croûtes or canapés of bread can be prepared in the same way as caviare.

Lax, a preparation of smoked salmon and tunny fish, should be cut in thin slices, neatly arranged, and soaked in a little salad oil or French dressing with a garnish of chervil or parsley.

Marrow bone is a delightful savoury. Allow half a marrow bone for each person. The butcher will generally do the necessary preparation.

Make a stiff paste of flour and water and place over the ends of the bones to seal up the hollows. Tie each bone in a small cloth and place upright in a pan of boiling water.

The bones should simmer gently for two hours. Be careful that the water does not evaporate.

When ready, remove the cloth and paste and fasten a small napkin round each bone. They should then be placed upright on a dish and served as a savoury with fingers of crisp toast.

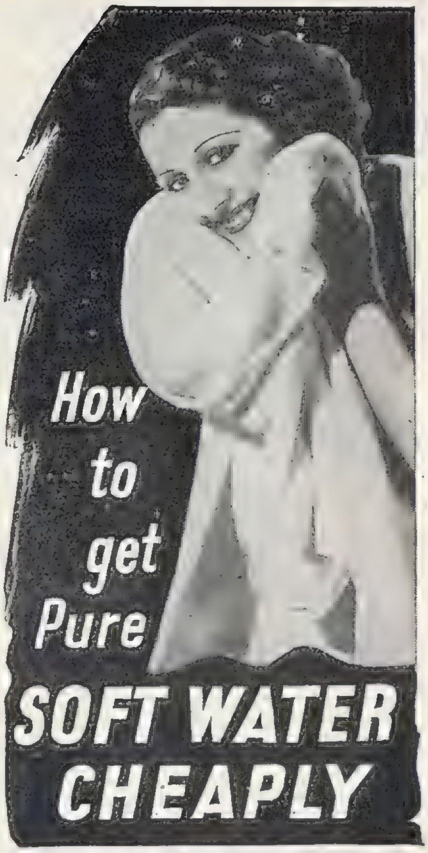
The marrow is extracted at table with a marrow fork or silver prong and eaten on the toast. Or, if preferred, the marrow may be removed and made into little canapés before sending to the dining-room.

Sweetbreads, especially lamb, are a great delicacy. There are two different kinds, the heart and the throat, the heart being considered the better.

Soak them in tepid salted water for about an hour. Then wash and blanch by putting them in a pan of cold water and bringing slowly to the boil. Next throw them into cold water and, with the fingers, remove the veins, fat and membrane. They can be stewed simply in milk, a dish specially suitable for invalids, or they can be cooked in a white sauce.

For made-up dishes they should first of all be parboiled, then pressed between two plates till cold, to keep them a good shape. They can now be cut into rounds, coated with a good forcemeat or foie gras, egged and crumbed, then fried.

END



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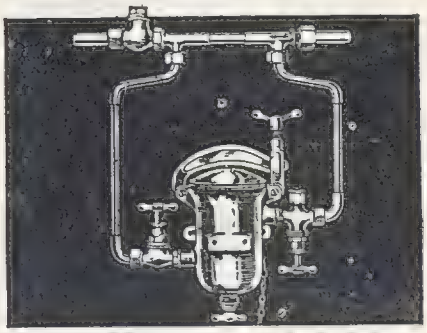

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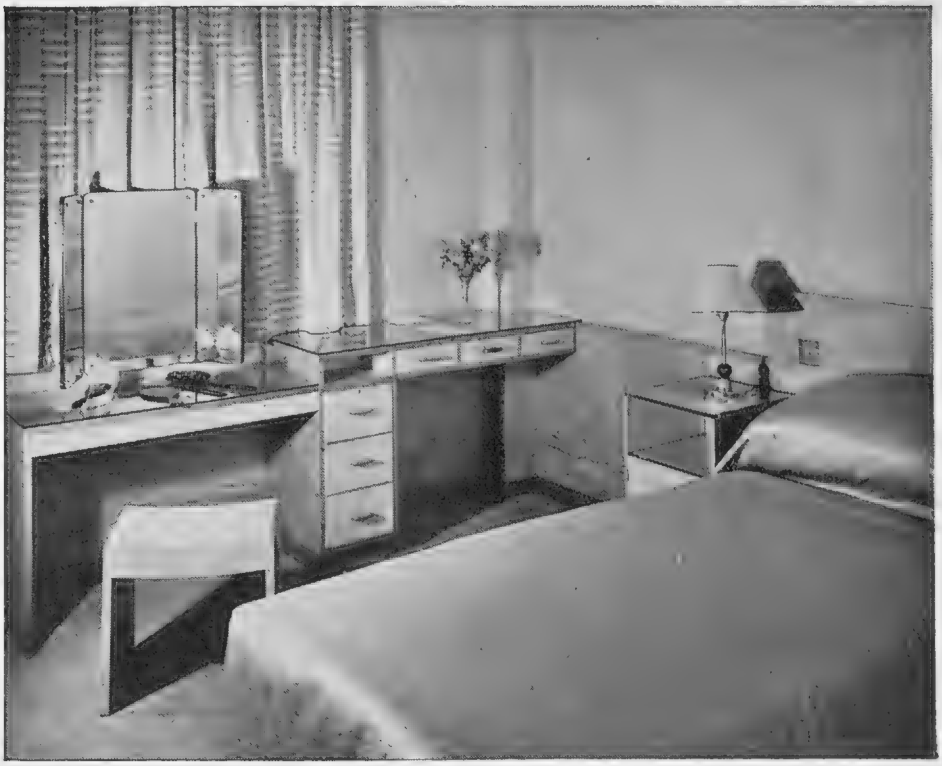


In this bedroom the furniture is built-in and the space near the window is occupied by a writing-table and a dressing-table. The woods used are weathered sycamore and Australian walnut

The Room Where You Sleep

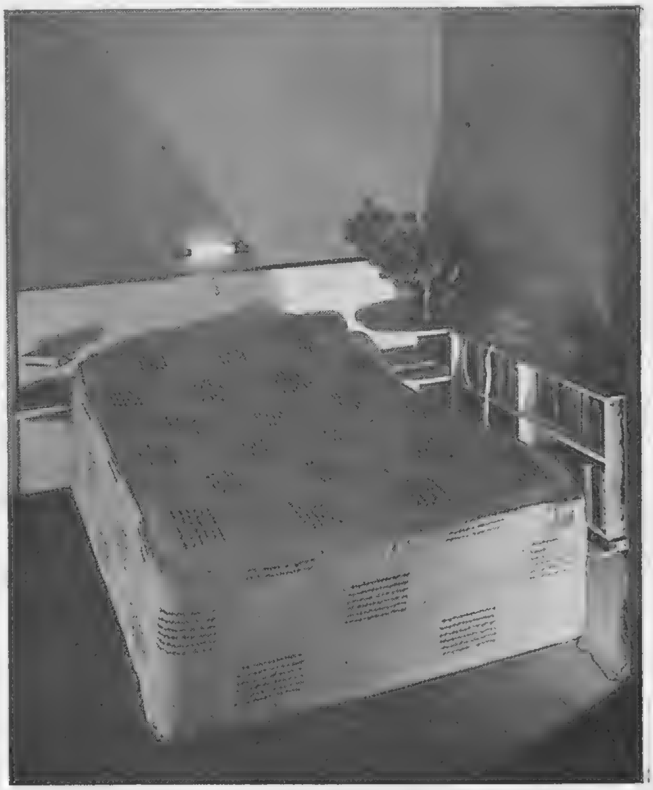
Modern Standards of Comfort and Usefulness in the Bedroom

By Baseden Butt

A DRESSING-TABLE, wardrobe, chest of drawers and the bed—these have long been the chief items of furniture indispensable in a bedroom. But most people nowadays like their bedroom to include considerably more—a writing-table or a bureau, some bookshelves, a small arm-chair, and a daybed or a divan.

Yet the bedroom itself is no bigger than formerly. It is unusual for the dimensions of any bedroom to exceed, say, 20 ft. by 14 ft. and many are considerably smaller, one reason for this limitation being the fact that a large bedroom is harder to keep warm. Yet with unchanged dimensions and more furniture than was at one time thought necessary, our modern bedrooms, unlike the average sleeping apartment of a generation or so ago, hardly ever seems overcrowded.

This is apparently a paradox. The improvement in practical efficiency has been effected partly by higher standards of furniture design and partly by the skill with which the (*Continued on page* 96)



This combined bookcase and bed-back in polished birch is a practical way of dealing with a small bedroom

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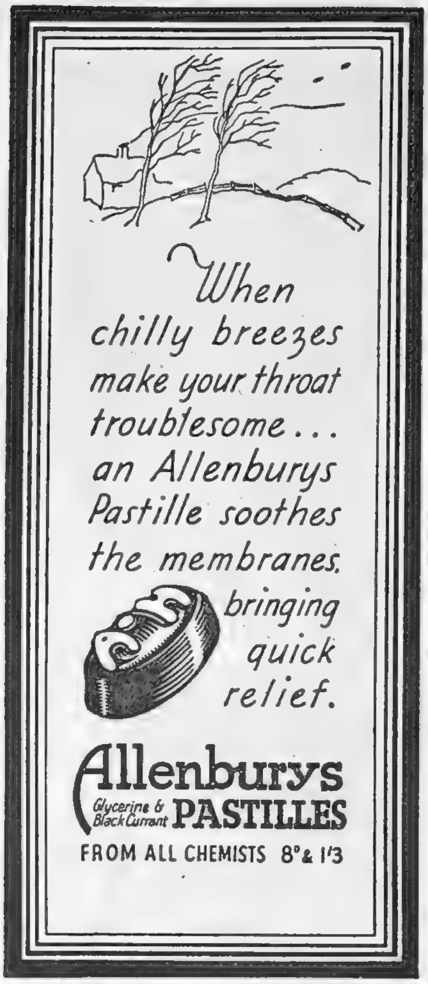
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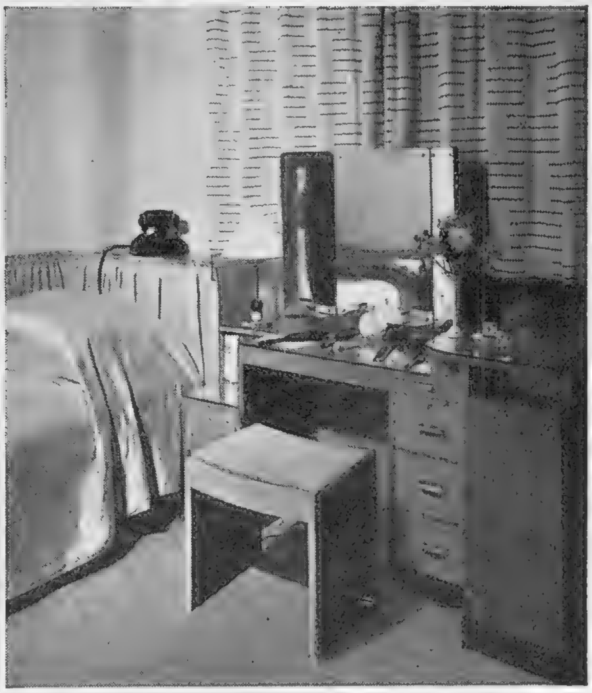
various pieces are grouped and arranged in the space available.

The truth of this is remarkably well illustrated by a number of small bedrooms seen recently, some of which are illustrated with this article. It will be noticed that the comfort as well as the artistic appearance of the rooms has been immensely improved by including a small writing-desk alongside the dressing-table. The several bedrooms are appropriately similar in character, yet an exact repetition has been avoided. In one case, the desk and dressing-table are separate, movable pieces; in another, a continuous built-in unit. In one room the writing-desk is to the left, and in another to the right. Variety has also been achieved by using several differently figured woods—Australian walnut and weathered sycamore, silky oak and Australian walnut, Japanese chestnut (a pale cream timber with black pencil veins) and French walnut.

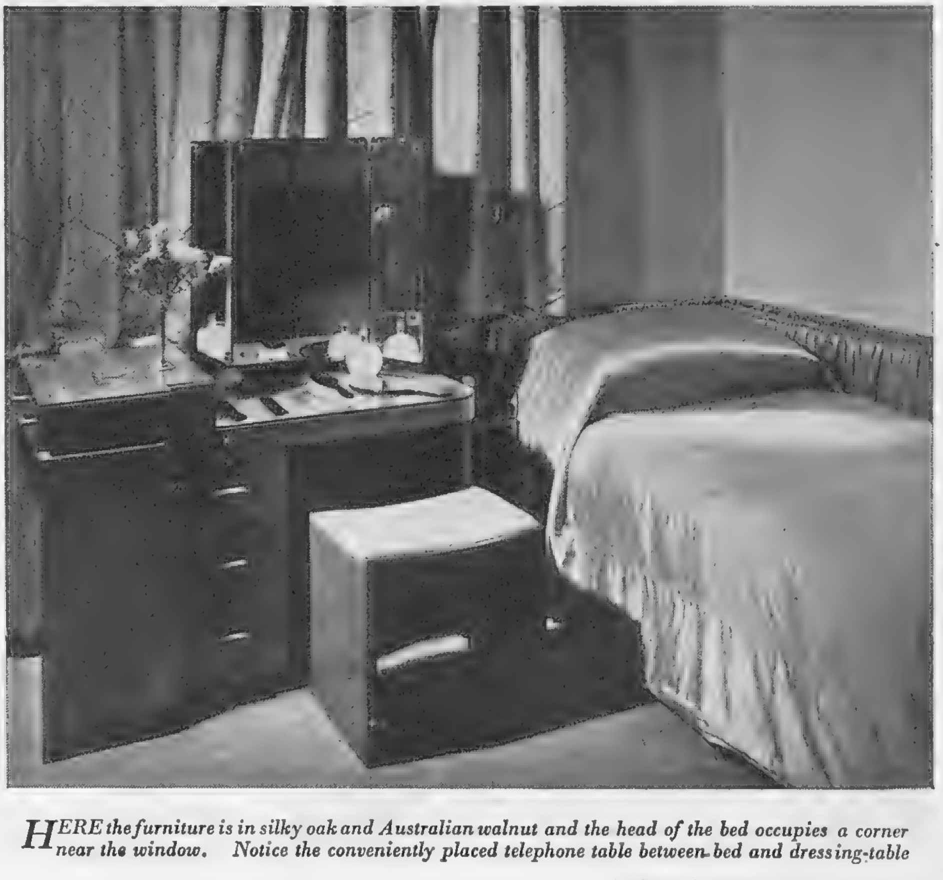
But in every case the various pieces are kept as small in scale and as low down as possible. The writing-tables are a little over two feet in width and only a few inches over one foot in depth, while the wardrobes and chests of drawers, which are designed as a unit suite, are exactly the right dimensions for the garments they accommodate. By arranging all this furniture round the walls, in combination with built-in fitments wherever these are practicable, it has been possible to compress the highest degree of comfort into bedrooms of the smallest size, while at the same time stereotyped uniformity has been avoided.

The colour schemes of the bedrooms are in pastel shades of pink, cream, and green, a different disposition of these colours being used for each interior.

Another extremely serviceable suggestion for a small bedroom is a specially designed bedback in polished natural birch which can be used with any simple modern bed consisting of a box mattress and overlay. The bedback is intended for placing in the corner of a room, and bedside tables and a group of open bookshelves are included as part of the same fitment. The bookshelves are at right angles to the bedback and extend along (*Continued on page* 98)



IN this room the bed-head is near a window, but the furniture is differently arranged and includes a small bookshelf



HERE the furniture is in silky oak and Australian walnut and the head of the bed occupies a corner near the window. Notice the conveniently placed telephone table between bed and dressing-table

THE POET SINGS OF A WOMAN'S HANDS

"Oh! he said I had the neatest hands,
The sweetest in the world my hands,
He said that Love had curled my hands,
To cling about his heart."

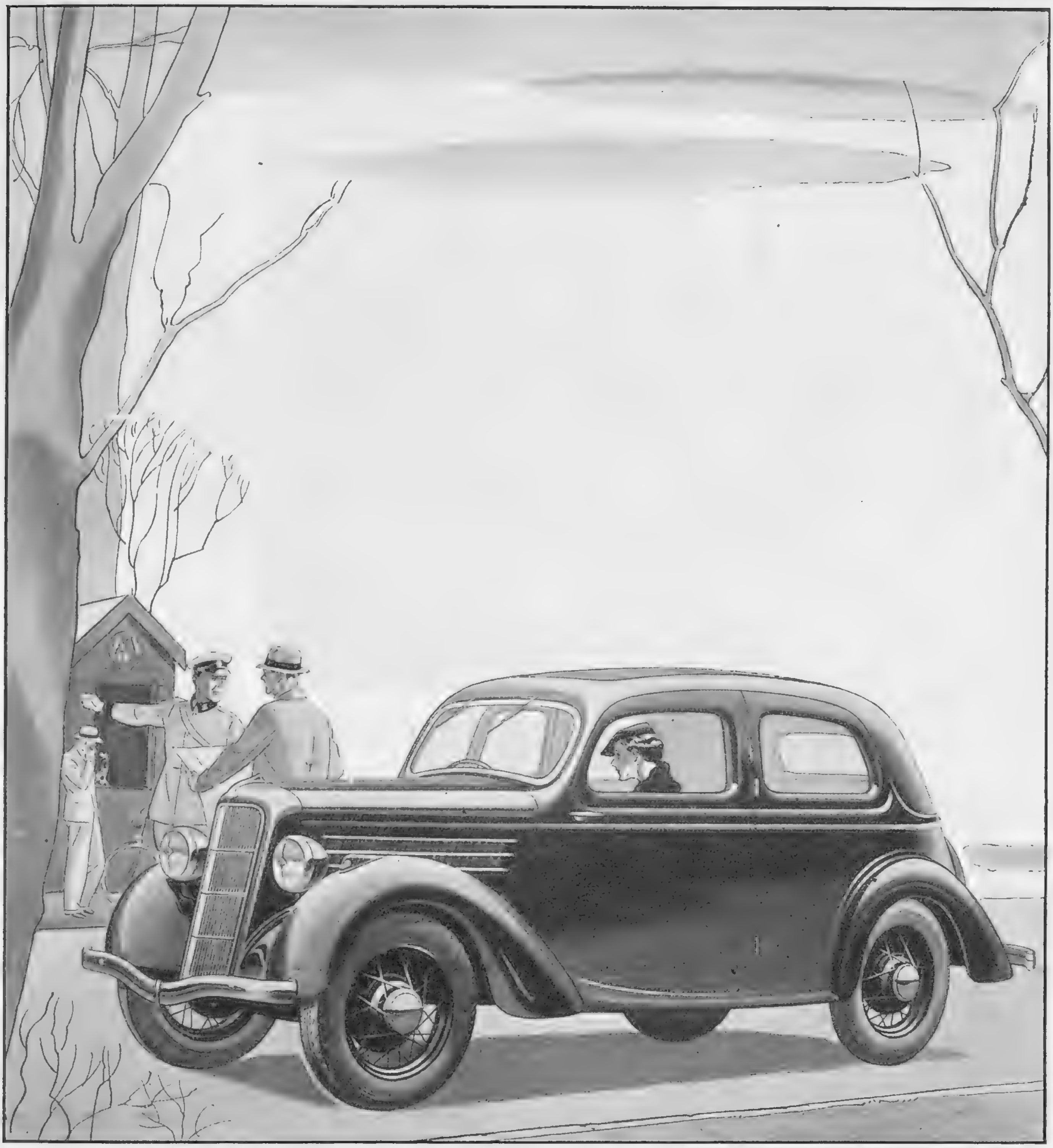
Strangely beautiful lines these from a poem by Frank Sidgwick entitled "The Lament of a Sailor's Widow."

The poet expresses in exquisite word-painting the glamorous appeal of beautiful hands. How few realise that even a plain woman can be interesting if she has smooth, white, carefully-tended hands, and that the prettiest, best-dressed woman can be utterly spoilt if her hands betray neglect; for one's hands are always in the limelight, arresting attention by their graceful movements, whether at work or play, knitting, typewriting, playing bridge, pouring out tea, arranging flowers. Hands catch the eye and tell a tale.

At your next party just look round and see how many of your friends are self-consciously trying to hide their hands and how few are proud of them and glorying in their smooth, white beauty.

It is not the daily tasks that spoil the hands, but neglect; yet a tenth of the time that is spent on the complexion can secure for every woman this easily acquired charm.

The secret is Dubarry's Crème Shalimar, just a little massaged into the hands at bedtime. Next morning you will be utterly amazed at the improvement. Use Crème Shalimar every night all the year round, but especially when winter comes. Dubarry's Crème Shalimar is sold in tubes at 6d. and 1s. 3d. at Chemists and Stores.



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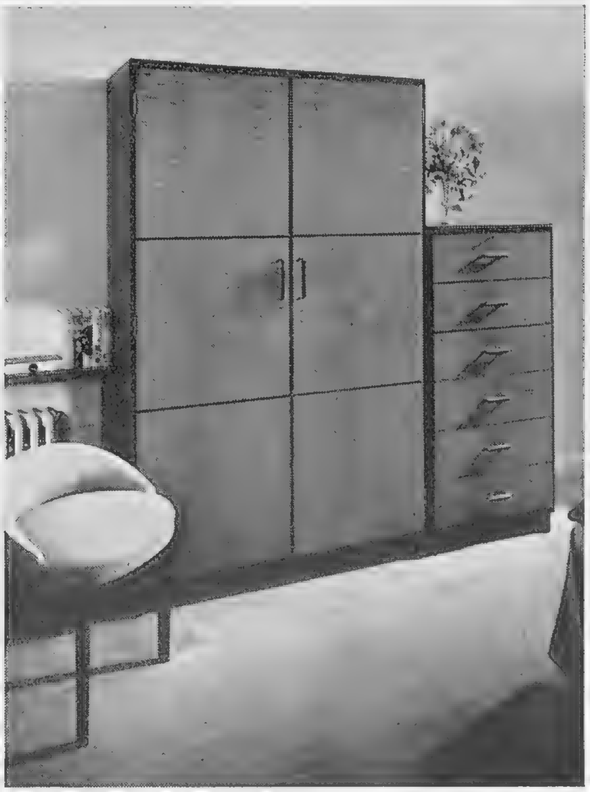
one wall close beside the bed. The bed itself can, of course, be moved away from the head-board when the room is swept or cleaned.

From the point of view of creature comfort, the mattresses and bedding are, of course, by far the most important details in the whole bedroom. No bed can be considered satisfactory nowadays unless equipped with either a box-spring mattress or an up-to-date mattress consisting of spiral springs and chain springs. There are also admirable spiral-sprung overlay mattresses which are used with a simpler type of base support. But whatever the kind of mattress chosen, the best filling for the interior is unquestionably curled hair. This is not only hygienic and durable, it is less liable to work into lumps after a period of use. All-wool or a mixture of hair and wool come next in order of merit.

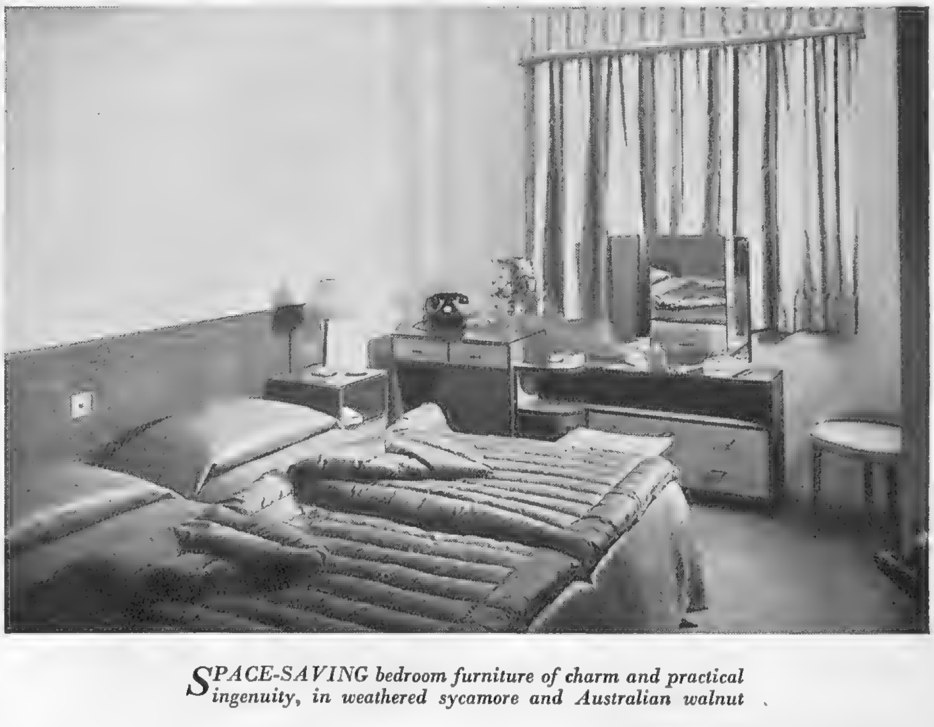


WARDROBE and chest of drawers in Japanese chestnut and French walnut designed on the unit principle

Blankets should be chosen for the rich fleeciness of their nap and their warmth and lightness rather than heaviness. There is also a blanket with a special cellular weave which retains in the fabric the warmth generated by the sleeper, and this is not only as light as anyone could desire, but exceptionally warm, too. Coloured blankets and sheets in the various pastel shades available are another attractive idea, especially from an artistic point of view, as they may be chosen to contribute to the general colour scheme of the bedroom.

PILLOWS, too, should be stuffed with pure down, and square pillows may well be included in addition to the familiar oblong ones. The former are an immense comfort when breakfasting in bed. For daytime wear the pillows should be given slips of coloured silk or taffeta.

Quite recently some new mattresses have been brought out which have an interior of cellular rubber latex instead of springs and hair or wool. These mattresses are extremely yielding and resilient, and their hygienic properties are shown by the fact that they are being used in hospitals. Every movement or pressure causes air to be forced through the body of the mattress, and hardness or lumpiness is impossible. Rubber latex is also being used for the interiors of upholstered lounge and sitting-room furniture. Armchairs and settees, as well as mattresses, are extremely comfortable when they possess a rubber filling, and there is no internal mechanism to get out of order.



SPACE-SAVING bedroom furniture of charm and practical ingenuity, in weathered sycamore and Australian walnut

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Do I want a good-looking car? Undoubtedly, but what constitutes good looks? I'd rather have a car whose lines people admired by a glance than one which they turned round to stare at. I want the spare wheel enclosed for ease of cleaning. And inside I want real, homely comfort—seats as near as possible to my favourite arm-chair, plenty of room for my head and legs, light and airiness and good, broad vision (I can't bear feeling 'boxed-up').

I'm afraid I'm not interested in the mechanical side. I'm an owner-driver not an owner-mechanic. Give me a car, therefore, that's fool-proof and weather-proof and time-proof and one that, by its unfailing dependability and low running costs, keeps me out of repair shops and cuts my garage bills down to the minimum.

I seem to be wanting a lot. But folk who've owned all sorts of makes tell me that there's only one car which is so up-to-date that it meets *all* my requirements—an Austin.

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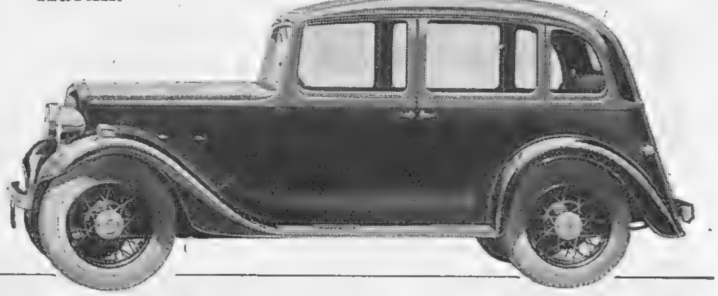

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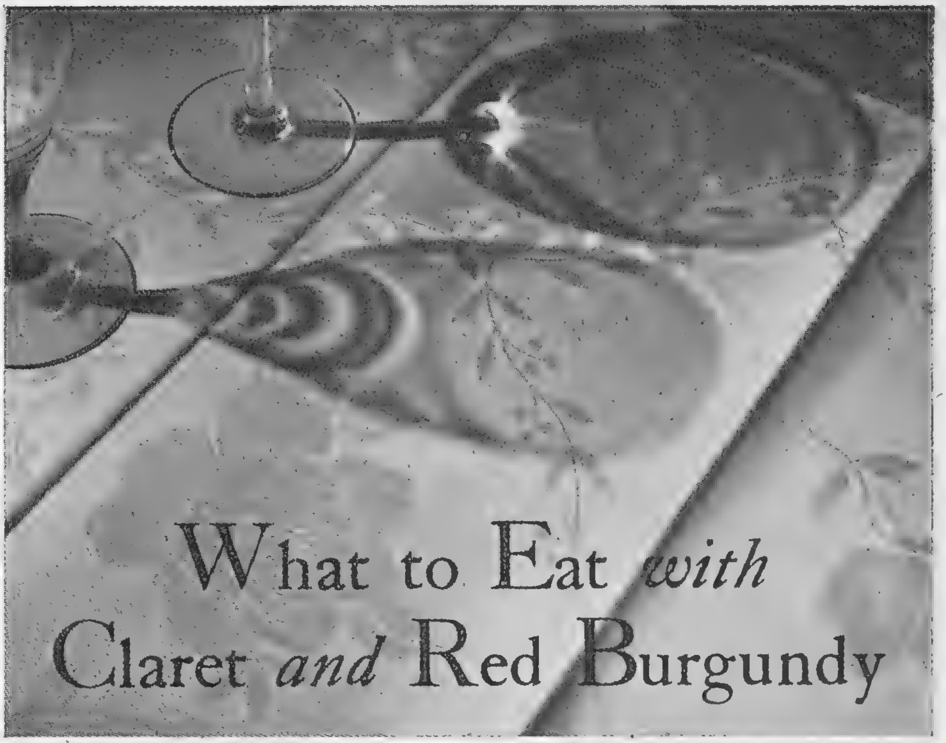

What to Eat *with* Claret *and* Red Burgundy

By G. BERNARD HUGHES

THERE is a great future for the one wine dinner—the simple, three-course meal, perfectly planned and cooked and served *au point*. One does not have to be wealthy to put on a judiciously planned dinner which even a connoisseur will approve. Meals "built around" the wine are wonderful for testing different kinds of wines and different years of the same wine. They are gastronomically more appreciated by the epicure and vinously more educational for the novice.

Claret and red Burgundy are particularly suited to this form of treatment. The menus outlined here permit a second sweet wine served with the dessert after the cheese. The happiest number of people for such a meal is between two and six.

Claret, the red wine of Bordeaux, is the traditional English name for Sascon wine, which was shipped for centuries from Bordeaux to Scotland. Claret was, according to the tradition of its admirers, the favourite of such diverse characters as the Black Prince, Madame de Pompadour, Darwin and Queen Victoria. The beautiful vineyards of Bordeaux lie around the châteaux in the feudal manner. Médoc produces in general the finest growths, though the red wines of Graves are wonderful, and the red wines of St. Emilion and Pomerol are highly prized.

Clarets are sensitive, feminine wines possessing a peculiarly limpid ruby colour, distinctive bouquet, and fine body. They are not as overwhelming as Burgundy, and consequently it is important that their delicacy and suavity should not be impaired by assertive food flavours.

Soup, either thick or thin, precedes the main course. The best soups, from the point of view of the wine to follow, are strong meats or chicken broths, warming but not filling for the stomach and stimulating to the appetite. *Pot au feu, poule au pot, croûte au pot, petite marmite*, have more richness and savour than other soups.

Consommés and bouillons are perfectly delicious if strong. Fish soups are out of the question before all red wines. The same story of a strong flavour served in an early course, killing more delicate flavours which are to follow in later courses, is true of many of the thick soups, such as mulligatawny, *bercy*, Palestine, *crécy*.

The best thick soups are those of discreet flavour like *potage à la reine*, giblet soup, *St. Germaine, crème d'asperges*, or essence of green peas or string beans prepared with chicken broth without milk. All are best when not made thick through addition of flour.

The second course, the entrée, is the clue to the dinner, for with it the wine is served. Nearly all meats are good with the exception of pork and ham, which are too strong. Meats bring out the taste of wine if they are simply roasted, grilled, baked or boiled and served *au jus* without the benefit of elaborate or bottled sauces.

Sour, fishy or wine sauces, particularly made with fortified wines, kill the delicacy of claret. White sauces are not suitable with red wine, and many of the rich brown gravy sauces are detrimental, particularly those used with chicken dishes. It is certainly unnecessary to go to the trouble of larding chicken or capon or turkey with *foie gras*, or boning it and frying it in butter or deep fat when you have a really good roaster in the kitchen. Serving it with sauces that contain strong spices and flavours is gilding the lily so far as claret is concerned.

André Simon cites with relish a certain young partridge with just the fat and blood that oozed out of its plump body as it cooked, served with a fine Château Ausone. Claret with game birds is perfectly delicious, especially in the autumn while the weather is still warm, and Burgundy too heating. Though many cannot afford or do not care to follow these gourmets' suggestions, the following have been gleaned from old menus :—

Château Ausone (above all with chicken)	*With chicken or partridge or guinea-fowl.*
Château Leoville (in fact, all the Leovilles)	
Château Branaire – Ducru	
Château Beychevelle	
Château Haut-Brion	*Pheasant, quail.*
Château Cheval Blanc	*Saddle of mutton.*
Château Mouton Rothschild	*Roast sirloin, fillet of beef with mushrooms, saddle of mutton.*
Château Latour	*Quail, braised beef.*

The only things in addition to starchy or fresh vegetables which should be served on the side are green olives or salted nuts. The olives are palate-cleansing and the nuts accentuate the flavour of wine.

Mushrooms and truffles improve the flavour of meat and have a flavour of their own which is excellent with claret. Asparagus is better hot than cold, because the melted butter, or the melted Parmesan and butter sauces served with hot asparagus are more suitable than the vinegar used in most cold sauces. Beans and peas are all right; though sometimes the peas are liable to be too sweet and so make claret taste sour. Celery, braised or

(*Continued on page* 102)

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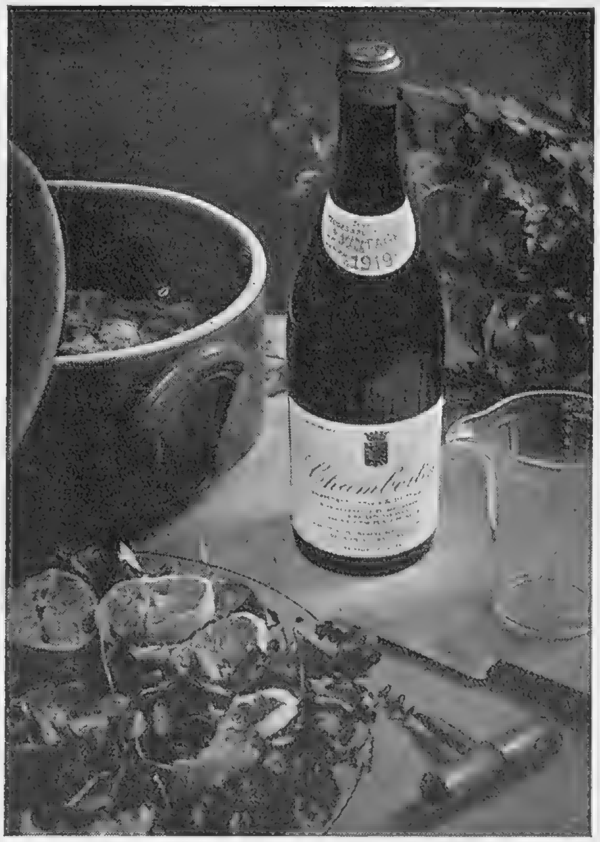

PHEASANT à la Sevilla and a cool salad will be appreciated more if Chambertin is drunk with it

otherwise, onions (if they are not too strong, are cooked *agrodolce* with vinegar), spinach and cooked lettuce are all possible. The starchy vegetables, including potatoes, rice and lentils, are naturally excellent.

Unfortunately the list of vegetables to avoid is far larger than those to serve. All the cabbage family, except possibly the delicate broccoli-cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts and seakale—have too pronounced a smell as well as taste. Beets, parsnips, turnips, and carrots are too sweet, Tomatoes are too acid. Jerusalem artichokes and vegetable marrow are too watery. Artichokes (what is better than stuffed *fonds d'artichauts ?*) are considered by some gourmets to be too heavy. But this is splitting hairs. Some people like salads with claret. Lemon should be used in the dressing instead of vinegar.

When a wine author approaches the subject of cheeses, he bursts with pæans of joy. Cheese is the touchstone of wine, the "drunkard's biscuit." No wine dinner is complete without it. The stronger the cheese, the stronger the wine should be. Only occasionally one happens upon a really brutal cheese. Something like Gruyère is best with claret, or Port du Salut, Brie, or Dutch Gouda—but there are many others. Camembert is a general favourite. With the cheese serve bread from long loaves in the French manner, or dry, warmed, but unbuttered biscuits. Cream cheeses, *petits suisses*, and curds are unsuitable with red wine

The vineyards of Burgundy, tradition says, have been cultivated ever since the time of the Romans. The Dukes of Burgundy down to the time of Charles the Bold grew their grapes and made their wine on the same choice middle slopes of that ridge of hills called the Côte d'Or which produces the finest wines to-day. The aspect of the country is very different from Bordeaux. Here is a veritable viticultural democracy, with the vineyards parcelled out among a host of different owners with innumerable small holdings. (Chambertin with twenty-seven hectares has twenty-five proprietors.) The great red growths come from the Côte d'Or Département, which extends from Dijon to Macon, and the greatest of these from the line of hills of the same name.

The magnificent and full-bodied red wine of the slopes of Gold has been described as the wine of kings and the king of wines; as generous, brave and pithy as the heroic temper of the French people. Burgundy is richer and more massive than claret, and, as far as food is concerned, it is less delicate. It seems to demand red meat, game and cheese to set it off to the best advantage. (*Continued on page* 104)

COLOURED glass is always gay, and a table laid with red and green Venetian glass is particularly attractive

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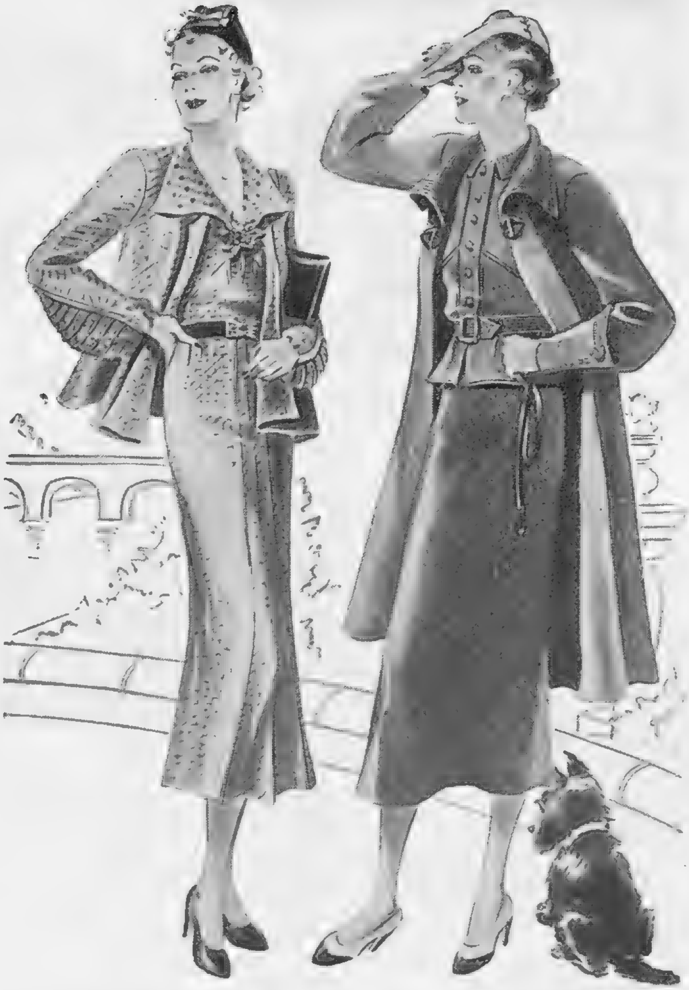

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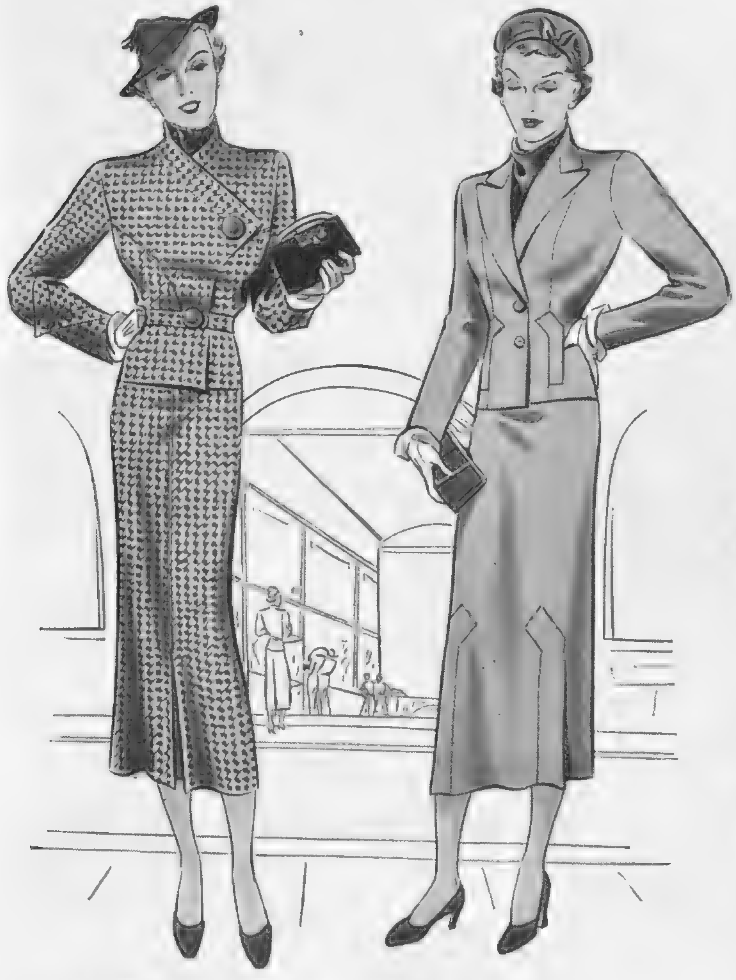

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The same soups, served before claret, can be served before red Burgundy—strong fowl and meat broths or *consommés doubles*. Green turtle should certainly be added to the thin soups. Nothing is more marvellous than the flavour of green turtle soup as a prelude to a rich wine. Among the thick soups, Burgundy will stand heavier, more distinctive flavours than claret: Cheureuse, giblet soup, of course, crème berchoux, coudé pompadour, forestière, are suggestions. A brown mushroom soup, made with consommé and meat glaze added to the cooked chopped mushrooms, is a variation from the frequently served cream of mushrooms.

Suggested Menus for Claret Dinners

I

	Soup	*Pot au Feu*
Serve claret with these	*Roast*	*Gigot braisé aux fèves (leg of lamb braised with broad beans)*
		Asparagus tips with butter sauce
	Cheese	*Gruyére* *Camembert*

II

	Soup	*Consommé julienne*
Serve claret with these	*Roast*	*Tournedos of beef served on a bed of chopped cooked mushrooms*
		Stuffed potatoes
	Cheese	*Bel Paese* *Gouda*
Sauternes	*Dessert (if wanted)*	*Strawberries and pineapple, cut up, with not much sugar*

Burgundy will stand richer sauces than claret; but the classic dishes with it are game and game birds of every description, and all red meats. A bird that is beautifully browned and sizzling, but not overdone, a roast that crackles outside and is pink and running where the knife cuts, will create the right mood and supply the background. Brown gravies, even rich ones, do not interfere seriously with so powerful a wine as red Burgundy. Nevertheless, they are far from being a *sine qua non* as an accompaniment.

An experiment was made on two succeeding nights in the most famous restaurant of Dijon with Bonnes Mares 1919: On the first night *coq au vin* was ordered, and on the second, at the sommelier's instigation, a simple but very thick and perfect Chateaubriand steak. There was no comparison in the difference in the taste of the wine the second night. The inimitable and succulent sauce of the *coq au vin* had precluded full enjoyment of a wonderful wine. An ordinary wine would have been a far better choice with it.

Venison is good roasted or in steaks with red wine. Venison stew has the same difficulties, as far as wine is concerned, as *coq au vin*—it is rich and spicy and has wine in it.

Hare is a classic dish, either roast or jugged. Grouse and partridge are best when plainest, but pheasant can be stuffed with truffles, mushrooms or minced game. Pheasant is a fine, meaty bird and a good accompaniment to wine.

Wild duck is very good if care is taken not to overcook it. Serve it with rice, but with the currant jelly omitted. Tame duck is really better for ordinary wines, because it demands a wine of much fortitude and aggressiveness if it is served in its better incarnation, such as *à l'orange aux navets*, or in a salmi.

Roast beef, all kinds of steaks, tournedos, filet of beef rolled and tied in one piece, or in the form of filets mignons, are all excellent. The following suggestions all emanate from epicures. They are given here not as rules but because they have been actually served with great success:—

Chambertin	*Pheasant* *Woodcock*
Musigny	*Saddle of lamb and mushrooms,* *Snipe, woodcock, wild duck*
Clos Vouget	*Porterhouse steak*
Romanée	*Roast pheasant* *Haunch of venison*
Beaune	*Venison* *Roast hare*
Volnay	*Venison*
Pommard	*Cold paté* *Terrines*

One writer mentions a Burgundy dinner at which Corton, Clos du Roi, Morey Clos du Tart, and a Clos Vouget were all drunk with a *selle d'agneau mireille*—followed by 1868 Romanée with woodcock.

The same principles that apply to claret apply to Burgundy in respect to vegetables. The stronger cheeses can be brought out to advantage when you are drinking Burgundy. Among these are red or white Cheshire, Cheddar, Stilton, Roquefort, Wensleydale, Gorgonzola, Liederkranz and some of the Swedish cheeses, Brie, Camembert, and Pont l'Evêque,

"Fritz Kreisler's Children"

IN the February issue of *Britannia & Eve* (in an article on "Women Behind Famous Men," by Harold A. Albert), it was incorrectly stated that Fritz Kreisler had eleven children. The famous violinist has, in fact, *no* children, although he has befriended many poor children in his own country. The author of the article, together with the Editor, desires to apologise and to express regret for any confusion that may have occurred.

Suggested Menus for Burgundy Dinners

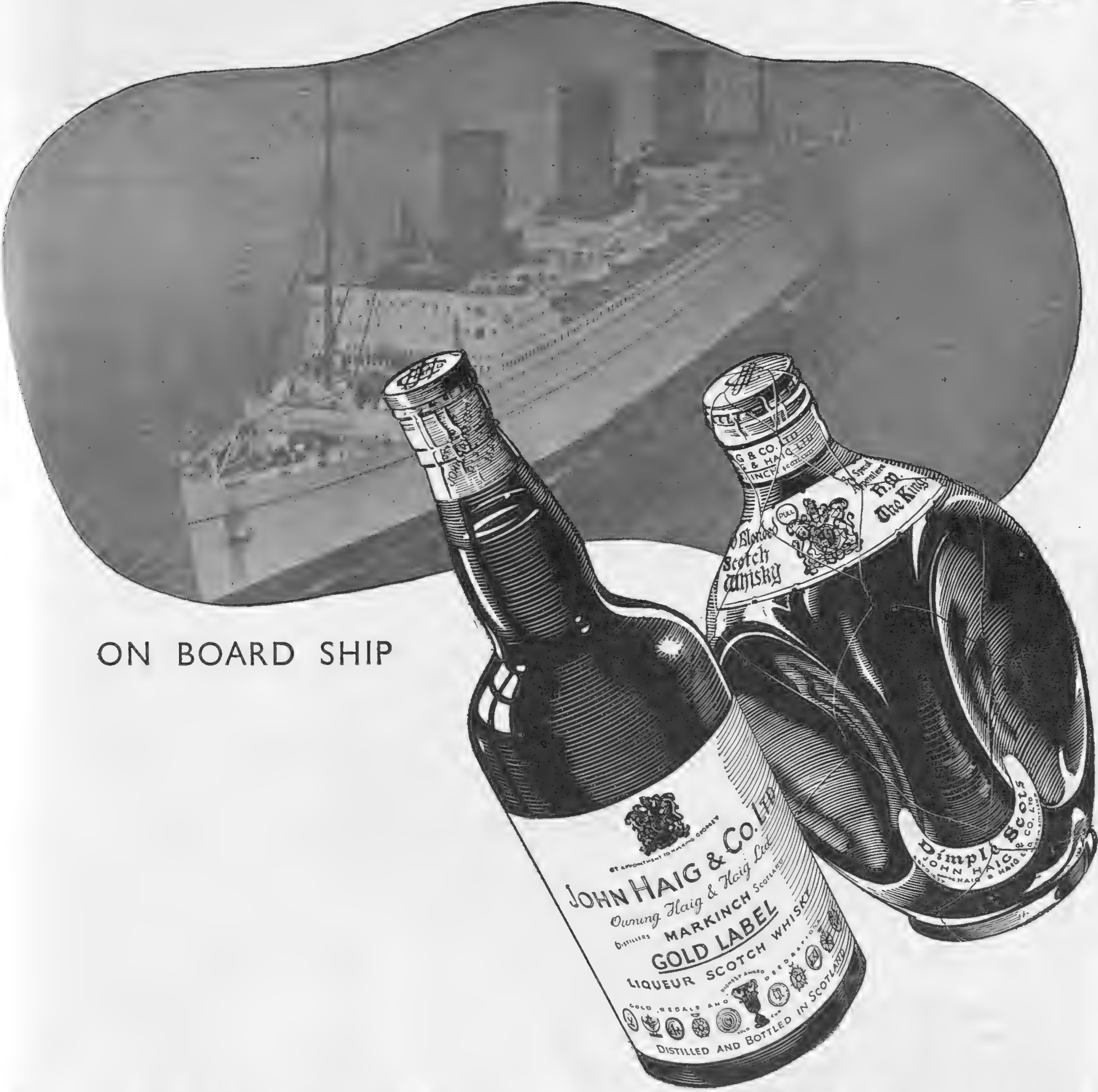
I

	Soup	*Green turtle*
Serve Burgundy with these	*Roast*	*Wild duck au jus* *Rice* *Braised celery*
	Cheese	*Gorgonzola* *Fromage de la Trappe*

II

	Soup	*Crême Pompadour (lentil soup)*
Serve Burgundy with these	*Roast*	*Haunch of venison* *Eggplant stuffed with mushrooms*
	Cheese	*Stilton* *Port du Salut*
Château Yquem or fine Sauterne	*Dessert*	*Soufflé aux ananes*

DON'T BE VAGUE—
ASK FOR Haig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AS A WOMAN SOWS—

As a woman sows so shall she reap—and if in youth she sows seeds of neglect as far as beauty is concerned she reaps a harvest in middle-age that is not at all to her liking. If you are young and lovely to-day, take heed of the morrow. That fresh, flawless complexion, those golden locks, that slim youthful figure—do not allow them to fade with the years.

KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION YOUTHFUL.—If you want to keep middle-age at bay, defy wrinkles and crow's feet, then do not wait until they appear. Make it a nightly task to apply Mercolized Wax to face and neck. This oxygenated wax will remove the outworn tissue that ages the face, keeping it ever fresh and youthful. You can snap your fingers at Old Father Time if you adopt the wax treatment. Many famous beauties owe their youthful skins to this treatment. Get an ounce or two from your chemist to try. A brief ten-day trial will suffice to convince you that it is all that is claimed for it.

TREATMENT IN TIME.—If you suffer from a slight growth of superfluous hair on mouth or chin, do not neglect it, for as the years pass the growth will strengthen and become an unsightly blemish. Take it in time, and remove those unwanted hairs in the modern way. All you need is half an ounce of Sipolite from your chemist. Mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water, and apply to the unwanted hairs. As the paste dries they will shrivel away, leaving the skin velvet-smooth, unblemished. Sipolite retards re-growth, too.

KEEP ON THE GOLD STANDARD.—Too many blondes bemoan the fact that their hair darkens as time goes on—yet they could keep on the gold standard if they used discrimination in the choice of a shampoo. If your hair is fading, try a Stallax shampoo. Just a teaspoonful of the little golden granules dissolved in a cup of hot water suffices for a shampoo, making Stallax inexpensive in use. And afterwards! Just see how your hair responds to this beauty treatment! Permanent waves set better, natural curls ripple with new beauty, and even the straightest locks can be coaxed to a hint of curl. Stallax makes the most neglected tresses return to lustrous loveliness, gleaming with lights and shades.

LOVELY LASHES.—Lovely eyes should be framed with lovely lashes—but so often nondescript brows and lashes rob their owner of beauty. Just try brushing them with Mennaline night and morning—and see how they respond! Not only does Mennaline stimulate new growth, making lashes lustrous and luxuriant, but it enhances the colour, too.

WHERE ROSES BLOOM.—Here's a make-up tip for those of you who have pale cheeks that need a touch of colour. Instead of dabbling with different shades of rouge do let me urge you to try Colliandum. Pinch your cheeks first to see where the natural colour should come, then apply Colliandum in its place. The result is a natural bloom that defies detection—the colour deepens in a warm room as would your natural colour—and it suits blondes and brunettes alike. You can get it from your chemist in powder or compact form.

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Droitwich brine is an inexhaustible supply of clear water that is pumped from 200 feet below the surface of the town. The brine is almost sterile and possesses antiseptic properties. It is one of the most potent waters known, holding more than 30 per cent. natural salt, and is ten times stronger than ordinary sea water. The waters of several Continental Spas are similar to Droitwich brine, but not as concentrated or potent.

It is impossible to reproduce Droitwich brine artificially. There are two reasons for this: the extreme potency of the brine and its radio-activity. To recreate the same saline density you would have to dissolve three pounds of salt in every gallon of fresh water, which is impracticable, because of the difficulty in making this quantity of water absorb so much salt. But what is more important, the evaporation of the brine in the manufacture of salt destroys the radio-activity, and this cannot be reproduced artificially.

One thing which Droitwich Spa definitely avoids is dullness of any sort or kind. It brings firstly to sufferers with severe forms of rheumatism, hope, which is very shortly turned into fulfilment, and having recovered from this crippling ailment visitors to Droitwich find plenty to do in the way of sport and recreations.

The hotels of Droitwich are as varied as they are attractive. Whether you prefer the most modern luxury and efficiency, the quaintness of an old rambling manor house, or something vaguely in between, you will find the hotel of your choice with ease.

And in prices, too, they range from the terms of a really exclusive hotel down to the most moderate. In almost every case the hotels are set in their own gardens—anything from a small flower garden to a beautifully laid out park of 120 acres. And in every case the hotels are within a few minutes of the Brine Baths.

The water supply comes direct from the nearby Lickey Hills. It is not hard and is free from lime (a great consideration for rheumatic patients) and is one of the purest water supplies in England.

Furthermore, Droitwich lies on the borders of England's most golden scenes. A few miles eastward is the Forest of Arden, south is the glory of Worcester, the crags of Malvern and the pastoral Cotswold Hills. Westward the Wye flows down through deep woods and river meadows to Tintern Abbey and the sea. It would be hard to name another place so rich in natural benefits, so steeped in comfort and peace, so surrounded by beauty.

How to Grow New Eyelashes

(*Continued from page 51*)

eye-bath. Then a milk eye-bath. Close and open the lids in an eyeglassful of milk. Dab the milk dry on the outside. Next, take a rag dipped in the boracic lotion and pass it over the eye-balls. Do this several times to make quite certain no milk is left in the eye, or it will inflame the eye-ball.

THURSDAY. *Morning.* An extra long boracic lotion eye-bath. Follow Tuesday's routine.

FRIDAY. Follow Monday's routine.

SATURDAY. Follow Wednesday's routine.

SUNDAY. Follow Tuesday's routine.

* * *

Nothing is quite such a quick lash-grower as milk, providing you are very careful about the eye-bathing. Have two eye-cups, one specially for the lotions.

After the fortnight's treatment give the eyes a week's complete rest, except for brushing, bathing and applying eye-shadow. Then start again. You will want to.

One last hint.

How often do you fall asleep frowning heavily, hard in thought? Don't do it. Those lines never come out.

Each night, just as you are feeling drowsy, remember to pass the third and forefinger of each hand firmly across either lid from nose to temple, and then from the frown-point out across your eyebrows. Compose your eyes for sleep and you will wake without care-marks.

You won't need to check up on results after three weeks. Your friends will do that for you.

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Blondel in Fez

(*Continued from page 35*)

by law, but no edict could enfranchise thousands who, economically, were still in bondage.

And then there was the Place of Sanctuary, opposite the tomb of Moulay Idriss. Centuries ago, they buried him in the centre of Fez, and, in memory of him, put right near his burial place a Sanctuary. There, you could stare in through the open door. Several men sat inside waiting for their daily food.

A flight from the city. A rushing of feet, escape from an avenger. Escape from justice. Durbett could picture that. Yes, if once that Place of Sanctuary could be reached, there a criminal stayed for six months and then, unless he were a murderer, could go free. And, if he were a murderer, there he stayed for life, fed only by his friends outside.

No, when you write of Asia, or you put Africa on your easel, you can only write down or paint a little bit. Native life goes on. Civilisation is baffled when it meets the Barbarism of another age.

That Shereeff who sold leather goods—he was descended from Mahomet, and so was a Shereeff. The great people of the earth visited his store, when they came to Fez. He showed you their autographs—Lyautey, Petain. . . . He did not bargain, like the others. He stated his price. His calfskin goods were soft to the touch, almost like velvet. Children helped to make them. The old people helped. Each family copied an old pattern handed down in the family from generation to generation.

Your women folk could visit his home, centuries old and yet with a wireless in the courtyard. His wives received your women. He sent his goods all over the world. Five times a day, he knelt in prayer, as did all Fez. He symbolised the Past. Yet he traded with the Present.

BAFFLED, Durbett went back to his hotel there, the Jamais Palais, where what was once a harem was now shown to tourists. He heard, on the wireless, dance music from Toulouse, a rumba from Madrid, an orchestra playing a symphony in Berlin, and from London the war news from Abyssinia. White civilisation and Negrodom were still at war. Europe and Africa were still in conflict. Neither could understand the other. So now, instead of the spears and the sabres used in the wars of another age, there was poison gas and tanks, and aeroplanes poured down murder from the skies. . . .

Yet, when a tango came across the air, French officers, now the masters of Fez, danced in the dining-room with their women. They danced a two-step in the ancient city, with arabesques on the walls and waiters who came from Paris.

Who was the old man in the corner? English, perhaps. . . . He looked it. He came in to meals, usually ate without zest for food, stared at the tablecloth, seemed apart.

Durbett watched him often, when he dined or lunched. Yes, he was English. There was a cut about the clothes that gave it away. He seemed placid. He did not make a fuss about things, like Frenchmen, or complain, as did the dollar-sounding tourists from the States.

"What is he doing in Fez?" thought Durbett.

People stayed a day or two, at the most. There was nothing to sell, unless you were French. Then you stayed in the French city, outside the walls. The officers belonged there. They came here merely to dance for a change.

Here was another mystery, the sort of thing a European could write, the contrast of the white man and the brown and the black, something you could tell in English words.

And then a police official explained. Durbett had invited him to dine.

"Come into my Fez," Durbett had said. "You have shown me yours and Lyautey's—the railroad buildings, the great new roads, the power station."

When the police officer began, Durbett forgot the mystery of Fez. In a moment, he was to sense it all again.

"He came to me three months ago," said the policeman. "He's looking for his daughter. She's gone. Why do people write about the sheiks, the romance of the East, Arab mystery? Why do women find, in a burnous, something attractive? We have had people like him before. His daughter came to Fez last winter. She hired a guide, smooth-spoken, black-eyed. And now she has gone. Somewhere down in Fez, she is living with a Moor. They do these things. She is not the first."

Somewhere down there in the city, beneath where the storks flew, under the flat roofs, lost in all that tortuousness, yes, wearing a yashmak perhaps, like some Moorish woman. In native dress certainly. . . . Durbett could guess all that.

Then, looking across the room, he peered into the mind of the man who sat there, eating, saying nothing, just eating, staring at his plate.

"We told him we could do little," the policeman was saying. "We made inquiries. We have Moors in our pay, of course. You English have a phrase, 'a needle in a haystack.' That woman is like that. Just a woman in white somewhere. Infatuated still, no doubt. But what of her future?"

Durbett could guess what the future might be. There are no divorce courts in Fez. He knew that. A simple renunciation of a wife in the presence of two witnesses, and that was the end of her. And then, if she had no friends, she was an outcast. And without a knowledge of Arabic, where could she go?

Durbett shivered as he thought of all the subjection he had seen.

"The old man is calmer now," the policeman was saying. "He came into my room and stormed. He cried like a baby. He knelt down. He screamed at me. 'Find my daughter,' he yelled. He still waits. But what for? And he says he'll go on waiting."

Durbett thought, as he heard, of the Red Light district . . . the guards at the gateway with rifles. . . . the book the native soldiers had to sign when they entered. . . . streets of women standing outside their houses, pawing the men who passed, leering, making obscene jokes.

Once in there, no woman could come out. In her youth she was a plaything, "a daughter of joy." What a mockery that phrase was! In middle age she became a drudge, and, as the years passed, a thing of pity.

"We did our best," the police official was going on. "But you can walk past all those blank white walls, you know, and inside—well, anything can be happening."

"Walls," thought Durbett. "Miles and miles of walls. Secrets behind them. Cruelty in there. Love often, no doubt. But a world of kingship for men. Just slavedom for women."

"What does the old man do?" he asked.

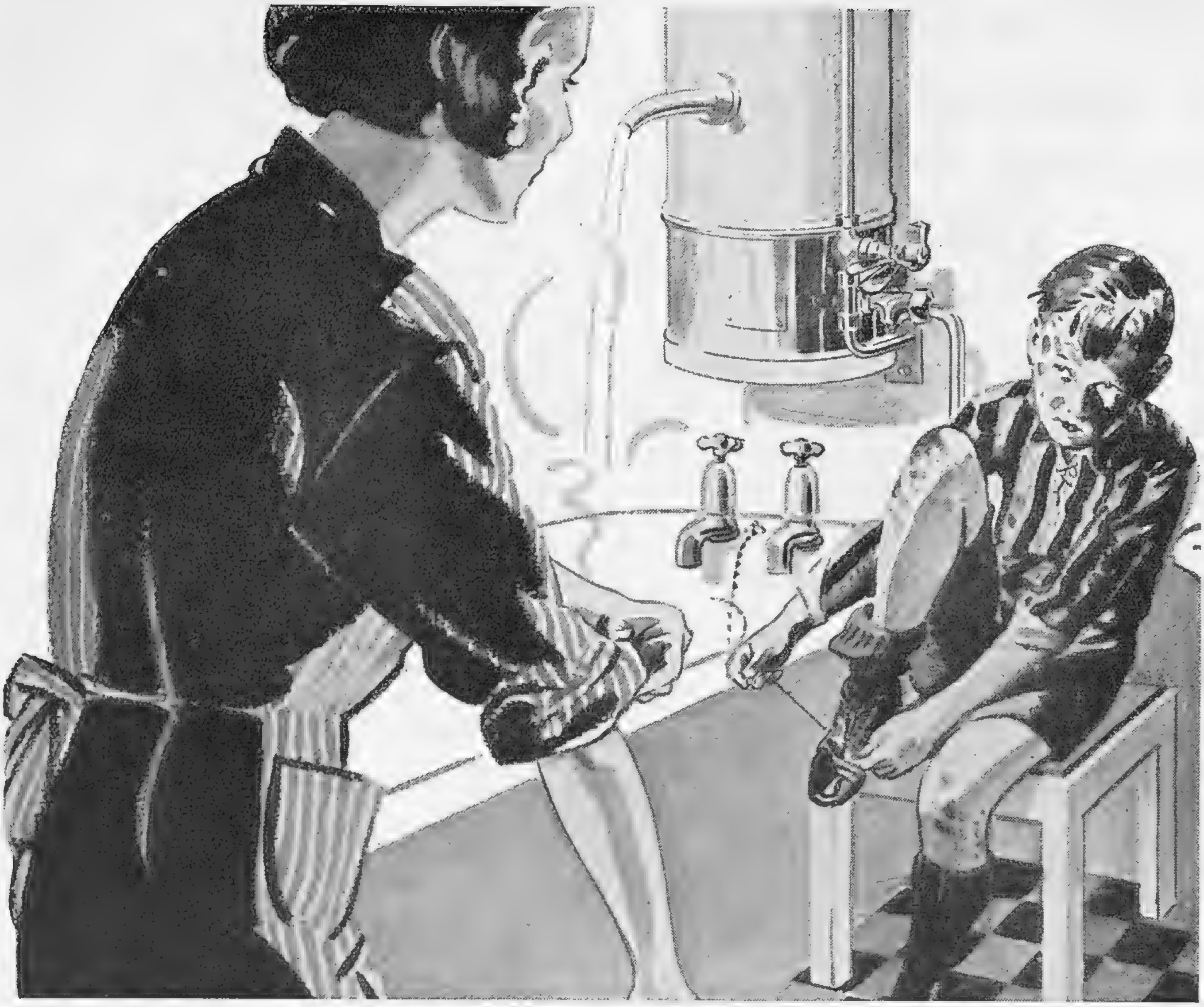
"How can I tell?" was all he heard. "We made a search, did what we could, and that was the end of it. He waits on here, week after week. At Tangier, they have had several fathers like him. Tunis and Algiers could tell similar stories. It is all this sheik business, the silly novels and the stupid films."

And then the old man went out. Where? To his room? He would not stay there all day. . . .

Durbett stayed on in Fez. He watched furtively an old man at meals, an old man who just sat there and spoke to nobody. But always, when the meal was over, he wandered off.

Then, one day, he saw him going out. Carefully he followed him, to the French city three miles

(*Continued on page 110*)



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away, to a small villa. He waited. No European came out. Someone in a burnous left the villa. Durbett, hiding himself, still waited. An hour or two later, a man in a burnous returned.

The next day Durbett bought a burnous himself, left dinner early, changed in his room, dodged down the staircase and, in the courtyard, walked through the hole in the city wall—the hole made so that motor cars could enter and drive to the hotel.

There he waited. And soon the old man came out. Durbett, merely a native now, in white like thousands of others, followed.

The old man walked to the villa. Durbett went after him boldly in his robe. And then, when a man in a burnous came out, Durbett followed. The burnous went along the road towards the ancient city. Durbett was near.

The burnous passed through the crumbling walls, centuries old. Another burnous—Durbett—was its shadow. It went through the broad space, inside.

It went into a wide street, and then passed into one of the narrow courtyards, became part of the tortuousness. . . . And still Durbett was the shadow, following, just a Moor. . . .

Suddenly, London came to Durbett's ears. He heard a tune that he knew so well—"Two Lovely Black Eyes." He had heard Charles Coborn sing it. Millions of Britishers all over the world had known it by heart for years.

"Two lovely black eyes,
Oh, what a surprise!
Simply for telling a man he was wrong,
Two lovely black eyes."

Fez was still white walls. Moors in white robes passed on. Now and then one turned because of the strangeness of the sound, and then idly went on again.

Some madman, no doubt. Madmen are semi-sacred in Morocco. No one knew what the sound meant. No one understood a word. The tune seemed strange, but that was all.

DURBETT could lose himself in Fez. But he could not lose the figure in front of him, white-clad though it was, just like all the other white-robed figures. For still he heard "Two lovely black eyes, . . . Oh, what a surprise."

Time after time he heard it, mile after mile. Round corners he followed the tune. It went past date-shops that were closing. The sellers went on shutting their tiny stores.

It sounded in the Street of the Shoemakers, where a city's shoes were all sold close together.

It twisted. It turned. And still it went on. Loudly, the tune sounded in the night.

Durbett guessed the old man was singing so that his daughter could hear. Just as, centuries before, Blondel had sung his way through Europe, outside castle walls, in search of Lion-Heart, his master, chanting his lays through country after country; so to-day, in Fez, here was a modern Blondel.

Hour after hour Durbett followed the strange sound. The lights became dimmer as, one by one, the shops closed. And then all was mystery.

Durbett followed "Two Lovely Black Eyes" out of the city. It was now his guide. The old man had learned his way through Fez. . . .

Outside the walls went the old man's steps. He walked to the villa from which, in white robes, he had come. Outside, still in his white robes, Durbett watched. And soon the old man he had seen lunching, back in his London clothes now, came from the villa and went back to the hotel.

Day after day, night after night, in the morning after breakfast, through the afternoon, when he had lunched, and, after dinner, in the dark, three times a day, Durbett changed his clothes. He had told the hotel manager, by now, that he was "going native for a lark." He could not creep out every day unknown.

Every time he walked behind a European to the villa, and every time he followed, from the villa, a Moor. And, in some city narrowness or other, he heard coming from white robes in front of him, for hours, Charles Coborn's old song.

King Edward had sung it. King George had sung it. His son, too, had heard it at dinners, and joined in, and in messrooms right around the globe. It went back to the days of Marie Lloyd and Gene Stratton. In the old Oxford and the Tivoli it had become, when chorused, a raucousness. Here it was a plaint, a love song. A father, by means of song, searching for a daughter who, somewhere in a secret city, was hiding, perhaps even from herself.

The old man's searching had become, by now, Durbett's searching, too. Day after day he followed. Week after week he went, as did the old man, on a pilgrimage three times a day. And yet, at meal times, they never spoke.

A quarter of a million Moors. Thousands and thousands of secret dwelling-places behind blank white walls. Palaces, hovels. slums. Great wealth. Great poverty.

Centuries before, the Prophet had told his followers to have no outward adornment. So they all wore the same white robes. Sometimes they covered splendour underneath, sometimes filth. And, as the white robes covered all sorts of things, so did the white walls, miles and miles of them.

IT was a cry out of the night. It came suddenly. Durbett had waited for it for weeks.

"It must come one day," he had said to himself, "some night perhaps. It must be heard. Heard, it must be answered."

"Father!" he heard. "Father!"

The song stopped. A woman rushed out from a narrow doorway to the man who had been singing.

"Father!" he heard again. "Father!"

Then "My darling!" was sobbed. "My darling."

This time, Durbett followed two figures outside the city walls. . . .

DURBETT, conscious of a job well done, went out to dinner. He had written a story. No, it was not altered to Delhi this time. And it was not Bagdad. Nor was it Marrakesh. It was Fez—Fez and its mystery. For no city was as mysterious as Fez.

You could not look down, elsewhere, on all these flat roofs, and dream of the cruelty underneath and a dead world still alive. Where else could you put the drama of a man who searched for his daughter, a man who, month after month, sang a music-hall song and found her?

Durbett went into the Savoy's grill-room. He liked to watch, there, the actresses, acting as they ate. They did better acting at supper than they could do upon the stage.

Young authors copying down silly remarks on menu cards, for use in plays and books. Business men planning a deal. Gossip writers. All that, too, he always felt, was a secret world, public though it was. For there were secrets behind the publicity that no one ever wrote. They whispered them. . . .

He ordered his supper. He ate. He drank wine. He smoked.

Just then an old man came in. He was with a woman.

Durbett gave a start. So they were back, back in London, back home again!

They were passing his table. Then, the old man started. Something forced him to stop.

"How are you?" he said to Durbett. "I know your face so well. I could not help speaking."

Durbett, standing, waited.

"This is my daughter," said the old man, proudly.

"I met your father in Fez," explained Durbett.

Again he waited.

"Fez!" echoed the girl. "How interesting! It must be a strange place, all mystery, all romance. I should love to go there, one day!"

And she passed on with her father. They sat down to eat. . . .

Hand Drums

(*Continued from page* 33)

grew briefer, more laboured, until it became inescapable that neither man cared a hoot in hell what they were talking about.

Old man Carlson suddenly heaved his big figure to its feet and crossed to the window, looked out, then opened the door and lastly glanced to the living quarters of the cable station.

"No, Althea ain't here. She's gone swimming," said Ahrens shortly. "What's on your mind, Hjalmar? Get it off your chest in a hurry. I—I've got somethin' I want to ask you."

Deliberately old man Carlson returned to the rocker, pulled out a shapeless black pipe and, while the office of the cable station became strangely silent, loaded it with preposterous care. This done he stuck the pipe in his mouth, immediately pulled it out again, and leaned forward, his flat red face—he never seemed to tan—out-thrust. Suddenly old man Carlson's lips parted to display a sad array of broken and yellowed teeth and he began to talk in halting, guarded accents.

"In Vellington last month Ay met a man—he said he knew you. His name vass Leonard—A. J. Leonard."

"Yes, I know him. A. J. Leonard happens to be my boss."

"Yess, yess." Old man Carlson's round head inclined several times and he stared fixedly at the scoured red tiled floor. "Yess," he said, "he knows you. Vell, Jake, he vants you should do him a favour."

The cable operator's thin eyebrows met in a single sharp line. Something about old man Carlson's manner made him uneasy.

"I'll be glad to oblige him, provided it's an honest matter. My family's always stood for honesty."

Old man Carlson's bloodshot, blue eyes narrowed and the pink tip of his tongue wetted his lips. "Yess, Ay know that, Jake, Ay know that."

A brief silence fell in which the subdued thunder of the surf on the distant barrier reefs sounded monotonously. "You vould like to do Mr. Leonard a favour, no?"

"Of course. Any man likes to stand in with his boss. What is this favour?"

Instead of replying, old man Carlson pulled out a box of matches and, gripping the match stick, which looked very tiny between his stubby, calloused fingers, he struck a light.

"And it's a favour to me, too, Jake," he added. "There's money in it for us both. You know Ay've——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ahrens. "I'll never forget."

BOTH men were thinking of one turbulent day some sixteen years gone, when Hjalmar Carlson had risked the boilers of his ship, his job and life, in running through half a typhoon in search of a doctor to help Mariana Ahrens bring Althea into a wind-lashed world.

"Well?" Pulses quickening a little with an unidentified premonition, Ahrens eyed the big man who seemed to overflow even the green rocker's ample seat.

"It ain'dt much, this favour," went on old man Carlson deliberately, "but it means a thousand for me and a thousand for you."

Jake Ahrens went a little pale as he stiffened in the cane-bottomed chair and stared at the speaker. "A—a thousand dollars!" he stammered. "God! A thousand dollars, a thousand dollars!" The words echoed and re-echoed through his brain. No more Nukuno! "I'd do a lot for a thousand dollars now," he said jerkily. "I'll do anything—anything honest, Hjalmar!"

Old man Carlson threw away the stump of his unused match. "Now listen, Jake," he began. "This favour ain'dt much, it'll take you less than a minute and, Jake, Ay need the money—need it bad. 'Ay got to take up my share in the *Santa Anna* this trip, or else——" Large and blond-haired tattooed hands were flung out with an air of unmistakable finality. "Freights ain'dt so good these days, Jake, not so good."

(*Continued on page* 112)

Is your neck line your age line?

ELIZABETH ARDEN says

"It need not be!"

SO many women take excellent care of their complexions but neglect the neck that first reveals the signs of age. Even young women have old-looking necks . . . tired and crêpey from neglect. Elizabeth Arden earnestly advises you to give your neck the same attention that you give your face. Every single night follow these directions to the letter. First cleanse the face and neck thoroughly with Venetian Cleansing Cream and Skin Tonic. Follow by a good kneading with Venetian Special Astringent to tighten the skin and firm the contour. Then pat in Orange Skin Food mixed with Muscle Oil to stimulate and tighten flabby muscles. If your neck is lined or thin use rich Adona Cream instead, to smooth out hollows and wrinkles . . . if your chin muscles are relaxed and droopy, be generous with the Muscle Oil. Three times a week use Velva Cream Masque for tightening and smoothing the skin.

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THE MANAGING DIRECTOR SEES THE FILM...
ROTTEN! THE WHOLE THING'S DEAD. SLEEPY. NO VITALITY NO SPARKLE. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GRAYSON'S WORK LATELY?
DID YOU HEAR THAT? AND WHAT'S MORE, THE OLD BOY'S RIGHT! NOTHING I DO THESE DAYS COMES OFF. I GUESS I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THIS BUSINESS BEFORE I'M SHOT OUT
ROT, GRAYSON! THERE'S NOT A DIRECTOR IN THE COUNTRY TO TOUCH YOU. BIT UNDER WEATHER – THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE. WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR?
BUT I SLEEP LIKE A LOG, DOCTOR
YES I KNOW – BUT THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING. YOU SEE – EVEN WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP YOU STILL USE UP ENERGY AND IF YOU DON'T REPLACE IT – 'NIGHT-STARVATION'. YOU TRY HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT AT BEDTIME
AND SO...
LET ME HAVE MY HORLICK'S NOW, MRS. WATT'S – I THINK I'LL TURN IN FOR AN EARLY NIGHT
THREE MONTHS LATER
THIS NEW PICTURE'S GOING TO BE A BOX OFFICE RIOT. IT'S GOT EVERYTHING. EVERY INCH OF IT'S DYNAMITE. GRAYSON'S DOING THE JOB OF HIS LIFE
YES – THE SOONER WE GET HIM SIGNED UP ON THAT LONG CONTRACT THE BETTER. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A MAN LIKE GRAYSON

HAS YOUR WORK LOST PUNCH?

Tired before you start — apathetic about your work — woolly-headed and unable to concentrate — are these your symptoms too? Probably you are suffering from "Night-Starvation." Remember that the mere act of sleeping uses up energy which must be replaced. If it is not replaced you wake up tired, your work and your happiness suffer.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation" — it replaces burnt-up energy while you sleep. You wake up with new reserves of vitality and power. Horlick's is very economical — the milk is already in it. Just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

Small eyes looking very blue in the flat red expanse of face, Captain Hjalmar Carlson looked up anxiously and beheld Ahrens's white-clad figure sitting rigid; how prominently his Indian-like cheek-bones shone in that hot glare beating through the glassless window.

"You need money, too," he hurried on. "Ay know. They told me in Vellington vot happened to your stock shares. You must have lost a lot of money, Jake."

"Yes, I did lose a lot of money."

"And there's the little girl."

"Yes, there's Althea, but I ain't going to do anything crooked."

OLD man Carlson hesitated and blinked, not wholly discouraged. Did Jake Ahrens for once sound as though he did not mean what he was saying? Carlson suddenly began talking very fast.

"Look here, Jake, here iss the proposition. There iss in the United States vun big man—so you would understand easy I vill call him Mr. W.—Leonard says Mr. W. iss a very rich man, owns lots of companies, but he ain'dt got no more heart than—than——" Old man Carlson. momentarily at a loss, glanced out of the window and, grunting in satisfaction, pointed to a tiny black triangle cruising smoothly along through the sapphire water a few yards from the surf line—"than that tiger shark out there."

"Well, Hjalmar, get on with it," Jake Ahrens said stonily, as though he didn't want to.

"This Mr. W. vanted to buy still more companies, so Mr. Leonard said. To raise money he give for security ranches he owns in New Zealand. But things yoost now have not gone vell with this Mr. W. and his creditors have cabled out to learn the value of his holdings. If they good——" old man Carlson leaned forward and fixed his host with the well gnawed rubber mouthpiece of his pipe—"if they good," he repeated, "then they extend his note. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"And if they bad, then they foreclose and Mr. W. and all his companies go into bankruptcy."

"Where does Leonard stand in on this?"

The sea captain in dirty white ducks sighed, pulled out a blue bandanna and mopped the red expanse of his brow.

"He has much moneys in companies that'll clean up if Mr. W. goes broke."

"Oh, I get it. Well, what do you want me to do?"

Old man Carlson sighed. "That's good, Jake, good. Ay had hoped you vould be reasonable."

"I haven't promised yet."

"Vell, here it iss. Mr. Leonard vants you should intercept that report from New Zealand, vhen it iss sent here for relay to America."

"I see. And then?"

Ahrens's grey eyes wandered off to an array of gleaming instruments, bulbs and wire fittings filling the far end of the cable office. Presently they returned to search the sea captain's heavy red features.

"Vhen that message comes through," continued the old man Carlson, and the sweat began to bead his shiny red forehead, "Mr. Leonard vants you should throw it away. Instead you vill send vhat iss in here."

From inside his frayed white uniform coat the *Santa Anna's* captain pulled forth a crisp white envelope which bore no heading nor mark of any kind.

"I see." Ahrens's erect, white figure suddenly seemed to lose its starch and he sagged forward, eyes on his white canvas shoes. "He wants me to send a false message. Is that it?"

"Oh, it ain'dt so bad as all that."

"But it is." Ancestors, long buried on bleak New England hillsides, forbade equivocation.

"It ain'dt much, iss it now, Jake?" How pathetically anxious was old man Carlson.

"It's a lot," cried Ahrens so breathlessly he had to fight to get out his next words.

"I won't do it. We've always been honest in my family——"

A dull flush climbed into the sea captain's wind-reddened features. "Don't be vun big fool," he rumbled. "You don't earn that much in ten month's work. You need that thousand, Jake."

Ahrens's shoulders seemed to sway under invisible blows. "But I won't," he said obstinately, "I won't."

"Vhat iss this Mr. W. to you?" demanded old man Carlson. "He's yoost another rich feller back in the States. He's got plenty of money no matter vhat happens. Come on, Jake, don't be a damn fool—Ay——" Old man Carlson broke off suddenly for there came the light patter of feet and Althea appeared in the doorway, dripping, laughing, and with her coppery hair floating over her slender shoulders like a lustrous gonfalon.

"Yess, and aboard iss a nice Dutch lady. My cousin said——"

"Well——" cut in Ahrens while the whole white-washed office whirled about his head. "Well, Hjalmar, I—I——"

"You vill?"

"I'll think it over. Come here at quarter of nine and," he added grimly, "bring the envelope and that thousand dollars."

THE sun had vanished with that abruptness peculiar to the tropics and, like a relieving sentry, a great throbbing moon appeared over the Pacific. Then Jake Ahrens beheld the white outline of old man Carlson's square figure advancing from the wharf. Beyond him the lights of the *Santa Anna* blinked drowsily.

Funny, mused Jake, Hjalmar always walked with that little rolling motion. He wondered briefly what was going on in Hjalmar's head. Certainly not one fraction of the doubt which still racked him so viciously. By his sides the cable operator's bony brown hands opened and shut convulsively when old man Carlson's cigar came straight towards him, all the time winking like a giant firefly. Now he had passed the clump of cocoa palms standing like graceful pillars to mark the upper edge of the beach, now he had actually put foot to the cable station's walk.

Stifled, Ahrens stepped out of doors, gazed up at the hot, diamantine stars and drew several deep breaths. It was a trick he had when seeking to master himself. He had done it that day when he stood up to hear his sentence.

"Hello, Jake. Nice night, ain'dt it? Bill McKechnie vass saying he iss about finished loading. Ve vill pull out at dawn."

The voice sounded entirely calm and untroubled, but when the sea captain drew nearer, Ahrens read the poignant anxiety in those flat, red features. Moreover, old man Carlson was tugging nervously at that tobacco-stained yellow moustache, of his. He glanced about in silent inquiry.

"It's all right," Ahrens informed his guest, "I sent Althea over to dance at old Arorai's. She won't be back until ten."

"To pack?" quickly demanded Carlson.

Ahrens only half stifled a groan. "I—I——" he began uncertainly.

Old man Carlson pitched his cigar stub on to the stand. "Look here," he said hoarsely, "fine notions iss all very vell, but don't forget this, Mr. Leonard has only to say a vord and there'll be a new operator on Nanomea. You know that."

"Oh shut up!" snarled the gaunt man in white. "Don't you think I know that?"

"Vell, then, vhat's biting you?"

From beyond the palms floated a sensuous obligato of rhythmically throbbing hand drums mingled with plaintive melodies sung by Arorai's guests. Over there Althea probably was dancing as only Althea could. Paradoxically enough, she, the foreigner, could out-dance any of the laughing brown maidens of Nanomea and, in a certain shamefaced way, Ahrens was proud of her triumphs. But when he thought of Althea's mother, what she would have thought of such dances—his long jaw shut with a click.

"You're right, Hjalmar," he said as though each word were (*Continued on page* 114)

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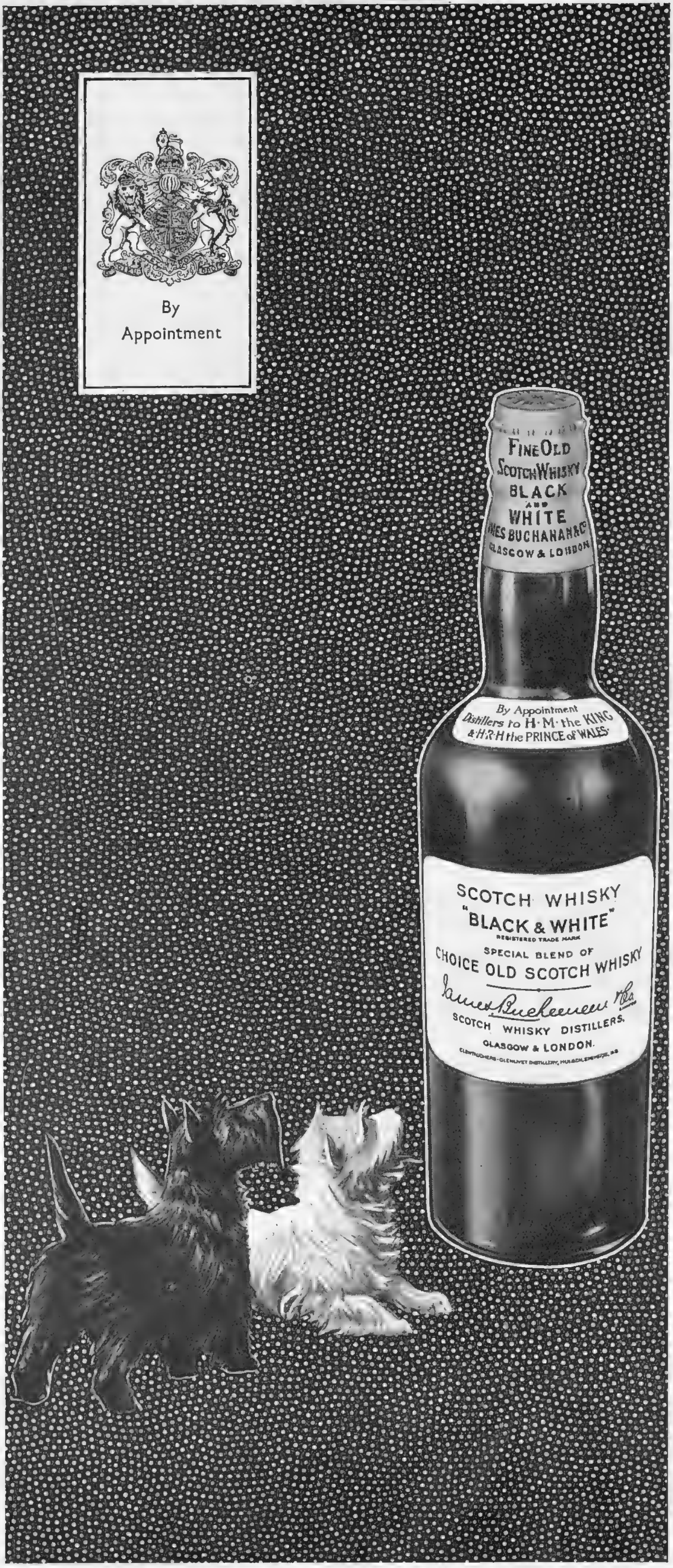

dragged out by a windlass, "I'm a fool, a damned fool."

A penetrating silence followed, then the cable operator turned and walked indoors, his rope-soled shoes scuffing softly over the red-tiled floor. After him stumbled old man Carlson, grinning nervously and tugging at his yellow walrus moustache.

Faster than those hand drums in the distance, throbbed Jake Ahrens's heart. He wondered if right now he wasn't feeling some of those sensations experienced by a felon who leaves the condemned cell for execution.

"Death!" He shuddered. Well, it was death of a sort, death of principles, the death of self respect; yet he felt quite calm when he sat down at the instrument board and threw over various switches. It was good to have made the decision. At his elbow stood old man Carlson with the apparatus lights minutely reflected in his slightly rheumy blue eyes.

With a sudden gesture, Ahrens snapped on the electro magnet dynamo and a gentle humming sound pervaded the cable station. Unseeingly, he studied the little ink-wheel poised ready above a narrow strip of paper which travelled between the instrument's two reels. How often had he seen that ink-wheel whirl and spin, flicking down the dots and dashes. Mechanically, he checked the tape to see that the perforations were squarely over the cogs in the control wheel.

HE drew a deep breath. "It's hot," he muttered and glanced up nervously. Old man Carlson was standing over him, sweating also; tiny beads shone bright on his broad red forehead and his eyes looked bluer and rounder than ever.

The mechanism emitted a tiny, premonitory buzz. Jake Ahrens whirled, his eyes riveted on the tape; it had begun to move. The wheel commenced to spin and Ahrens's thin lips fluttered as he silently read the first few letters.

"Iss that it?" growled old man Carlson, one sausage-like forefinger levelled at the busy wheel.

"No, it's only a news item—something about an election in the States."

Save for the steady humming of the dynamo and the throb of those distant hand drums, silence reigned. Then all at once Ahrens leaned forward. "Here it is—'To the Banker's Credit Corporation, New York City.'"

Swiftly the operator's fingers jotted down the message. "Investigation Wanganui ranches completed. Property well above estimated value. Other holdings——" Ahrens's eyes flickered from tape to scratch pad and back again, "excellent condition. Fully recommend Lucius B. Williams' property."

With a strangled cry, Ahrens leaped up, his chair crashing noisily to the tiles.

"What's the matter?" cried old man Carlson, flinging up a warding hand.

But Jake Ahrens never heard him; he stood staring with terrible intensity at the blank wall in front of him while the tape, marked with innumerable little black dots, slid smoothly, relentlessly on.

"Lucius B. Williams!" he muttered hoarsely. Before his mind's eye was materialising a scene not dimmed by the passage of twenty years. To the last detail he could see again a dingy little court room, a mere boy, pale and quivering, in the dock and crying in dreadful earnestness—"I had nothing to do with it! Even if the money is missing, I know nothing about it. My family has been honest for two hundred years." He could recall every line on the tired sympathetic face of old Judge McCormick. But most clearly of all, he could see the hard, young features of Lucius B. Williams. Ever so clearly he could hear the accuser's voice, cold as a grinding of an ice floe. So Mr. W. was Lucius Williams!

"The circumstances prove that Ahrens was in the office at that time. Every bit of evidence points to him as the guilty party. I demand that he be made an example!"

At the memory of Williams's savage perseverance in building up his disastrously convincing net of evidence, Ahrens's face flamed a mahogany red. In a word, his conviction had been entirely the work of his implacable employer.

Seemingly from a vast distance came the dull hum of the dynamo and old man Carlson's thick voice. "You gone crazy, Jake ?"

Numbly, the cable operator's head swayed. "No," he said, and drew a deep breath. "I had my best chance twenty years ago. Where's that envelope ?"

With precise, unimpassioned movements, he stooped, righted the chair and sat down again. But for all his assumed calm new, harsh lines travelled from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth, as he briefly transcribed the rest of the report from Wellington.

"Here iss the message you must send instead." Old man Carlson held out that crisp white envelope which contained a death warrant for Lucius B. Williams's fortune.

The ripping paper made a harsh, snarling sound as Ahrens tore off the end of the envelope. He blew into it and plucked forth a single sheet of foolscap.

He inched his chair a foot to the right where the sounding key glistened brazenly. Like a great puzzled bear, the sea captain stood watching. With brisk decisive movements Ahrens snapped-to a number of switches then flattened the false message and read it over. It said: "Holdings Lucius B. Williams in very poor condition. Find estimated worth much in excess of actual cash value. Giddings and Co."

"You'll send it ?" Old man Carlson almost panted the question as he shuffled forward, his eyes fixed on the black rubber key beneath Ahrens's forefinger.

The cable operator drew a deep breath, raised his colourless head and glanced directly before him ; yonder a faded photograph of a young man and a young woman in long out-moded clothes looked forth from a sandalwood frame. How very much the girl's eyes resembled Althea's. Over the key his sunburnt finger hovered uncertainty. In his brain a vast maelstrom of emotions commenced to whirl.

"Vell, Jake," hoarsely demanded the sea captain behind him, "Ain'dt you going to send it ?"

ONCE more Ahrens filled his lungs, then his forefinger commenced to tap out the message.

When he had finished, he slumped forward, rested his elbows on the sending desk and buried his face between long brown fingers that quivered violently. A puff of wind came in through the window and blew the loose sheet of paper to the floor, where it rustled softly ; then old man Carlson sighed, picked it up, then reaching forward, patted the bent, white clad figure clumsily.

"Good boy," he rumbled, "Ay knew you vould. Here's the thousand."

He laid ten crisp hundred dollar bills on the desk beside the instrument, but Jake Ahrens moved not at all.

"Come," the sea captain spoke with forced jocularity, "come on, now ve go get Althea and help her pack."

"Althea !" The word was almost strangled in its enunciation, then Ahrens lifted a blanched and tragic face. "Althea's not going," he said dully.

"Vhat ? You changed your mind ?"

"No, no, Hjalmar. Take the money, I—I—didn't earn it."

"Vhat ?" Old man Carlson staggered as though a bullet had struck him. "Vhat, *you didn't send Mr. Leonard's message ?*"

"No," the words were hardly more than a whisper, "I—I sent the right message. We Ahrenses have always been honest——" He broke off, the bewildered reproach in Hjalmar Carlson's blue eyes being quite unbearable. The big man just stood looking, looking at the bent white figure.

"You've lost me my ship, Jake," he muttered, and then without another word turned on his heel and stumbled out.

Louder swelled the (*Continued on page* 116)

DO THESE STEPS DO ANYTHING OR ARE THEY THERE FOR FUN?

You can play about with the head of a golf club as much as you like—you can weight it, file it, shape it—until it's as good as the head on a Guinness, but it will still not be a good club if the shaft is not right. There's no life in a head, there's no life in a grip, but there's all the life you'll ever need in a TRUE TEMPER SHAFT. Run a True Temper Shaft through your fingers. Feel those steps? Do they do anything or are they there for fun? They do a whole lot—they give you drive, snap, distance; they are, in fact, the *steps* to better golf. If you must know why, read the reasons below, or, better still, ask your pro. He knows why True Temper Shafts will improve your game.

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GRAPE JUICE
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rumble of those hand drums beyond the palms, higher swung the honey-coloured moon and the soft diapason thunder of the surf on the outer beach droned on and on.

At the end of the copra wharf sat old man Carlson, looking with hopeless eyes upon the ship he had lost. In the tile and coral block cable station, Jake Ahrens was stonily receiving messages from San Francisco, for relay to New Zealand.

His brain buzzed. Stock market reports. Who in hell cared about stock market reports? Damn the stock market anyway! That was what had caused the whole trouble. If Aztec Steel hadn't gone off ten points he wouldn't have lost that thousand dollars.

Mechanically, his eye translated a report. "Credit information from New Zealand just received persuaded creditors to extend Lucius Williams further credit aid. Share values in Williams-controlled companies jumped as follows: American Copper Ore up twenty; Green Bay Smelting up fifteen; Aztec Steel——" Jake Ahrens clutched the edge of the desk and his body swayed as though shaken by invisible blows. "Aztec Steel up *twenty-seven and a half*!"

A moment he stared incredulously at the series of dots and dashes, then whirled, dashed out of the door and pounded headlong down the moonlit beach towards the wharf.

"Hjalmar!" His breath halted. The big sea captain's dejected figure had vanished from the end of the pier. An icy wave of fear engulfed him.

"Hjalmar!" Where was he? Jake shuddered when a streak of phosphorus betrayed the passage of a long grey body and a triangular black fin.

"Hjalmar!" Louder rang Ahrens's cry. Shaken with a strange dread he rushed forward. Voices sounded out of sight below the end of the pier and he heard the dull clunk of oars in their rowlocks.

"Ja?"

An overwhelming wave of relief came to still that frantic fear. "Hjalmar! I—I—Wait! You won't lose the *Santa Anna*! The Aztec Steel's up twenty-seven—I've got money—a lot of money. I just heard."

"Ja?" In the stern of the *Santa Anna's* battered little tender old man Carlson raised a flat, amazed face; the moon caught it and dyed it a deep orange. "Vhat you say?"

"Your Mr. W. owned the Aztec. Come ashore and I'll tell you."

Come ashore old man Carlson did and, when Ahrens had finished, the *Santa Anna's* master only uttered a throaty laugh before turning heavily back towards that boat which bobbed beside the landing stage.

"Hey! Where you going, Hjalmar?"

"Ay think Ay go out and fix up that cabin for you an' Althea," chuckled old man Carlson.

"Me?"

"Sure. You always wanted to go to sea. Ay sell you half interest in the *Santa Anna*, no?"

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 49)

Their lances curved and broke, the splinters shooting through the air.

Meanwhile, millions of arrows were falling on the Crusaders of the centre, making a noise like hailstones on the wooden shields which they held like a huge roof above their heads. Richard knew that such a lavish expenditure of ammunition would not last for long, and he waited until the arrows were exhausted. By that time both flanks had been smashed and were retreating in disorder. Then, without further delay, he secured the strap of his battle-axe on to his powerful wrist and, shouting out the order to charge, he stuck his spurs in the ribs of his impatient steed. Even if Faunelle had possessed wings he could not have darted forward with more speed and elasticity. He was immediately followed by a cavalcade of the most valiant knights. Their horses, instinctively following the example set by Faunelle, kept up the pace and bore the superb group, with their banners flying, right into the midst of the Saracens.

Richard was formidable! His heavy battle-axe swung right and left with a quick, regular movement, describing a figure eight through the air. Everything within his reach fell mutilated and broken.

In their accounts of his deeds of valour all the historians are carried beyond the limits of the possible, yet, even making due allowance for the exaggeration that belongs to legend, it remains true that Richard must have been a man for whom ordinary words are too small in their meaning.

It is not unfitting to describe this as the climax of Richard's life, the final episode in which he may be seen, as a giant, in his proper element and against the background most appropriate to him.

The Saracens had no time to recover from their first shock, and despite their superior number could not stand against the mailclad Crusaders. They retreated, leaving seven thousand dead on the field.

Subsequently at Jaffa, in a minor engagement, Richard had the sorrow of seeing his beloved charger Faunelle prostrate and dying from wounds received in battle. And at this point the history of the Crusades gets lost in an endless mass of trivialities and intrigues; each one small enough in itself, but all of them together strong enough to bring about the disintegration of the whole body which was to carry out the great task. But it was the defection of a large part of the army, right in sight of Jerusalem, together with the havoc that Richard's brother John was playing in England, that finally decided the English king to suggest a truce.

He met personally the great Saladin, and the feeling of respect and admiration that they felt for each other was such that Richard often said afterwards how much he would have appreciated it if, instead of Philip, he had had an ally as strong and brave as Saladin.

A truce was established without difficulty. Hostilities were to cease for three years, three months, three weeks, three days and three hours. The gates of Jerusalem were to be open to any Christian pilgrimage, and Saladin once more gave proof of his high sense of honour by respecting every condition to the letter.

Richard knew very well that the King of France could not be relied upon. In fact, as soon as Philip reached Rome, he went to the Pope with a request that His Holiness should release him from the oath he had given to Richard. However, he met with a refusal.

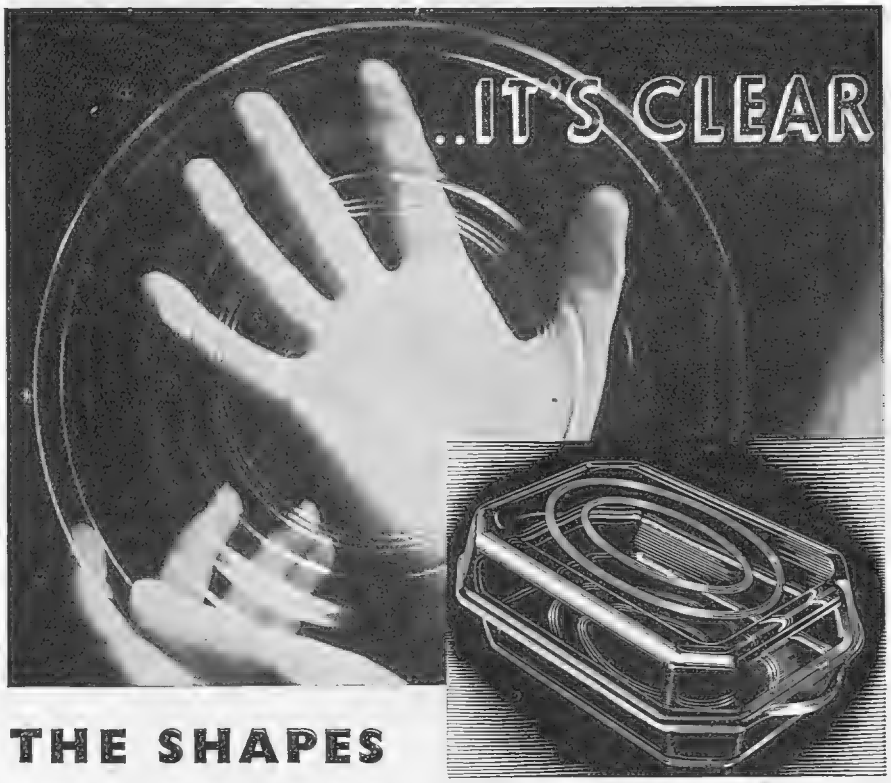
Richard decided to avoid France and to return to his own country by way of Vienna. A storm had scattered his fleet, but the vessel with Berengaria on board had arrived safely at Naples, from whence Berengaria proceeded northwards by land.

Travelling incognito, followed only by a page and one friend, Richard disguised himself as a Templar, bent on the business of his order. He sailed round the heel of Italy and then along the Adriatic. On the way his ship was sighted by Greek pirates, who, far from knowing against whom they were pitted, attacked in their usual manner. We need not dwell on the details of this encounter. Let it suffice to say that a little later the pirates were all at Richard's service, and that he had preferred the more secure vessel belonging to the attackers for the "humble Templar" to continue his journey in.

At Zara, in Dalmatia, the Templar landed safely, and took the name of Hugh the Merchant. It was the first time in his life that our hero had assumed a disguise and attempted to pass without being recognised, and indeed, he behaved like a real amateur. Unaware that since returning to his own country the Archduke of Austria had never ceased to keep himself informed of his movements, Richard failed to take any of those precautions that were rendered particularly necessary by the fact that he was now passing through the country of his old enemy.

In a village near Vienna the luxurious way in which his page was dressed attracted attention. He was (*Continued on page* 118)

Look, this **NEW OVEN GLASS** *is much better . . .*



THE SHAPES *are better too—more* CONVENIENT *for cooking. They were designed by* ELIZABETH CRAIG *and look much nicer on the table. The beautifully* POLISHED *surface makes them so easy to clean. And they are unconditionally* GUARANTEED *You can get them locally.*

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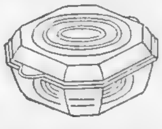
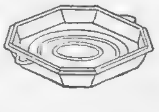
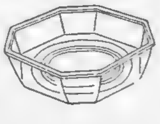

1. *Complete with lid, this is an ideal casserole dish.*


2. *The lid can be used for cooking & serving vegetables.*


3. *The base makes an excellent pie or pudding dish.*

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KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, quickly restores the sparkle and attractiveness of *natural* whiteness to your teeth.

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followed and watched, and a few days later was found to have, stuck in his belt, a pair of embroidered gloves such as were then worn only by kings and princes. Arrested and tortured, the boy could not endure the wrenching of his muscles, and, crying out with agony, he named the place where Richard was hiding. A strong patrol was sent to the small, inconspicuous house covered with snow. With the soldiers went an officer who had fought with the Crusaders and who knew Richard by sight. As soon as he saw Hugh the Merchant he shouted: "It is he, seize him!"

In the writings of Bernard le Tresorier, and in the chronicles of Guizot, Richard is described as being found in a kitchen turning the spit, while others say that he was asleep. All are agreed, however, that he did not give his would-be captors the time or chance to touch him, and that single-handed he kept them all at bay, saying he would surrender only to a superior officer. And there they stayed, Richard on his guard and the soldiers not daring to move one step forward until the Archduke of Austria arrived himself. To him Richard peacefully surrendered his sword, and soon over the hills a little group of soldiers disappeared towards an unknown destination, taking with them one of the strongest and boldest men that Europe had ever produced.

The news of Richard's arrest spread far and wide, but no one knew where he was.

Meanwhile, in Italy, Berengaria, with the characteristic anxiety of a woman in love, was terribly alarmed by a strange incident that befell her. A jewelled belt was offered to her for sale, and she recognised it as belonging to Richard. After three months the mystery was still unsolved, and at this point history makes way for a very romantic tale, so romantic that it seems more like a legend.

A certain knight called Blondel, a troubadour who had faithfully accompanied Richard up the Adriatic, made up his mind to find the King by singing a melody that he and Richard had once composed, and under the walls of every castle prison or fortification in the land he was heard insistently singing this same tune. One day he came to a castle called La Ténébreuse, and he had not started the second stanza when a voice which he recognised as that of Richard took up the song. With all the speed possible at that time he brought the news of his discovery to England.

For thirteen months, the man born to conquer the world had been confined within the narrow limits of a dungeon, and the constant noise of dragging chains measured the restlessness of the giant who bore them. An exorbitant ransom was paid for his liberation, and towards the end of January, 1194, England succeeded in opening the gate and setting free its Lion. The Archduke Leopold of Austria, in spite of having received two-thirds of the ransom money, changed his mind and ordered the rearrest of Richard. However, he was too late, for Richard had already passed the frontier.

After his liberation, Richard lived only five years, five years that would have been normal in the life of a normal King, but which seem strangely insignificant when attributed to such a man of iron as he was. Insignificant also was the incident that caused his death; a wound in the shoulder that through the stupidity of the doctor turned to gangrene. Yet even then Richard gave evidence of his sportsmanlike nature. He demanded to see the man who had aimed the fatal arrow, and on hearing that it had not been unintentional he forgave him, after which he closed his eyes and resigned himself to the untimely fate that had overtaken him. And untimely indeed it was, since he was only forty-two when he died.

With his death it seems as if he had reached the end of only the first volume of his life. Had he lived, his bravery coupled with the maturity of intellect that can only be acquired with time would assuredly have completed for history one of the most remarkable figures that ever romance adorned and the pride of a nation cherished.

Prodigal Son

(*Continued from page 27*)

knew Paris, she knew life, as one knows the palm of one's hand. Years ago he had pawned his good English suitcase, but he had nothing to pack that wouldn't go into his pockets. And Simone would be all right—no doubt about it. One didn't have to worry about that kind.

VALENTINE walked up from the station. He took a short cut through fields where he had learned to ride. It had rained in the night, but the morning was fine and clouds like fluffy white toys were floating across a sky of mild cerulean blue. He opened a field gate and was on his father's land. There was the row of elms he could see from his bedroom window. There was the mossy roof of the lodge, and the white paddock railings.

He crossed the paddock. A bay cob, bright as a horse-chestnut, was grazing by the neat hedgerow. It threw up its handsome head and looked at him, slewed round and cantered to the railings. A girl in a white dress came through the French window of the drawing-room. With her hand shading her eyes, she looked towards him. He was still too far off to distinguish her features, but from her pose and the shining hair he recognised his sister, Pauline.

She watched him for a moment, then disappeared into the house. Buttercups flipped against his shabby shoes and left on the toes a dust of golden pollen. He opened the paddock gate and went slowly across the lawn to the French window.

His mother was writing at the Queen Anne table near the window. She dipped her gold nib in the silver inkpot and wrote on cream-laid vellum. Probably she was writing that she enclosed a cheque for a bill that had come in only yesterday, or else that the roses were wonderful this year, to her sister, Lady Cantover.

He shuffled his feet on the gravel and when she looked up he said, " Hullo, Mother."

Mrs. Deverell laid her hand on her bosom of blue and white spotted foulard.

" Valentine ! "

Oh, how clean and sweet and lovely she looked in blue and white, with her white hair waving back to a knot on her neck that was still swan-like ! She was daintiness personified as she sat there in the window with her pale room smelling of flowers behind her. He hesitated, as he might have hesitated, wearing dirty boots on that fastidious threshold.

" Father said I could come back—when I regained my senses."

" Valentine, my darling, you're welcome."

She kissed him. Her cheek was soft and smooth and smelled of roses.

" Val, you look tired."

" I'm ten years older."

" You've come for good ? "

" Yes. I'm through with painting."

" Oh, I'm so glad. Val, I must call your father. Sit down and rest, dear. I won't be a minute."

He sat down in a chair covered with glazed chintz-rosebuds tied with blue ribbons on a white ground. Heavens ! it was clean and the room so quiet ! There was nothing to hear but birds singing.

Pauline came to the window. She had been sixteen when he had left home, but she had changed very little. She was tall and fair with candid grey eyes. Her bare arms were honey-brown from wrists to shoulders. He had time to think of her as the type of young English womanhood, the outdoor girl, clean, frank and innocent.

She said, " Is it Valentine ? "

" Yes. The black sheep. Clever of you to remember."

" You've changed a bit."

" More than a bit ! " He laughed harshly. " You haven't."

" I must have. I was only a kid of sixteen when you went off to Paris. Gosh, what a dust-up there was ! I can't say I blame you. Hallo, here come the parents."

(*Continued on page 120*)

"You're the busy woman's best friend, Jane Seymour!"

" I'm going to ask you a riddle," said a client who came to my Salon. " How can a woman who works keep that ' fresh-from-the-mirror ' look all day ? My face shines like an apple half an hour after I get to the office. It looks *so* untidy ! Now what's the answer ? "

" That's easy ! " I said. " Pay more attention to your powder. And use a foundation cream. From the look of your skin, I can see you never do."

" I'm afraid that's true," she said.

" You see," I said, " every type of skin needs its own weight of powder, and special powder base—just as it needs its own creams and lotions. That's why I make my powder in two weights—a light one, called ' Dry-skin,' for the ' dries,' which should be used with a foundation of Petal Cream ; and a heavier one, called ' Greaskin,' for the ' oilies '—with its companion foundation of Petal Lotion. Your skin needs the last two. Try them—and I'll guarantee you'll keep matt and well-groomed as a gardenia, without ' running repairs ' the whole day ! "

A week or so later she took the trouble to ring me and say how delighted she was !

You can get all these preparations at any smart shop—and do remember they mean salvation from shininess at parties, too ! My book " Speaking Frankly " will give you the correct " before-make-up " treatment. It's free from the same shop or direct from me at my Salon, Jane Seymour Ltd., 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, London, W. 1. Mayfair 3712.

Jane Seymour
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

'I wish I could keep my skin as nice as yours'

Jill was having dinner with May, who lived at a fashionable Girls' Club. She looked round the room, and rather furtively dabbed more powder over the spot on her chin.

"You people give me an inferiority complex," she said, "I've never seen so many marvellous complexions. How on earth do you manage it, May?"

May laughed. "You'll get a surprise when I tell you," she said, "but it's all due to Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Most of us take it every morning."

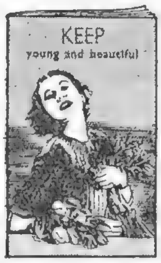
"But what on earth has Eno got to do with one's skin?" said Jill.

"Oh, just everything!" said May. "A bad complexion usually means you've been neglecting yourself—at least so a doctor told one of the girls here. He put her on to Eno with such marvellous results that we all got converted."

"Well, I never thought of beauty treatment in that light before!" said Jill. "My skin's a nightmare to me! I'm going to try your Eno."

How she blesses the day she did! For, as happens in so many cases, her spots and blemishes were due to nothing but a lack of inner cleanliness. She'd let her system grow sluggish, and needed Eno to wake it up. Now, day by day, Eno washes away all poisons before they have time to do harm. Her skin, fed by pure, clean blood, is flawless. In herself, she feels a different girl.

If you want to have a lovely complexion—keep clean inside. Take Eno every morning. It forms no habit. Its action is perfectly natural. It contains no harsh aperients. Begin the day with a sparkling glass—and keep your skin like roses and cream.



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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

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Colonel Deverell came in first.

"Valentine! So you've come back at last! And," he added, making haste to consolidate his position, "your mother tells me you've given up your idea of painting."

He was holding out a hearty hand. Decent of him. Valentine took it.

"I got tired of the life."

"I thought you would. I thought you would," said his father. "Only I didn't think you'd stick it out so long. Blood will tell, my boy. Blood will tell."

Yes, that was it, thought Valentine, when they had suggested that he should wash and he was lying blissfully up to the neck in hot rose-scented water. That was it: your brain might rebel but your blood was faithful—always—to the traditions in which you had been bred. Oh, you could talk of art, prove how it sprang angelic from the morass of shame and squalor, but what, after all, was the loveliest canvas compared with this quiet house standing among its meadows, the unobtrusive idealism of his father's life, the beautiful candid girl, Pauline, and the *grande dame* who was his mother? Emerging at last from his bath and dressing himself in clean silk underclothes belonging to his brother, he saw on the pale green enamel the black line left by his bathwater and said to himself, "There's the last of Paris."

THE day passed quietly and pleasantly. He walked round the garden with his mother, discussed possible jobs with his father, visited the stable with Pauline. His brother, Maurice, was expected for dinner and he was half disappointed and half relieved when a telephone message came through to explain that Maurice was detained by business in town. Maurice, his mother had told him, was working so well. He wasn't brilliant, perhaps, but he was steady. "Depends on what you call brilliant," said the Colonel. "Even with the shipping trade in the state it's in, he's getting a decent salary and there's been more than a hint of promotion." In fact, Valentine gathered, Maurice was everything that his elder brother had failed to be.

After an excellent four-course dinner, the Colonel found his place in *Fifty Years in Afghanistan* and closed his eyes, and Mrs. Deverell and Pauline gave Valentine the news of the neighbourhood. Joan Talbot wasn't married. The Coghills? "Oh, dear," said Mrs. Deverell, "poor Lady Coghill . . . that dreadful Sir Edmund . . . of course, there's a great deal of unpleasant talk."

"Don't they get on?" asked Valentine, lazily remembering Lady Coghill, a faded, ailing creature. Mrs. Deverell snipped a thread. "One doesn't care to think of it, much less speak of it. Your father and I have always set our faces against gossip. But there's some wretched girl or other . . ." So it went on until Pauline said that she would take the dogs for a run before bedtime.

"I'll come too," said Valentine.

Pauline said, "Oh, no. Don't bother, please."

"But I'd like to."

Pauline said, "You look much too tired. I'm only going up to the top meadow," and before he could reply she had whistled to the dogs and vanished through the French window.

"Dear Pauline, so fond of the dear dogs," said Mrs. Deverell.

"I was telling her she hasn't changed at all," said Valentine.

"No," said Mrs. Deverell, with satisfaction. "Some of the girls you used to know here have blossomed out into real modern young women. Cocktails, cigarettes and, I'm sorry to say, even married men. But she's just the same dear open-minded Pauline."

Valentine got up. "I'd like a stroll." He went out across the lawn, through the rose-garden and into the orchard.

It was very quiet there. The hens had gone to roost. The ducks were filing towards the pond. A row of guinea-fowls, perched along the bough of an apple tree, chirped like irrepressible children talking in bed. Over the fir trees in the spinney the sky was apple green. A crescent moon was rising above the wine-dark shoulder of the hill. Here was peace. Here was the good life. How he would sleep to-night!

He opened a hunting gate and passed through into the spinney. Susan, the Sealyham, was digging briskly in a rabbit bury. Pirate, the cocker, lay in the path with his head on his paws.

Evidently Pauline had lost the dogs.

He whistled them up and went on. He would go through the spinney to the stile and back by the top meadow. The path curved. Pauline was sitting on the stile and a man was beside her. They were locked in a rapturous embrace.

It was too late for Valentine to withdraw. A twig had snapped beneath his feet; the lovers had sprung apart and were staring at him. Well, it wasn't such a *faux pas.* Why shouldn't Pauline have her idyll? Only they looked so cross about it . . . well, no wonder, now he'd recognised the fellow.

He said, " Good evening, Coghill," and remembered, " Poor Lady Coghill . . . that dreadful Sir Edmund. . . ."

Sir Edmund said, " What the devil. . . . ?"

" Valentine Deverell."

" Oh, so it is," said Sir Edmund. " Well, well. Valentine Deverell, eh? Well, well, well."

" I'm not so sure of that," said Valentine.

" Oh, well," said Sir Edmund. " You see, you've been away a long time and I dare say you don't quite know how things stand."

" None of my business, of course. Good-night," said Valentine.

He was halfway across the meadow when Pauline came running up behind him.

" Look here, Valentine, you mustn't get this wrong. It's not what you think. Lady Coghill's a beast. She doesn't understand him. He and I. . . ."

" . . . are soulmates."

" Anyhow, we were meant for one another. And this is the twentieth century, damn it all. You're not going to sneak, are you?"

" Good heavens, no. Let them dream on. I've just been hearing all about our dear open-minded Pauline."

" You've no right to talk like that. I bet you're no Sir Galahad. People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

He couldn't explain that the thing had shocked him not because of the Ten Commandments and all that, but because he had gone out to-night thinking here was peace, here the good life, and had stumbled on what, in coming home, he had thought to leave behind him. Even in this apple orchard, he thought, holding the gate open for his sister, even through the pale fragrant rooms of the house there runs the trail of slime.

He said, " I'm sorry I sounded censorious. I didn't mean to be. Only, for heaven's sake, let them dream on."

MAURICE was later than anyone had expected and, after some consultation, it was decided not to sit up for him. Valentine went to bed between lavender-scented sheets, but, after all, sleep didn't come to him: he was thinking of Pauline. At half-past two he heard the sound of a small fussy engine; the garage doors were slammed and presently footsteps came stumbling uncertainly upstairs. He was nervous of meeting Maurice—Jacob to his Esau—and it occurred to him that it would be easier to face him now than in the cold blood of the breakfast table. He got out of bed.

The light had been left on in the corridor. He went to Maurice's room.

Maurice lay sprawled on the bed. His hair was on end; his shirt was crumpled; his white tie was askew. He sat up as Valentine closed the door behind him. " And who is this? And who is this?" he enquired in convivial tones.

Valentine saw that Maurice was very drunk.

" I'm sorry I . . . disturbed you. It's Valentine."

" Don't be sorry," said Maurice. " Never be sorry for anything, old man. Look at me. I'm not sorry. What did you say the name was?"

(Continued on page 122)

'This hot sauce makes everybody fond of puddings.'

SAYS LADY MURIEL BECKWITH

Lady Muriel is a great enthusiast for good cooking. The recipes given in these articles are her own invention, and many have been used in her own home for years.

Steamed puddings are splendid for everybody in cold weather. Give your family plenty of them. How easy it is to say that! But in reality, both you and I know that men and children are not always so ready to eat what's good for them!

I must say, in this case, I've got a certain amount of sympathy with their objections. When a steamed pudding, however nice, appears at lunch or dinner with a pale, pasty, tasteless white sauce, I don't much want to eat it myself.

But how different I feel when it's accompanied by a bowl of hot, freshly made Birds Custard! Why, its very fragrance is appetising. The flavour is really delicious, and the smooth creaminess is just what substantial puddings need to take away their dryness.

I really can't imagine why any housewife ever troubles to serve any other kind of hot sauce but Birds. There's nothing so quick and easy to make.

And another thing. I don't know if you realise it, but Birds is no ordinary custard. Combined with the sugar and milk, it's a splendid energy-forming food—light, digestible, and a really valuable addition to winter diet.

Now, may I give you a recipe of my own for a special hot Birds Custard sauce? It's quite simple to make, and very, very good. Here it is . . . .

Lady Muriel's own recipe for
HOT SAUCE

Take two measures or one pint packet of Birds Custard. Mix together with ½ teaspoonful of ground ginger—and make exactly according to the directions on the packet, but adding a small knob of butter to the milk when you boil it. Serve it freshly made—and steaming hot.

HAVE YOU SENT FOR YOUR PRESENT?

Birds are giving away quite free a delightful box of their delicious Blancmange—enough for three full pints, in three flavours. I needn't tell you how delicious it is—it's Birds! All you have to do is to send your address and part of an empty packet of Birds Custard to Birds, Dept. J.14, Thames House, Millbank, London.

IT'S THE FLAVOUR THAT MAKES IT THE FAVOURITE

BIRDS CUSTARD

. . . is smoother . . . has more nourishment!

BLOTCHY SKIN?

"My complexion used to be awful till I found this simple way to clear it"

Complexion and skin blemishes are caused by tiny specks of impurities which have been allowed to get lodged in the pores. Once the pores are cleansed and sweetened right to their depths, the complexion clears, blemishes die away, and the skin becomes radiantly fresh, clear and smooth. The recognised treatment for keeping the skin clear, sweet and healthy is the Cuticura way. There is nothing to equal the effectiveness of Cuticura Soap for cleansing and beautifying the skin. Its creamy lather has a mildly antiseptic action which gets rid of every speck of dirt in the pores, and leaves the skin purified, glowing with health.

Once you start using Cuticura Soap you realise that health and beauty are inseparable. Cleanse the face with Cuticura Soap twice daily, and your complexion will be radiant and fresh. For pimples, rashes or skin eruptions, apply Cuticura Brand Ointment direct.

Be sure to get Cuticura Talcum. It is the finest obtainable, with a sweet, refreshing fragrance.

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TALCUM POWDER
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SOAP
MEDICINAL
TOILET
Cuticura
OINTMENT

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS
for clear, healthy skin
& radiant complexion

"Valentine."

"Oh, the family skeleton. That's all right. So'm I, only they don't know it. All skeletons together. Si' down."

"As a matter of fact, I think I'll go back to bed," said Valentine and withdrew.

When he got back to bed he couldn't help laughing, laughing bitterly. For behind his pink and white curtains light was growing; a blackbird called and then all the clear angelic voices in the bird-haunted garden were singing. Dawn in England . . . dawn at Long Leas . . . and there was Maurice lying drunk on his bed and Pauline in her white room dreaming of Lady Coghill's husband. . . .

JOAN had been asked to tea. Maurice, a little yellow about the gills—worn out, poor boy, after the week in that stuffy office, said his mother—had gone in his car to fetch her. Valentine, who had been playing tennis with Pauline, brushed his hair and went down to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Deverell closed her book with a snap and thrust it into her work-bag but not before he had seen the title. It was a novel that had been banned in England but was obtainable in Paris.

"Interesting book, that," said Valentine.

"A dreadful book," said Mrs. Deverell, confusedly. "I had no idea what it was like when I opened it. It was recommended to me. Quite shocking. I would put it straight on the bonfire if there was one at this time of year. It wouldn't do at all if Pauline . . ."

"I don't suppose a modern girl . . ."

"Pauline isn't a modern girl. She's as fresh and innocent as a child. She has no secrets from me."

Joan came in, like one of the family, through the French window. She was a fresh, stockily built girl. She wore her expensive silk sports dress with the unconquerable dowdiness of a thoroughly nice Englishwoman. It would do her good, thought Valentine suddenly and savagely, to see what slick things Simone could make of her cheap rags.

Joan greeted Valentine with correct woodenness, sat down and volunteered that she had been sketching.

Valentine had to ask what she had sketched.

"The old mill," she said, and he might have known it. "Winifred Haytor was with me," she went on. "You ought to have seen what she made of it—water like cotton-wool."

Valentine, with a sound very much like a groan, threw the stub of his cigarette into the fireplace and went out into the garden. Oh, the birds might sing, the flowers might blow, the exquisite days dawn over apple trees, but they were here—the same vices, the same littlenesses—yes, human nature was the same among English meadows as under the mansard roofs of the Quartier Montparnasse. Only here it clothed itself: in the monstrous garment of respectability it swept and posed. Well, he'd sooner have it naked. He would go back to Paris and Simone to-night.

When Joan had gone and his father was consulting Maurice on the subject of a job for him, he broke in.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Father, but, after all, I'm going back."

"Back?"

"To Paris. I doubt if you'll understand. But . . . well, I've come to the conclusion that I'm not such a black sheep after all."

Pauline dropped a knitting needle. Maurice, who had been lounging in his chair, sat up.

Valentine went on. "I'm sorry. I came on impulse. I was sick of things. But you know, Paris isn't quite the sink of iniquity you imagine. It's frank, that's all."

His father said in a tight voice, "I suppose Maurice has been retailing City gossip. You don't understand that business is business. Another few weeks would have seen us through. We were caught at the wrong time, that was all."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Valentine.

There was a sudden and still pause.

Maurice looked at his father. "You see, I haven't 'been retailing City gossip.'" He grinned unpleasantly, and added, "You've given yourself away."

"There was nothing to give away, Valentine," said Mrs. Deverell. "Your father happened to be a director of Grazier and Dartigan, that's all."

"Well, I don't know anything about Grazier and Dartington," said Valentine. "And anyhow, as I was reminded yesterday, people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. Perhaps," he added, going towards the door, "some of you will remember that in future when you think of me."

IT wasn't raining when Valentine got back to Paris. It was a very fine evening and all the stars in the heavens were shining above the white dome of the Sacre Cœur. He found Simone in the first place in which he looked for her—the bar of the Coq d'Or.

She was alone. He hung up his hat and went to her table.

"Good-evening, Simone."

"Valentine!" cried Simone, throwing her arms round his neck oblivious of smiles and stares. "What luck! How glad I am! I expected you back, but not to-night, not tomorrow. My dear friend, do you know that Latour has been asking for you everywhere? He came to the studio and brought with him Lemaitre, the soap manufacturer, and what a scene they made me when they found that you were gone! Your picture—it is a masterpiece, and Lemaitre will make you an offer and commission more. *Tenez, garçon, du vin de Champagne*, and quickly. This gentleman has arrived . . . !"

VALENTINE and Simone are married now. They occupy a fine studio flat in the Rue Raynouard, where the air is good for their adored little Pierre. Sometimes Pauline comes to stay with them and keeps Valentine up late telling him what a mess she has made of things, and sometimes Maurice comes. He says that he is disappointed in gay Paree, and that it must have been quite different before the war.

END

"Missing"

(*Continued from page 29*)

must have been it is perhaps not hard to guess. As for the crew—well, it was a case of "more days, more dollars" for them with a vengeance, which would more than make up for the premature outlay on mourning on their account by their people at home!

ALTHOUGH she had not been actually posted missing, the Liverpool barque *Lalla Rookh*, then owned by Lever Brothers, of Port Sunlight, had been to all intents and purposes given up for lost when in 1905 she reached her destination — Falmouth — for orders, a hundred and ninety-nine days out from Brisbane. The tale she had to tell was one of peril and hardship as long-drawn out as in the case of the Ancient Mariner himself. One gale after another hindered her progress. Her food supplies were mostly exhausted, and had it not been for the fact that she carried a grain cargo starvation would have stared her crew in the face long before she reached Falmouth. The daily allowance of water—never a large one on sailing vessels—was cut down by one-half. And—worst privation of all for a sailorman—the slop-chest stock of tobacco had given out, and for two months the crew had been reduced to smoking dried tea leaves. It was probably in consequence of this exploit that her then owners sold the ship to Norwegian owners; but her performances under the Norwegian flag showed that she was quite a fast sailer given fair conditions, going out from Fredrikstad to Sydney in eighty-seven days in 1916. The *Lalla Rookh* ended her days in the Baltic "onker," or firewood trade, when she was a fairly frequent visitor to London River prior to being broken up in 1928.

The list of "adventures and perils" enumerated on a Marine (*Continued on page 124*)

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TINTARA
FERRUGINOUS

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Chiefly because it is pure, unadulterated fresh air. Stand on a hill top in the fresh air and breathe in *Nature's* tonic—it is a wonderful tonic.
For the very same reason TINTARA is a wonderful tonic too. It is unadulterated—nothing added, nothing artificial.
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Insurance policy at the present day dates from the times when travel by sea was a good deal more full of excitements and such risks as "Pirates, Rovers and Thieves" were commonplaces of life afloat. To a certain extent, indeed, they do still survive in the neighbourhood of Bias Bay and other nests of robbers in the China Seas, though not to the same degree as in the early days of the China tea trade.

Then, a ship becalmed at night in the neighbourhood of one of these pirate rookeries stood a very good chance, if her lookout happened to nod, of being attacked by swarms of yelling ruffians, her crew murdered and herself destroyed after everything that could be turned to account had been taken out of her, so that not a trace of her existence remained. This was believed to have been the fate of the clipper *Caliph*, which vanished, apparently into thin air, shortly after passing the Straits of Sunda on her maiden voyage. The *Norman Court*, which had passed the Straits just before her, encountered no bad weather on her way up the China Sea which could have accounted for the *Caliph's* disappearance, so that, though no clue in the shape of chronometers or other fittings belonging to the missing vessel ever turned up in the back alleys of the Canton native city, the fate she had met with was very little in doubt.

NATURALLY, if a ship "goes missing" with all hands, the real story of her end can never be actually known. But there is in most cases some likely theory to account for her loss—the presence of ice on her route, the dangerous or inflammable nature of her cargo, or the prevalence of exceptionally bad weather. But in two of the most remarkable recent cases of missing ships the much misused term "mysterious" may be fitly used.

The first of these is the loss of the *Waratah*, a new passenger vessel of nearly ten thousand tons—not, as one writer on the subject has it, sixteen thousand tons—built on the Clyde for Messrs. Lund's Blue Anchor Line, trading between Australia and London, by way of the Cape. Her maiden voyage passed off without any mishap, though her captain mentioned in a letter to the owners that she was inclined to be difficult to handle in dock when flying light. Press reports on her first visit to Cape Town also remarked on her exceptional top-hamper, though this, be it said, was rather in admiration than criticism.

She left Australia on her homeward voyage in April, 1909, and called at Durban on July 25th, leaving the day after for Cape Town. On the 27th she overhauled and spoke the steamer *Clan Macintyre*, and that was probably the last time that anyone ever saw the ill-fated vessel.

She was scheduled to reach Cape Town on the 29th of the month. But as very heavy weather was reported by other ships making the port, no anxiety was felt at first when her arrival was delayed. Nor, when a fortnight passed and still there was no sign of her, was it thought that the worst had happened. Had not the *Waikato*, ten years previously, drifted in a disabled condition for three months before she was taken in tow and brought safely into port? What more likely than that the *Waratah* might do the same?

But time passed and uneasiness grew. A harbour tug went out to search for her, and three of the ships of the Cape Squadron joined in the quest. A month later the Union Castle freighter *Sabine*, specially fitted out for the purpose, combed the whole ocean over an area of three thousand miles between Durban and the desolate Crozets. It now seemed almost certain that the missing ship must have met with some sudden disaster off the African coast. But there were still people who were haunted by the thought of the ship with her two hundred souls on board drifting, drifting, into the Silent Sea, and accordingly in February, 1910, yet another rescue ship, the *Wakefield*, was sent out. She remained at sea three months, and made a thorough search of the Crozets, Kerguelen Land, and other uninhabited islands where it was thought possible survivors of the *Waratah* might be found, returning at last without having found any trace whatever of ship or crew.

In the meantime, inquiries were being made all along the coast and from other ships, but, although one or two possible clues to the mystery came to light, further examination showed the evidence to be so vague and conflicting that it was not to be relied on. The captain of the steamer *Insizwa* had seen four bodies floating close to his cabin windows. He had no doubt whatever on the subject. Asked why he did not attempt to take the supposed corpses on board his ship, he made the rather thin excuse that he had lady passengers and did not want to alarm them. In fact, come to think of it, they might not be bodies at all. They might have been—probably were—sunfish or pieces of whale blubber. The third officer of the steamer *Tottenham* was equally positive about having seen floating bodies near the mouth of the Bashee River, while an apprentice in the same ship, supported by the second mate, declared that he had seen the drifting figure of a little girl in a red cloak. Unfortunately for these stories, however, the captain of the *Tottenham* stated that he had put back to investigate the objects in question, and found them to be lumps of whale blubber beyond the shadow of a doubt, while the "little girl" was a roll of printing paper in a red wrapper, such as had not formed part of the *Waratah's* cargo. The captain of the *Harlow* asserted that he had seen the lights of a large vessel on the evening of the 27th—twelve hours after the *Waratah* spoke the *Clan Macintyre*—and had then noticed two bright flashes, after which the lights were no longer visible. His mate, who also saw the mysterious "flashes," was of opinion that they were only the glow from bush fires. A story which appeared in the press some time later about a ship which had been seen to disappear in a storm near the Bashee River was generally discredited, as was that of a mysterious man found wandering in the bush, whose rambling and disjointed speech seemed to indicate that he was a survivor of the lost *Waratah*.

The most interesting evidence at the Board of Trade inquiry was that of one of the *Waratah's* first-class passengers, who had left the ship at Durban because he did not consider the ship safe. This gentleman, whose apprehensions had been strong enough to make him sacrifice his first-class passage from Durban to England, stated in his evidence that he had had terrifying dreams on the way across the Indian Ocean in the ship, and that he had noticed then in the bath that the water made an angle of 45 degrees with the side, and that the ship "hung" for an appreciable time before beginning to right herself. Her pitching, he said, also alarmed him—she drove her bows deep into the waves in a dead sort of fashion. The point about this passenger's evidence that does not appear is whether the bad dreams came before or after his doubts of the *Waratah's* stability—whether, in fact, he would have noticed anything wrong with the ship if he had not been predisposed that way by his night visions. Another witness mentioned that he had been told by the third officer that the *Waratah* had a peculiar roll; but against this must be set the evidence of the Durban tugmaster who took the doomed ship to sea, and stated that he noticed none of the usual signs of "tenderness" observable in a ship in tow. The result of the inquiry, naturally, may be described as an open verdict, and a mystery the disappearance of the *Waratah* remains, and will remain in all likelihood until the end of time.

The one possibility, curiously enough, which does not seem to have been canvassed at all is that of foul play; yet it is one which cannot altogether be ruled out. If, as is at least possible, the two flashes mentioned by the captain of the *Harlow* really did come from a ship and not from bush fires, then there is certainly a suggestion that the *Waratah* may have been sunk by an explosion. It should be remembered that she had not long left port, where

(*Continued on page* 126)

The Baroness Furnivall

Expert at sports . . . . wise about beauty

SHE swims expertly. She loves tennis, too. Golfs a little. Sails occasionally. Rides a great deal.

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anyone with a reason for doing so might have found an opportunity to deposit either a time bomb or some form of explosive in her bunkers.

EQUALLY inexplicable, and in one sense even more so, since she carried wireless, was the disappearance of the Danish cadet ship *Kobenhavn* while on passage from Montevideo to Australia. She sailed in ballast on December 14th, 1928, and a wireless message from her was received a week later. "The rest is silence." With all her company of young and high-spirited youth, she had gone to her berth in the Port o' Missin' Ships. Some time later it was reported by the islanders of Tristan da Cunha that a large ship whose description tallied with that of the missing *Kobenhavn* had been sighted down by the stern with some of her masts missing and evidently derelict, heading for the island. She later changed her course and was lost to view in the haze, visibility being poor at the time, and it was thought that she must have been wrecked on the reefs on the west point of the island. There were several odd points about the story. There seemed no obvious reason why the *Kobenhavn* should have been in the vicinity of Tristan at all, nor, if she were, as was evidently the case, not so seriously damaged as to be unmanageable, was it in the least likely that her crew should have abandoned her for the much greater risk of open boats in the Atlantic hundreds of miles from land. The rumour was finally disposed of when the Finnish grain-carrier *Ponape* arrived in England and reported having been off Tristan on the date when the mysterious vessel was sighted by the islanders. Not long ago reports came to hand of a boat and a number of skeletons found on the African coast, but these do not appear to have been substantiated, and the probability is that they are only heartless fabrications of the kind so inexplicably indulged in by people who want by hook or by crook to put themselves in the limelight.

They're Not Worth It

(*Continued from page* 39)

and less interesting, less human; a little man rather like a rabbit, with a hooked nose and completely animal eyes; an inch-long growth of greyish-white bristle obscured most of his face. It was difficult to believe in him; even when at last the drop went down with a unique clanging crunch, it was difficult to believe that anything serious, irrevocable, fatal, had happened, that a fellow being had been shot into eternity—perhaps into Hell.

Wrye followed Blagdon to the gate. "Many thanks," he said. "You're through now. I've got to wait half an hour till we pull him up. It wasn't so bad, was it?"

The D.M. pushed past him again and got into his car without speech. Wrye shrugged and watched him drive off. "He *is* a sociable beggar," he thought, "and no mistake."

Outside the jail gates it seemed as if night turned in a single moment into day. The whole grim transaction had occupied little more than half an hour; but in that time the black slate of the world had been wiped clean; full day had flowered; that remote, apprehensive, overshadowed void through which Blagdon had driven had given place to normality. Savouring the breath of dawn as a new perfume, Blagdon leaned forward to his driver:

"Go round by Ichalgudem and the Reservoir," he ordered.

Obediently the car swung round; Blagdon, sitting well back in his seat, drank in the morning. Never, he thought, never in his life, never since his first day in India, had he known anything so perfect. Crystal-clear, washed in faint blues and ambers, the country put on the garment of sunrise; the fields, smoky a little with mist and morning fires, stretched into elusive distances; every tree became a heart-shaking picture. Devagiri, his favourite mountain, climbed into a sky tender as the bloom on a peach; its crags and forests took the sun in a kaleidoscope of colour. Morning was fresh and cool with the freshness and coolness of perfectly iced wine. "Never," he thought, "have I seen anything so lovely, anything so fine. It's perfect. And *he*—that poor little devil we've just hanged—he doesn't see it; he never will see it any more; of a hundred, a thousand, a million mornings like this he won't see one. And why? Because a woman let him down and he was fool enough to care."

At the Reservoir he stopped the car and got out. The flat walk along the top of the vast green, symmetrically sloped bund was one of his favourites; instinctively he had come there this morning. It was a favourite thanksgiving-place in success, and equally a favourite thinking-place in difficulty. Lighting a cheroot, he walked slowly along it, his hands behind his back, looking round him, savouring, enjoying. And his thought was, "He's lost it all, poor devil, he's lost it all: and if I go on the way I'm going I shall go the way he went and—I'll lose it all too." Women? Julie? They weren't worth it. The love of women was the love of women; but what was that to the beauty of life, the beauty that struck you dumb, that brought you to your knees with the cry on your lips, "I adore!" The sudden, incomparable ravishment, for instance, of a morning like this. Beauty! It came; you held it; it did not go; it would come again—when you deserved it. The love of women was a thing you caught and lost; beauty once caught never deserted you. Women? Tawdry creatures, what were they worth? Not this at any rate. That little Naidu's wife had not been worth it. Julie wasn't worth it; all the women in the world weren't worth it. Standing poised in the middle of the bund, he said out loud.

"I'm damned if they are. Julie, I'm damned if *you* are!"

Walking back to his waiting car, his mind worked more calmly. "My problem," he thought, "is just that of the little Naidu—and of all men whom women place in a hole like this. I can go and do murder, or I can sit down and be cuckolded and make the best of it. *He* chose the former—and look where it's landed him now. *I'm* going to choose the other. There's too much to live for, too much to live for. It's women who work us into these messes—*damn* women! They're not worth it."

Back at the bungalow, he went straight to his office room, took pen and paper and wrote:

"Dear Julie—Perhaps you're right. The climate here is still pretty rotten, and we'll have the north-east monsoon up in a week or two. I shouldn't hurry down, after all, if I were you."

GEOFFREY MALLICK, coming to the little bungalow in Ootacamund, found upheaval and confusion: the ayah trotting hither and yon in wailing incompetence; gaping suitcases, that stank of monsoon mildew, littering the verandah. Pushing his way in, he was met by a distraught and furious Julie, handsomely flushed but grimy of face and hands, dishevelled of dress. She spat at him like a cat.

"You've done it this time."

"I?"

"Someone's done it."

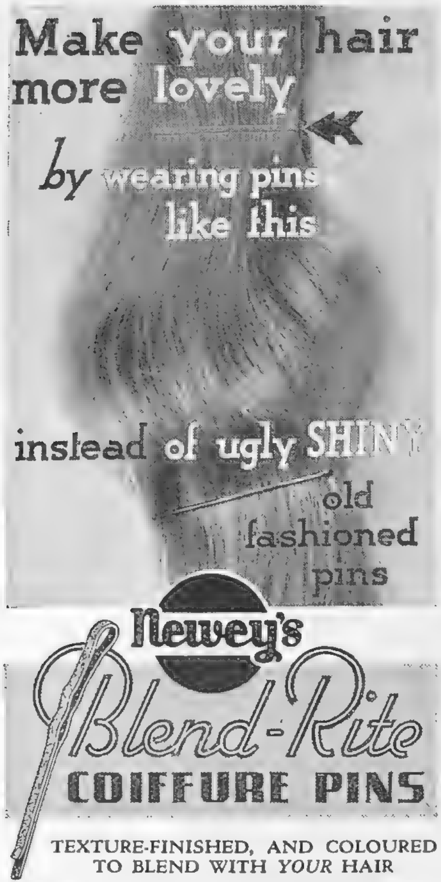
"Done what?"

"Given the game away. Bust up the show. I've got to go down—*Ek dum.*"

"But, Julie——"

"Read that, you idiot, if you don't believe me." She snatched a crackling envelope from her bosom and thrust it upon him with such force that he sat down backwards into one of the verandah chairs. Sitting there, he read: "Perhaps you're right . . . I shouldn't hurry down, after all, if I were you." He looked up with innocent miscomprehension.

(*Continued on page* 128)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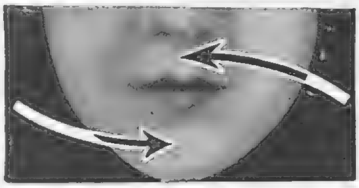

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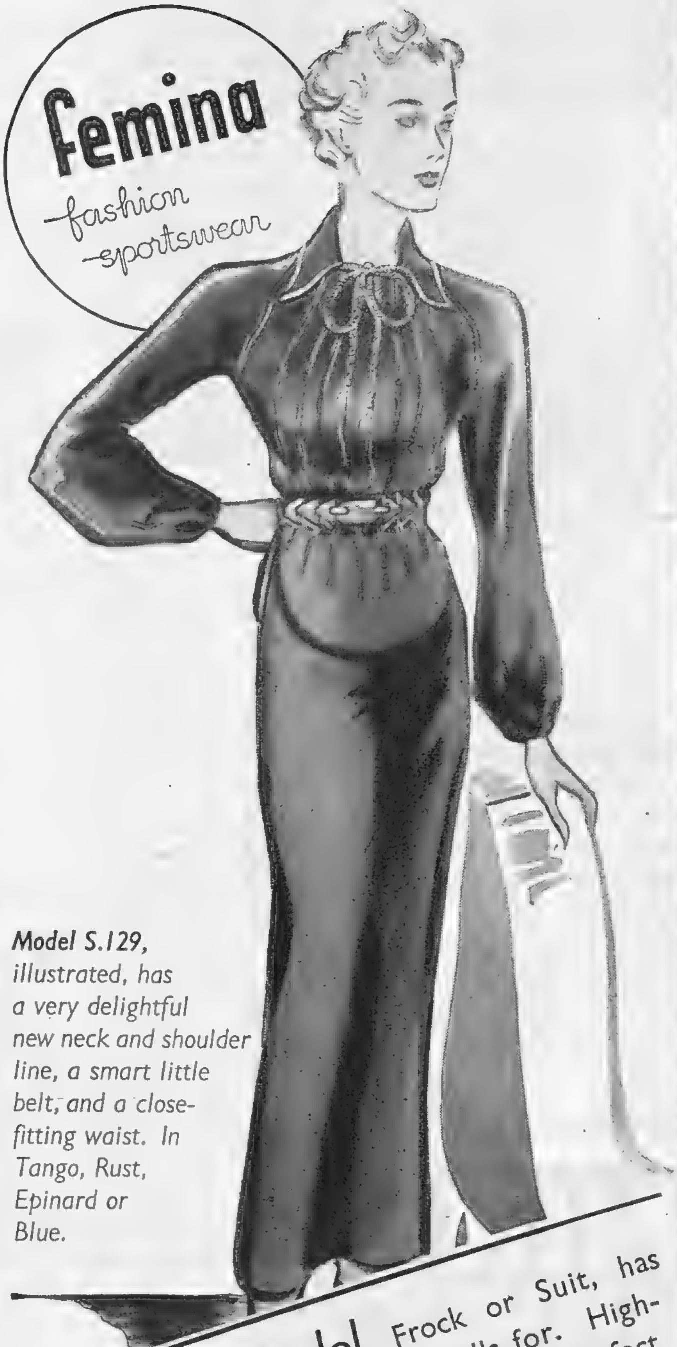

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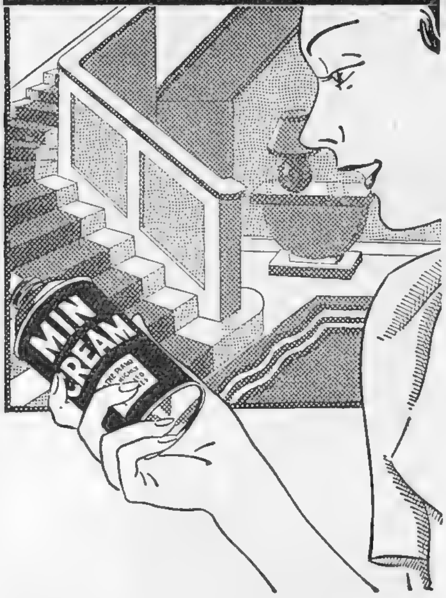

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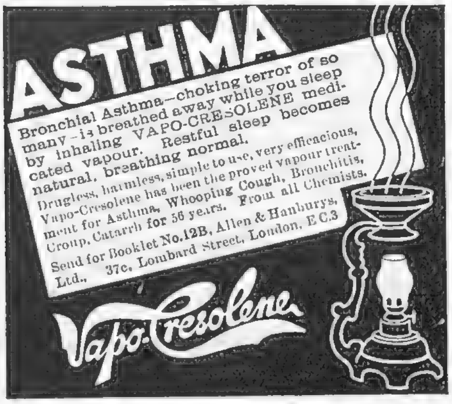
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"But, lovely, that seems just what we want. It looks all right. Isn't it ?"

She snatched it from him with a gasp of exasperation.

"You fool ! It's a trap."

"A trap ?"

"It's something, anyway. Something I don't understand. There's something almighty queer."

"I don't see anything queer."

"Don't you ? *I* do. Something most queer. *That* isn't Stephen ; he never wrote like that in his life. He's suspicious ; he's up to something ; he's——"

"But what ?"

"That's what I'm going down to see." Her voice ran up to the pitch of hysteria ; she began to grab at the air again with her hands. "Oh, for God's sake, Geoffrey, get out of this and leave me to it. If you stand there any longer with that face I'll go mad. Go away or I'll never speak to you again."

"But——"

"Get out ! Go ! Scram !"

IN the evening a bewildered Blagdon, in deeper waters than any that ever engulfed the late Manickam Naidu, stood gazing at his wife's telegram :

"Arriving mail to-morrow Longing see you Love Julie."

Crumpling it into a ball, he threw it into the waste-paper basket ; ruefully rather than otherwise, he went to look up the exact hour of the train.

Modern Woman Has Two Faces

(*Continued from page* 15)

work and she maintains her home with the help of her treasured housekeeper. She finds late nights ill-advised ; she eats sparingly, except at dinner. She is an excellent example of the newest style in feminine success.

Christina Foyle was patient with the interruption when I visited her in her office in the famous Book Store. She is still only 24, but she has been in the business for six years. To those who expect the "literary" worker to be flat chested, flat heeled and frowsty, she is a delight and a surprise. Christina Foyle is soft voiced and feminine.. and formidably efficient.

She has already visited most of Europe and some of Africa buying books and starting libraries. "I started a lending library, a '2d. library,' in Jerusalem some time back," she says, smiling.

Then, calling for tea, she tells me more about people and books and (delightfully) how she likes her work. And then replies to my questions about her amazing Literary Luncheons. They sprang from her own idea : she thought both authors and public might benefit. "Very well, try it," said her father. She did. Famous folk were coy, at first. Then Lord Darling helped her a lot and the idea took hold, overflowed restaurant after restaurant and finally poured into the largest luncheon space available at Grosvenor House. Though you may not notice Miss Foyle—though you hardly perhaps hear her soft voice above the roar of her *thirteen hundred guests* (who, many of them lions, like roaring)—yet here is the "modern girl" being very successful.

Very well, modern beauty is not brainless : literary ladies are attractive. Heartened by this, I set out to interview some Olympians.

For the woman of the "new world"—internationally famous, it is obvious that, somehow, we must get a close-up of Dame Rachel Crowdy, the only woman on the Armaments Commission sitting in London at the moment. Dame Rachel, who, when she was barely 30, was evolving the organising of thousands of women in France on war service. It is not, now, wide of the mark to say that this appointment on the Armaments Commission has been given her, not "because we must have one woman" but *because there was no one, man or woman, except herself who had had experience of international control of an international menace.*

For, just after the War, and still in her early thirties, she was the first (and only) woman to be Head of a Section of the League of Nations—the section that dealt with the miasma of vested interests back of the White Slave traffic and the traffic in drugs . . . in addition she and her staff dealt at high pressure with problem after problem of health and morals of a distracted post-war world. There was, for instance, an epidemic of typhus in Poland. Dame Rachel and a small company of doctors investigated the stricken area themselves, travelling in a Polish train hitched to any engine that would take them farther into the district : visiting infected areas in any form of local transport by day.

Highly dangerous ; desperately uncomfortable ? Probably. But Dame Rachel, talking to me of it now, says quite frankly her most vivid memories are not this, but smaller discomforts and the boiling of innumerable kettles.

Eleven years of this (described by her as "eleven years of violent peace after five of violent war . . .") and then leaving Geneva, Dame Rachel took her first journey to the Far East as a woman Delegate to the Institute of Pacific Relations Conference at Shanghai. This fired her with a desire to return : and she did so as Delegate to the first International Red Cross Conference ever called in the East.

As you might expect, she spent a great deal of time exploring conditions, places—people "behind the scenes," and that faculty for detached study, objective registering of facts and meticulously accurate reporting of them, stood her in good stead.

Meet her to-day and sink your previous ideas of the hard-boiled, hard-bitten administrator. She looks, and is, delicate ; she dresses as well to-day as she did in the Geneva days when a smart woman was a sight for sore eyes.

Talking of her travels, she insists that she prefers to do things reasonably "by trains *with* restaurant cars when I can get them. . . ."

And, about women's work she says (with Margaret Bondfield, whom later I visited) *that the best person, irrespective of sex, should be selected for the job in hand.*

The Right Honourable Margaret Grace Bondfield wastes fewer words than any other celebrity it has been my luck to meet. She listens to her questioner in silence : then she proceeds to reply, briefly and unequivocally. First, her own career—there are battles enough behind this formidable woman. The first and only woman Cabinet Minister started at 13—when she taught boys in her Board School at Chard. At 25 she was Organising Secretary of the Shop Assistants' Union and working at Brighton—she had formed a contact with the Trade Union Movement which has never since been broken. She worked in the National Federation of Women Workers in the days of that amazing person Mary MacArthur—the friend, among others, of Queen Mary. At 37 Margaret Bondfield fought and narrowly lost her first election, an L.C.C. contest. Thereafter, fighting through Election after Parliamentary Election, she won and lost Northampton and then won Wallsend, and the second Labour Government gave her the Ministry of Labour and she was made a Privy Councillor.

Meet her to-day : shrewd, direct, impassive —in her offices as National Officer of the National Union of Municipal and General Workers. To my questions about "women's progress" she replies with a deeper and longer view than any I have met. There are two sides to this business of "progress," she says ; there is economic progress and there is the relapse of the skilled craftswoman to the position of machine-minder.

Margaret Bondfield vividly realises the greater need : ". . . the problem is not so much opposition to

(*Continued on page* 130)

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What are you to do? You certainly must do something. In nine cases out of ten the remedy is simple enough—a dose or two of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You must have read of case after case, many of them much worse than yours, where blessed relief has come almost in a twinkling. Flatulence, heartburn, dyspepsia, even gastric and duodenal ulcers, have had to yield to the soothing and healing properties of this modern miracle worker.

It will be strange indeed if *your* pain does not disappear as all the others have done. Anyway, you can confidently turn to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Thankful you will be that you took such a simple short cut to lasting stomach peace. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets.

women's work as the worker herself in relation to the development of her own sense of responsibility, as a person able to contribute socially to the good of all. Bound up with this exchange of personal work for mass production is the question of increased leisure with its opportunities of personal service, as neighbour, friend and, above all, as citizen. . . ."

So this most successful of women does not think that equality is achieved by the drawing of an equal pay envelope every Friday? Women must share with men their equal responsibilities. "Equal pay for equal work?" To this she replies that women must first resolve the question of the man with a family and the woman with dependants, as against single workers of both sexes . . . and that women often themselves subscribe to the traditional idea of lower pay by expecting and taking less; often because they are still largely unorganised.

"What about absolutely equal conditions of work?" Miss Bondfield smiles, for the first time in the talk . . . "Those who ask this do not understand industry." I am irresistibly reminded of the reply credited to Mr. Thomas at Geneva: "When men start having babies, bring this question to my notice again."

Miss Bondfield was standing at the door. With a friendly little nod I was dismissed.

Next time someone is facetious at the expense of the intelligence or industry of M.P.'s—you can answer back if you remember to quote Ellen Wilkinson. It was in earnest search of successful women legislators of the twentieth century that I climbed the century or so of stairs that lead to her top flat, in Bloomsbury.

Possibly it would have been more fun to accept her kindly invitation to meet her at the House; but certainly, less enlightening; for the clue to the woman is so often so much in her background. Here is no Socialist turned 'bourgeois"—no worker gone high-brow! Here, panting at the top, I was welcomed into a pleasant, very simple, very modern small room, by a very simple, very modern, small M.P. Ellen Wilkinson was friendly, busy, completely unaffected, and sparing in her use of adjectives. She had five minutes to spare; it was still early morning and her desk was piled with work in progress: you might have heard the typewriter panting, also; glad of the respite. Two young women were talking to her: friends, arrived unexpectedly from the North, and "so you see I must throw a party for them, somehow, to-day. . . ."

No close-up of a famous woman is complete without data on her dress: my memory of Ellen Wilkinson is something extremely simple blue and trousered: and the pleasant realisation that she is like her pictures, *only more so*, and more nicely alert.

Would I ask any questions I liked?

She has the air of one who has cheerfully survived a machine-gun fire of questions; the questions, from me, were about women who work. . . . "Equal pay for equal work?" "Of course——" this firmly. "But what about equal, absolutely equal, conditions of work?" Ellen Wilkinson grins. "Ah! but you have got to be practical. I am thinking more of the working than of the professional woman; an executive, an engineer might find it absurd to be held up by regulations that prevent night work by women, but what about your operative on night shift? If she's a married woman how do you know she will really rest when she gets back home? Of course, she can't . . . and that's how we get nervous breaks-down. . . ."

Ellen Wilkinson pauses, then: "I am a trade-union official and I have gone round these new factories that ring London. Believe me, we have to tackle the problems for the working woman first. Equal pay; yes. But—not until men have babies can we hope for equal conditions . . . *you have to be practical.*" The phrase, I imagine, is highly characteristic.

The interview is over: "So nice of you to come," says this lady who has burned her way to the core of many an awkward question and who concentrates on her work—rather than merely on her career.

Successful women? Not afraid to lift the lid off the seething cauldron of the unsuccessful. . . .

Next, I explored the "new professions"—in most of these you'll find the "modern woman" working on equal terms with men. Sometimes the woman runs the job and has created the actual business.

Martha Harris, for instance, who introduced "modern" display—or, more simply, made our shop windows and exhibition sites come alive. I met her, for the first time, when she was in a pleasantly astringent alleged bad temper—and I stood and watched most admiringly while this woman handled her workpeople and her materials with skill and firmness.

There is a story behind her, too; she has some five years' success already; and before that the story of her pioneering gives the clue to a remarkable woman. Just when the depression began to blot out business both sides of the Atlantic, Martha Harris decided to cross it from East to West, in pursuit of the munitions for a startlingly new campaign that she had ready in her mind. She wanted to study the possibility of the intelligent modern treatment of store windows: and she wanted to study these in the States. With a little (borrowed) cash she started: to find that the New York she had known had changed: it was not now a matter of walking out of one job straight to another but of—going on walking. . . .

She did. As, for instance, one day when her available cash consisted of a tram fare and she was chasing an important "possibility." It was one of those intolerably hot New York summer days; she blewed her cash on a bus. The wrong bus. She had the wide grilled acres of Park to cross, on foot. Boiled and penniless she started to walk; *she walked to her job in her winter outfit*: for Martha Harris had no money for summer kit.

"What did you do?" I asked, foolishly.

"*I went on walking till I got where I wanted. . . .*" This, grimly and symbolically. And then? Back to England full of ideas and denuded of cash. Margaret Havinden of Crawford's gave her her chance. She has taken chances ever since—successfully. Jaeger's took a chance on her; the first to do so. Their windows were, almost literally, a riot!

Then, again, came my impertinent question: "How do you find a home fits in with all this. . . ?" Martha Harris is an extremely happily married woman with sturdy infants; and she pleasantly emphasised that she considers, for herself anyway, the background of a home *and children* necessary and delightful and not only possible, but relatively easy to manage.

These women are making the contemporary scene and one of them is Margaret Havinden.

Meet her to-day; against the almost "too good to be true" modernity of the background of her offices in a huge advertising business. Then, think back with her to the remarkably good story of the career that led to just this success.

Margaret, studying medicine at Glasgow in 1918, decided that, for economic reasons, she must go south and seek immediate work. She went, and, arriving, heard from one of her two sisters then employed for "Crawford's advertising," that the chief had said: "I suppose I must find a job for Margaret, too . . ."

This reported remark had just the effect on Margaret Havinden that, seeing her today, you might expect. What she said is not recorded. What she did—is. She went to the Labour Exchange in Westminster and obtained a post at one of the Museums.

At Crawford's, then, the total staff was eight persons; the increasing work was hard and soon Margaret's sister found the need of an assistant. It was then that the sturdy-minded young woman from the North was asked to consider the job. "If you ask me, I'll come," she said. They did, and she went . . . to a learner's desk. (*Continued on page 132*)

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The rich abundant lather of PALMOLIVE, derived from the natural vegetable oils of the olive and the palm, is so soft and velvety that it cannot hurt the most delicate skin. Yet when it is massaged well into the skin, and rinsed with warm water, then cold, there is nothing better for beauty than its gentle deep-cleansing action. Beauty experts have always known this—and that's why no less than 20,000 of them have unanimously recommended soap and water washing with an *olive oil* soap—Palmolive—as the best possible way of keeping your skin in the fresh, natural bloom of health.

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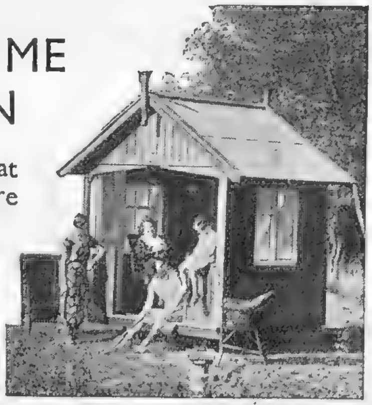

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Send for Catalogue 414, which illustrates many designs.

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Modern Woman Has Two Faces

Then came the time when the man whom she assisted left. It was inevitable, in those days, that they should look round for someone else for Margaret to assist. Until she pointed out that she was perfectly capable of doing the job, unassisting and also unassisted. So she did. And now she is a Director of the Company.

Why should one ask a woman (and not a man) whether home life is compatible with successful business life? I don't. But Margaret Havinden shrewdly summed up the case for me. The success of the business woman is incomplete unless she can apply her intelligence equally to the smooth running of her home and to *delegating* her work there, as in the office. "My housekeeper is an expert, and it is only fair that she should have scope and responsibility. She has—and it works perfectly."

Mrs. Havinden and her husband, Ashley Havinden, work in the same firm; they are jointly responsible for much of the progress towards saner and better conduct of advertising and commercial art. Their home is their joint background and their nursery one of the most delightful places in juvenile London.

One of the answers, and perhaps the best, to the foolish question, "Tell me what women have done with this 'freedom'?" is to be found in Hampstead and the Marie Curie Hospital. It is a story that, to my mind, carries with it an unequivocal reply; there is as good a story of feminine team work, local co-operation, behind the establishment of that clinic for radiotherapy *that was started and is entirely run by expert women;* the story began some ten years back, when the Medical Women's Federation evolved a Committee to consider what they could contribute towards the campaign against cancer. From this there came, six years ago, the founding of the Marie Curie Hospital—with its staff of women.

The British Empire Cancer Campaign helped, the Medical Research Council of Great Britain lent radium, and an expert was appointed to co-ordinate the amazingly successful team work that was started and still continues.

The Director herself, who is present at every operation, is the "co-ordinating expert" with whom this intimate interlinked work was evolved. Twenty women surgeons (as well as the women physicists, pathologists and various doctors) help in the uniform and highly skilled technique. Statistics are impersonal, irrefutable . . . doubters of woman's work should study these:—

There are four main "stages" of the disease which these women are fighting: two less and two much more serious. Recently the results of the various Centres were collected and reduced to statistics. Very revealing they were, too. For, in the first two "stages" of cancer, the percentage of cures for the whole field was 53 per cent., but the figure for the Marie Curie Hospital alone was *83 per cent.*; while in the second two stages, the more serious, the percentage of recoveries was much lower over the whole field, only 28 per cent.—the team of women pushed the percentage up to some 40 per cent. for their patients.

Then, very briefly, a word picture of a woman who is, perhaps, one of the most "successful," and almost certainly one of the most highly paid in the world.

Scene: film studios of "A.T.P.," at Ealing Green; and Time: a cold winter's day. Immediate background: a small dressing-room, and, sitting balanced upon her tip-tilted chair in front of the glass one of the few women who can not only face, but captivate, a critical visitor without a vestige of make-up on her face after an all-night spell "on the set" . . . *Gracie Fields.*

The modern film star. . . .

No glamour in this background. None at all. Here is the highest-paid woman on the English stage sitting with a shiny nose, ready for her interviewer. She receives me with a shiny grin and tells me that she and her Director in the new film, "Queen of Hearts," has been up with it till 2 this morning. It is now twelve midday, and Gracie is due back at work in an hour . . . she has come up fresh and smiling to continue the race against time. This is Wednesday, and she sails for Africa on Friday. She is completely unhurried; she tip-tilts her chair and grins again. She literally invites the question that she gets. . . .

"Tell me—how *do* you do it ?"

"Do what ?" asks Miss Fields.

"Keep fit—and look nice and do what no other woman would want to do—see a stranger without any make-up on !"

"How do I do it ?" Gracie squares her shoulders and looks grimly into her mirror: "Because I lead such a DULL life." Dull? A reputed £90,000 a year doesn't spell tedium for the rest of us, but—"Of course, it is dull——" insists the star, "it's all work, bed and more work," and she grins under the grease.

This, then, is the amazing woman who has to spend some £5,000 a year for four secretaries simply to answer her mail. If she had done it herself and done as she was asked—she would be opening some hundreds of bazaars every week alone.

Here she was, working overtime to finish a film, this astounding woman who can work through, *right through*, several nights and come up smiling next morning, remain smilingly courteous to the interviewer—this highest paid actress in Britain.

And—though you might not think it—it is the genius of successful women, like Gracie, that links the thousands of unsuccessful or "not particularly successful" women and girls with cheerfulness, life and colour. Up to now, my interviews had given me a pleasant composite picture of Modern Woman.

Then I sought out experts who knew the other side of the picture. It is not so pleasant: and here are some of the more bearable, more printable parts of it.

Do you remember your Jubilee decorations ? It was a quiet-voiced expert, a woman trade-union official, who gave me data about the raw material of the "carnival favours" industry: the humans engaged in making "favours" at home.

Meet Mrs. B., who took paper caps for "home work" and was paid 1s. 3d. a gross for them. She worked daily from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m., but, with her daughter helping her, she could earn only . . . *four shillings a week* and, out of this, had to buy her own paste. Mrs. B. had seen the very caps she was making sold in the shops for 6d. each. Mrs. B. has a sturdy champion in the union which collected the dossier. Thanks to some battling, things have been a little improved.

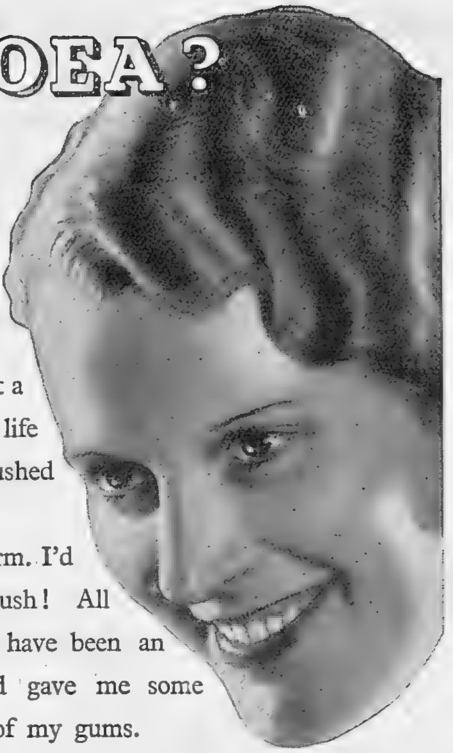
Then, in another office, I talked with the woman secretary of the organisation that deals with the working conditions of that modern and numerous body of women—clerks and secretaries. The little typist, so smart and so pert, whom you see in the trains and in the City. Lift the lid on this work—stories of London's slum typists in smart streets; black holes and filthy offices; bad ventilation, bad sanitation, vermin . . . girls who dare not complain lest they lose a job; elder women who never dare complain, lest cheaper youth replace them. . . .

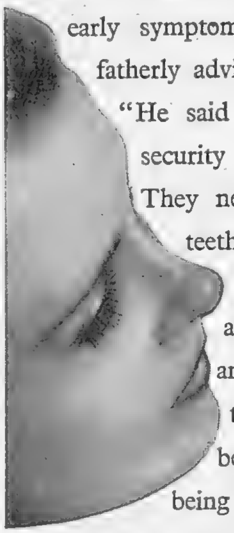
A dossier was compiled a couple of years back: details given under promise of anonymity: there is no reason to believe that conditions have changed—for girls and women working in the most modern occupation of all are not protected by any rules that govern the factory folk and protect them. Girls and women are sickening under intolerable conditions. . . . Listen to Miss G.:—

> "Fifty-five work in basement office below street level; two windows at far end open on to lift well . . . artificial light only . . . air shaft drawing air from furnace room was entirely useless . . . female staff of over 40, one small lavatory. Supervisor who was in firm 13 years back now dying of tuberculosis, and another who took her place was advised by her doctor to leave after three years."

This is an office in the West End; here is another, also in the same good area . . .

"There is no (*Continued on page* 134)





"PYORRHOEA?

"ME, my dear?"

"THANK HEAVENS, NO! Though about a year ago I was frightened out of my life when my gums started bleeding. I rushed off to my dentist in an awful state!

"He told me there was no need for alarm. I'd only been using too hard a toothbrush! All the same, he said it might quite easily have been an early symptom of Pyorrhœa, and gave me some fatherly advice about the care of my gums.

"He said that so many people are lulled into a false sense of security by the whiteness and healthy appearance of their *teeth.* They never give a thought to their *gums.* Just brushing one's teeth is not enough, he said."

Your dentist, too, will tell you how important your gums are. Neglected gums lead to Pyorrhœa. Modern conditions and unsuitable diet lower the natural resistance of the mouth tissues to infection and make it easy for Pyorrhœa to begin its deadly work. Forhan's for the Gums, besides being an excellent toothpaste, keeps the gums in a firm, healthy condition—free from the danger of dread Pyorrhœa. Don't risk waiting for symptoms to appear—ask your chemist for a tube without delay.

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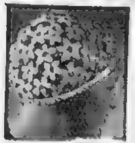
"I WANT A HALO SLEEPING HELMET PLEASE, BUT HAVE YOU ONE WITHOUT A CHINSTRAP I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO WEAR ONE."
"I ADVISE THE P.3. MADAME IT IS HELD ON BY TWO ELASTIC PIECES WHICH MEET AT THE NAPE OF THE NECK
"AND AS WE NEED ANOTHER SMART GIRL FOR THE SHOW ROOM WE HAVE DECIDED TO PROMOTE YOU TO THE POSITION MISS SMITH"
LATER



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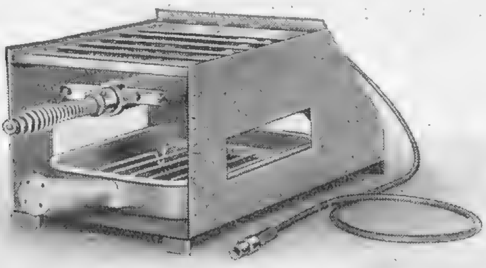

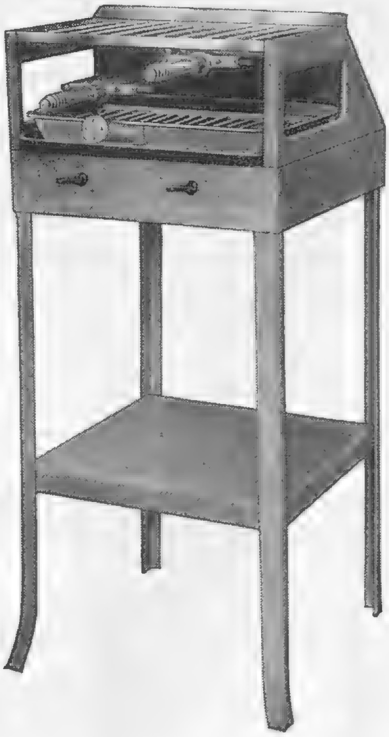

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Modern Woman Has Two Faces

sanitary accommodation for the girls at all; they have to go to Oxford Street Tube Station. . . . It is so dark (here) and a few small animals roaming around me as I work."

This is the other, sad face of the emancipated but unorganised and unprotected women. There are bonnie fighters, however, among the last I visited. The School Teachers and the Civil Servants—two highly expert bodies of women whose rates of pay differ from male colleagues doing the same, or less responsible work. And differ unfavourably. Listen to one, speaking bitterly. She is a young woman, a graduate, and she is an official worker for the highly organised bodies who want, and soon will get, equality at long last.

Without heat, she repeats her facts: among them that "men and women have an equally long training and share equal responsibilities . . . a widowed teacher with dependent children is paid at an even lower rate than a bachelor."

From the Civil Servants who are women comes the cry that, for instance, on the staff of a Deputy Divisional Controller, *who is a woman*, there are First Class Officers, men, who, although they are of the grade below her, are paid on a scale that gives them between £50 and £60 a year more than her . . . because they are men.

Make no mistake about it: if the real underworld of the underpaid is disorganised and dumbly suffering, these experts are neither. They are highly organised, anything but dumb and most formidably determined. . . . "You'll soon see, in your interviews, that there is no discrimination on account of sex, in the salaries of Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament; that dividends are not docked because they are paid to a woman. . . . Then why does a woman teacher get but eighty per cent. of a salary because she's a woman?"

I could not answer that one. I wonder if anyone else can. For we shall have to, soon.

Gentleman of the Road

(Continued from page 13)

do not understand——" she murmured.

"'Tis of no moment, lass. She will understand," Mr. Howard said with strange gravity.

AWAY to the north the storm grumbled ever more faintly, and in its wake Mr. Howard watched Sue Marjoram as she rode. Then he turned and mounted Sir Roger's horse.

It was a mad venture to which he had pledged himself, and a dangerous one; but he had pledged himself, and be it comedy or tragedy, he too must ride and play his part.

Mr. Howard turned to the south, where Saxonbury's tall cathedral spire showed, far off in the rain-washed sky, pointing like some slim white finger to the heavens. A couple of miles from that slim finger lay Croyston Hall and a knave called Roger Frant, maybe alive, maybe dead.

Mr. Howard spurred his horse to a canter, and fought against a black melancholy that had seized him.

This was no time for melancholics and regrets, he told himself. What did it signify if this unhappy wench Sue Marjoram did think of Geoffrey Wayne as a cur like Sir Roger Frant? Geoffrey Wayne had died close on twenty years ago; a rake who had left his wife and child to run off with a play-actress—and to be killed, as rumour had it, in a tavern brawl.

To hell with all this sentiment! Who cared what the world thought of Geoffrey Wayne! Mr. Clarence Howard, the Great Tragedian, was a better man than he. Yet it hurt to think that the girl Sue Marjoram called Mistress Celia Wayne—Mr. Howard's own daughter—should think of her father as a man like Roger Frant. *(Continued on page 136)*

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A bleak smile crossed Mr. Howard's face. At least Celia would think kindly of Mr. Clarence Howard, for was it not he who, barely a tenmonth ago, had fooled two rogues that she and young Richard Parham might drive to Gretna, in defiance of my Lord Lavenham, her guardian! Though they did not know that it was the wicked Geoffrey Wayne who had sent them on their way. It were better that they should never know.

With an effort Mr. Howard drove all thoughts of the past from his mind. It was of the present he must think, he had his rôle to consider, a rôle to be played with infinite care that a Suffolk wench who had come out of his past might be saved from the gibbet.

Mr. Howard's face was furrowed in thought as he rode, then of a sudden he checked the horse and looked about him. He was high up on the bare downs with never a soul in sight. Deliberately Mr. Howard drew a pistol from the holster and took aim at a great white flint thirty paces away in the short grass. He fired.

The flint shattered, and the horse shied. But Mr. Howard rode on smiling contentedly.

He was still smiling as he clattered through the cobbled streets of Saxonbury, stopping for a moment to eye with professional pride the gaping crowd of yokels outside the theatre, where the great waggons that had brought Mr. Clarence Howard's famed company of comedians to town were drawn up, before he jogged on to his inn.

A knot of idlers talking excitedly in the shade of the Bull yard ceased their chatter as Mr. Howard rode in. He cast an eager eye upon them, then raised a hand.

"Ah, Sam," he called to a little man who came forward to greet him, "I'd see you in my room. Go bid the landlord send me there a bottle of claret—of his best. 'Tis a plaguey hot afternoon, and I have a thirst—a generous thirst."

Sam Angel, who was Mr. Clarence Howard's dresser, valet and general factotum, gazed at his master in amazement. Although Mr. Howard appeared to be sober, it seemed clear to Sam that he must be very drunk.

"What have you done with your cloak and the mare?" Sam blurted out. "Don't you know that you're wearing another man's clothes and riding another man's horse?"

Mr. Howard swung himself from the saddle, and answered wearily, "Cease your questions, Sam; for there's trouble afoot—black trouble. Order the wine, then see the horse to the stable, and come to me. For I've a new rôle to play; and, egad! I know not yet if it be comedy or tragedy."

He stroke towards the inn door, treading the cobbled yard as though it were a stage, while the idlers stared in admiration, and Sam Angel frowned. For he knew his master as no other man—nor woman—knew him, and he knew that Mr. Clarence Howard was indeed troubled.

When he came to him, Mr. Howard was sprawled on a sofa, sipping his wine and staring moodily into an immense distance. Mr. Howard roused as he entered.

"Sam—what know you of Sir Roger Frant?" he demanded.

"God? You're not in that trouble, are you?" Sam exclaimed in amazement.

"Trouble, Sam? Trouble? What trouble?" Mr. Howard answered blandly. He drained his glass and reached for the decanter.

"Why, the man's in the inn at this very moment——"

"What's that?" Mr. Howard broke in sharply.

"Came to the inn not half an hour ago, I tell you, with a tale of being robbed and battered in his own park. He sits now in the Peacock Parlour with three of the Justices. He'd have them rouse the county to take the wench——"

"Wench? What's this talk of a wench?" Mr. Howard asked.

"His lady's tire-woman. 'Tis she he says who attacked him. Some worthless jade——"

"Egad! Sir Roger Frant must be a brave gallant to be

(*Continued on page* 138)

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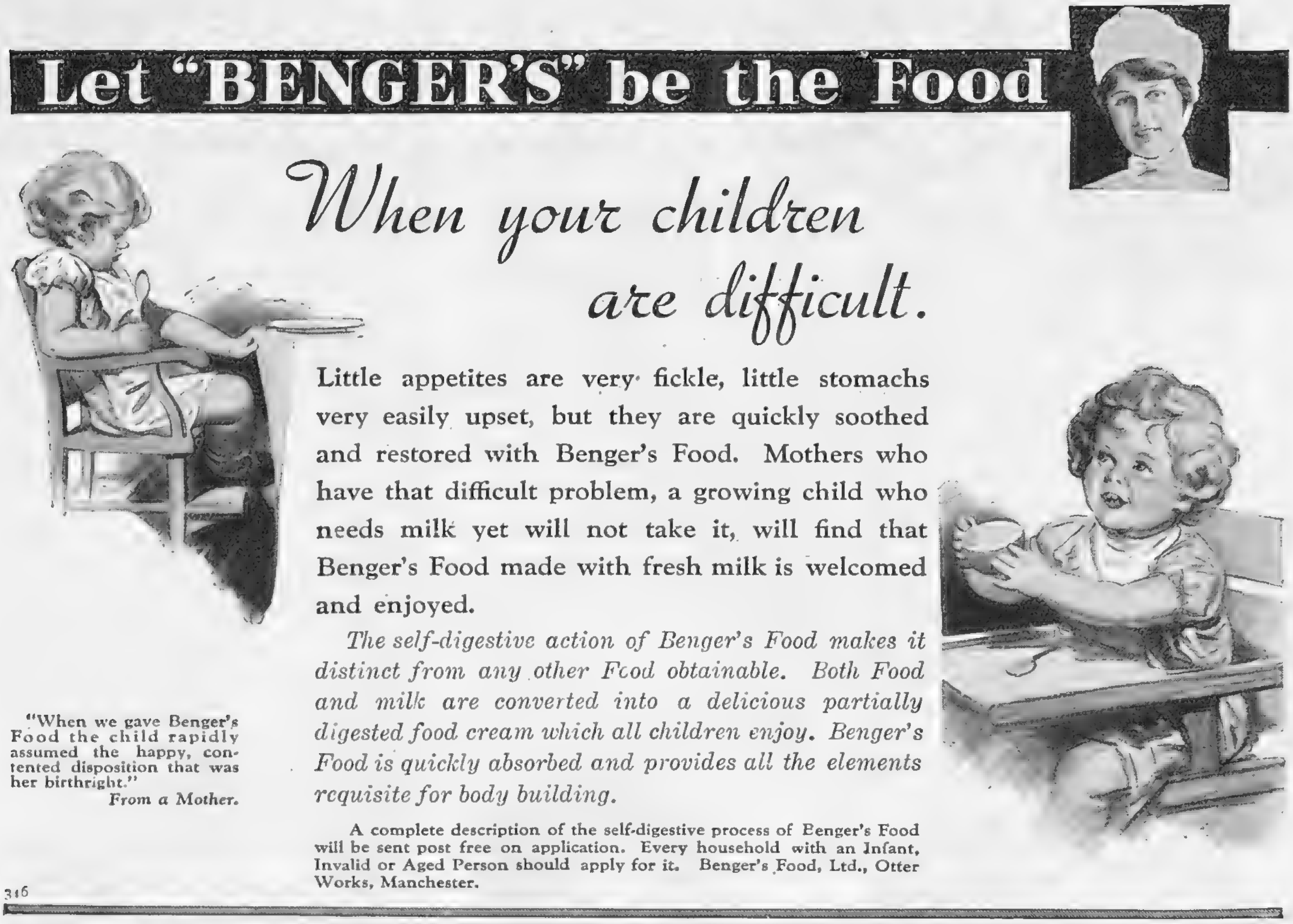

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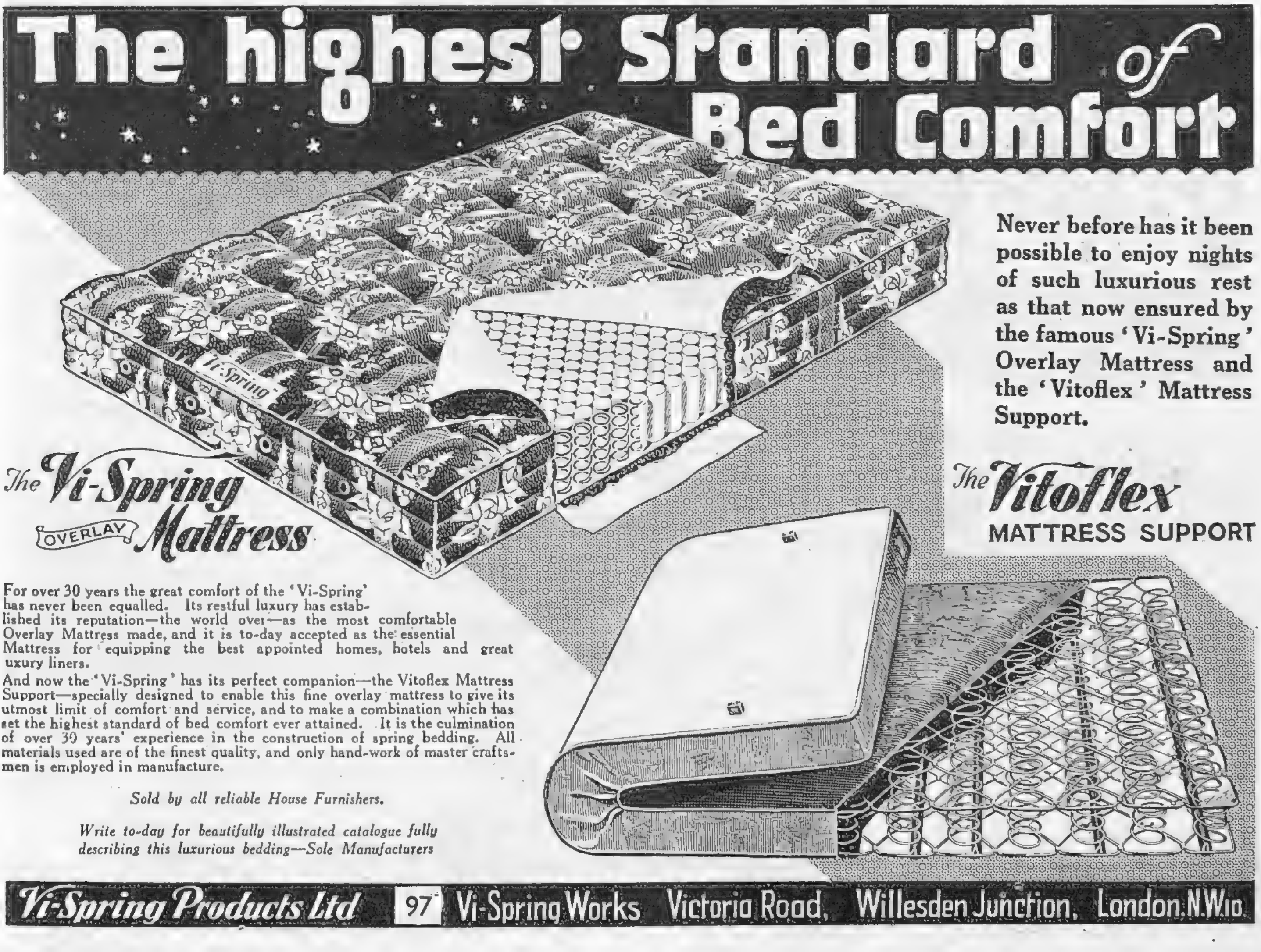

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green label chutney

INDIAN MANGO

19

battered and robbed by a wench!" Mr. Howard said acidly.

"He is a shabby furtive gallant an the town gossip be true. A lecherous rogue who's like to be a pest at the theatre ogling the women. But he's a man of power in these parts. I hope to God you're not mixed up in this affray."

"I—Sam? Am I not sober?"

"Aye, you're dangerous when you're sober. I mistrust you."

Mr. Howard's boisterous laugh filled the room.

"So that's how you'd warrant your master, is it? I' faith, perhaps you're right. Order me another bottle, Sam, that I may be tamed. Then go ye to the Peacock Parlour and present my humble duty to Sir Roger Frant. Say to him that Mr. Clarence Howard, the Great Tragedian, would wait upon him to return to him his cloak and his hat, and that his horse is safely stabled below——"

"'Fore God—what have ye done?" Sam asked in an awed whisper. "It was not you who battered the man?"

"Nay, Sam, not yet," Mr. Howard said enigmatically. "Go take my message."

Mr. Howard's smile faded as Sam left him. So Sir Roger was alive—more, little hurt, it would seem, and already yelping like a cur for revenge. That was bad hearing. Yet, ecod! he should yelp in vain. Was not Mr. Clarence Howard a match for a score of bucolic squires in a battle of wits? Aye, and more than a match. Mr. Howard rose and crossed the room to regard himself in the mirror by the mantel.

With delicacy he set his coat and straightened his wig, inspecting himself keenly in the glass. He glanced questioningly at his mud-bespattered boots, shrugged his great shoulders and nodded as though he were satisfied.

Then of a sudden he was all attention, for from beyond the door there came a tramp of footsteps and a babel of noise.

Mr. Howard moved quickly to the window and stood, in studied pose, gazing at the scene beyond.

The door burst open. Mr. Howard turned as if in indignant surprise.

A loose-lipped, puddingy sort of fellow, more soft than fat, stood in the doorway. He was dressed in country-made clothes that aped the last year's fashion of the Town. One narrow, pig-like eye glinted angrily; the other was hidden by a bandage. Mr. Howard knew him for Sir Roger Frant.

"What means this unwarrantable intrusion?" Mr. Howard thundered.

Sir Roger drew back startled at the heat of Mr. Howard's tone.

"Are you not the playactor?" he blustered after a moment.

Mr. Howard drew himself up and bowed coldly.

"You are addressing Mr. Clarence Howard, sir," he said. "But you have the advantage of him. You come unannounced."

"Damme, did ye not send some fellow to me to say you had my horse and my cloak? This is no time for fine manners. How come ye by my horse and my cloak, I'd know?"

Mr. Clarence Howard looked straight through the blustering man to Sam, who stood with a group of gentlemen beyond the threshold.

"Who is this person, Sam?" he asked in icy voice.

"'Tis Sir Roger Frant, sir."

Sir Roger flushed. Mr. Howard bowed low.

"Pray pardon me, Sir Roger," he said. "I am ignorant of the customs of your countryside. In my ignorance I had thought all times were those for good manners. Will you pray be seated—and your friends. Will you do me the honour, gentlemen, to enter my poor apartment."

Sir Roger's flush deepened.

"Damme, sir; I want none of your play-acting ways," he retorted. "Your fellow tells me you have my horse—how came you by it?"

(*Continued on page* 140)

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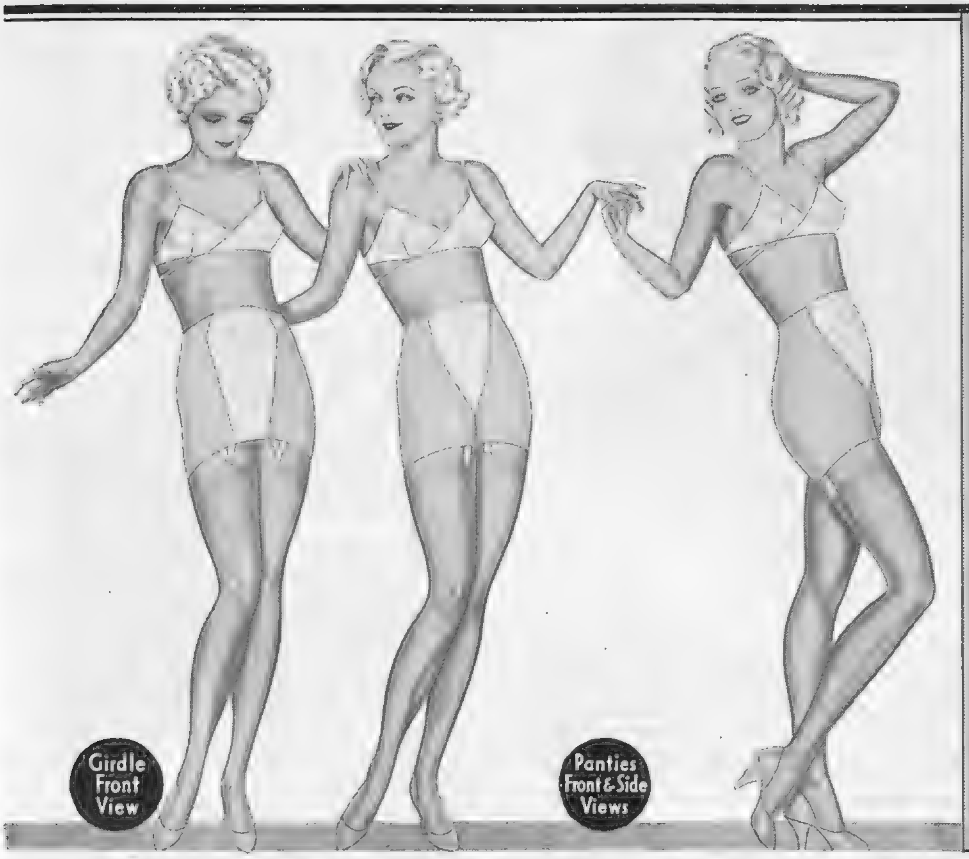

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Would you like to know more about this large Blind family—how they are educated, taught a trade and usefully employed, so that they become self-reliant, happy and industrious citizens instead of remaining life-long burdens on the community?

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work: consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman,
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3

Mr. Howard smiled.

"By ill chance, sir," he said. "From a highway knave who robbed me on the downs. The same who robbed you as he boasted. A rough, ill-favoured rogue who caught me at a disadvantage and took my own mare and my purse and my cloak, and left me yours in exchange. But, egad, I winged the man as he went." Mr. Howard's great voice rang out. "'Twas a poor satisfaction I grant ye, but he rides with a bloody shoulder and I wager he'll not ride far. For he carries one of your own bullets with him, Sir Roger, and I would to God 'twere in his heart."

"A man, you say—a man?" Sir Roger spluttered. "Twas no man that robbed me—'twas a wench——"

Mr. Howard broke in with a merry laugh. "In God's name—what Amazon maids haunt your countryside? She was a bold wench to rob a man like Sir Roger Frant."

There was a titter from the gentlemen who had followed Sir Roger to the room. Sir Roger's face was red with anger.

"'Twas a wench, I tell you," he shouted. "Well I know the jade. She was my lady's tire-maid, a vicious strumpet who was turned from the house. She lay in wait for me and begged my pity. And as I dismounted from my horse she struck me and left me senseless."

Mr. Howard stroked his dark chin.

"'Tis a strange story, Sir Roger," he said.

"D'ye doubt it?" Sir Roger rapped out.

Mr. Howard raised a plump hand.

"Doubt it? Egad! A man who tells of being robbed by his wife's own tire-woman may not be doubted. 'Tis too rare an experience. Nay, 'tis not that, I ponder, Sir Roger; 'tis of the rogue who robbed me. A four days' growth of beard there was on his chin, and long moustachios he wore that took three months to grow, I'll wager. A north-countryman to judge by his speech, and as evil a knave as you may ask to see. Are ye sure, Sir Roger, that 'twas not he who struck you down? For he boasted that he did. Boasted as he stood over me, his pistol pointed to my head, and I—with shame, I admit it, gentlemen—in deadly fear for my life."

"Nay, nay, Mr. Howard. 'Tis a dilemma in which any of us might find ourselves," one of Sir Roger's companions said. "What said this rogue to you, Mr. Howard?"

Mr. Howard glanced keenly at the faces about him, and read perplexity in them. Already their slow wits were muddled. Mr. Howard pressed his advantage. He bowed faintly.

"What said the rogue to me, gentlemen? Is it of moment? 'Twould be uncivil to repeat it before Sir Roger, though doubtless the fellow lied."

"Nay, sir, but I must insist. 'Tis of great moment. I speak as one of his Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants of the county. Sir George Warren at your service, sir."

"Your humble servant, Sir George," Mr. Howard bowed in return. "An you insist, sir, then I must speak. The rogue did tell of maid, a maid he saw weeping in the woods. And he spoke of a man who rode up to her and mocked her tears and vowed he would have her whipped. Then said the rogue—though doubtless he lied—he struck the man—"

"'Tis a lie! 'Tis a lie!" Sir Roger broke in. The colour had drained from his puffy face. He was pale and beside himself with fury. "'Twas the wench: she tried to murder me—"

"Why say you that?" Sir George put in coldly.

"I've known her for a dangerous drab from the day my Lady took her into her service—out of pity—yes pity," Sir Roger raved. "She was turned from her last employ for taking bribes from some puppy who had an intrigue with my Lord Lavenham's ward in Suffolk—before, egad, she had to marry the puppy——"

"One moment, Sir Roger." Mr. Howard stopped the man's ravings with upraised hand His face had grown (*Continued on page* 142)

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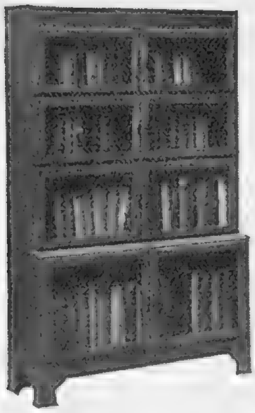

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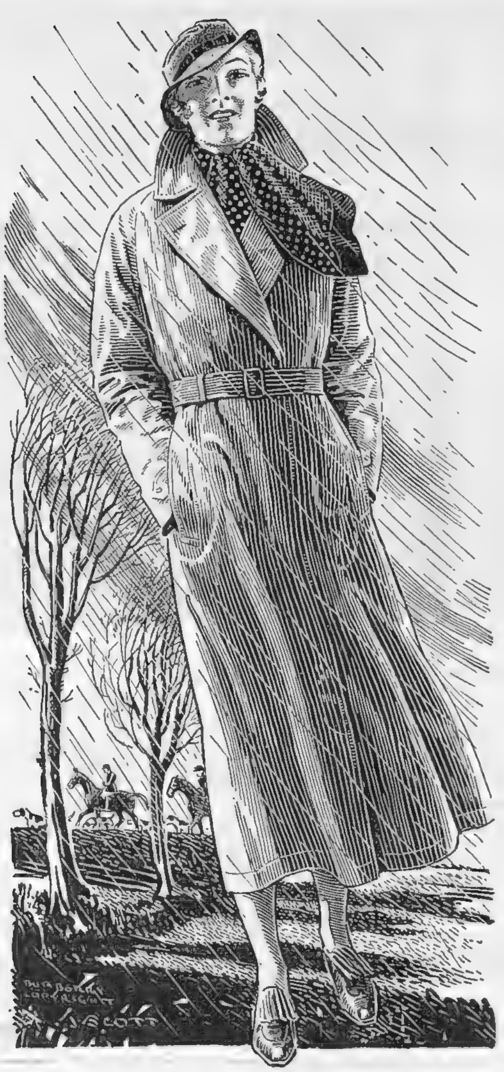

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terribly stern, and he drew himself to his full height. A tall, commanding figure, he strode across the room and filled himself a glass of wine.

The action was so strange that all eyes fixed upon him. Sir Roger gaped, his loose mouth half open. It seemed that Mr. Howard was bringing the wine to him.

Mr. Howard strode back and faced the man. His voice was low, yet each word came with eerie distinctness.

"Ye speak lightly of my Lord Lavenham's ward, Sir Roger. My lord had but one ward, now my Lady Parham. I have the honour of her friendship. Take that—"

The wine whipped from the glass and lashed Sir Roger's face. He started back, half blinded and raving.

"By God! you shall pay for this," he yelled.

"'Tis my intention."

"You play-acting mountebank; you're in league with the wench I'll vow." Sir Roger sought to rub the wine from his face. "Ye all saw it; an unprovoked assault. Go fetch the constable—"

"Must I make my intent more clear, Sir Roger?" Mr. Howard said in a voice of doom. He took a step forward and flicked the man contemptuously in the face. "You are afraid to meet me, are you? Ye have heard that Mr. Howard still has some skill with the pistol? Is that why you'd have the constable defend your honour?"

Sir Roger's companions drew aside gazing in silent amaze at the scene. Sir Roger backed towards the door.

"I do not fight with playacting vagabonds," he stammered. "I turn them over to the constable."

"An ye will not fight with a vagabond, ye shall take a thrashing from one." Mr. Howard's voice raised. "Sam, fetch me my whip."

A gasp went up from the room. Sir Roger cowered.

"Ye heard that? Ye heard the threat? I claim your protection," he screamed.

Sir George Warren answered indifferently: "'Tis your own affair—or the constable's—Sir Roger." He turned to Mr. Howard. "Sir, with your permission I would withdraw," he said. "I may not countenance what is to come, yet, believe me, sir, I would not prevent it."

"You would not prevent it?" Sir Roger called in high-pitched voice. "Ye'd let the rogue assault me."

Sam Angel pushed in at the door bearing Mr. Howard's riding crop. Sir Roger stared at it in terror, then turned and ran.

Mr. Howard regarded the door for a moment with scowling face, then the scowl vanished and he laughed a great rollicking laugh that echoed through the room.

"Gentlemen, the rat has gone," he said. "The air is cleaner for its absence, but, egad! we need something to cleanse us of its odour. Would ye honour Mr. Clarence Howard, playactor, rogue and vagabond, by drinking a glass of wine with him? Sam, fetch glasses. Fetch wine—of the best—for I would give a toast. 'Tis to a gentleman of the road who robbed Sir Roger Frant and Mr. Clarence Howard. Mr. Howard forgives him freely. Aye, and I drink to this Suffolk maid too—whoever she may be. May she be happy as all the flowers in the wood. Will ye drink that toast, gentlemen?"

Sir George bowed gravely.

"Fill ye my glass, Mr. Howard," he answered with a smile.

END

THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK and "NELL GWYNN" CANDLES

Messrs. J. C. & J. Field Ltd., the Manufacturers of "Nell Gwynn" Candles, regret that owing to an error they referred in their advertisement in the December, 1935, issue of "Britannia & Eve," to the Countess of Limerick, whereas this should have referred to May, Countess of Limerick, C.B.E., of Hall Place, Bexley. They desire to tender their apologies for any annoyance caused to the Countess of Limerick.

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THE FINEST LEATHER PRESERVATIVE

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N/71/7

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MARCH, 1936

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Date...1936

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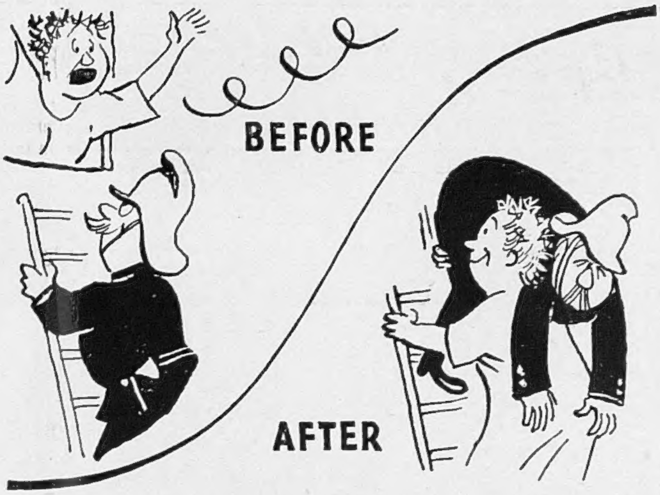

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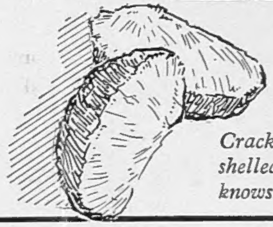

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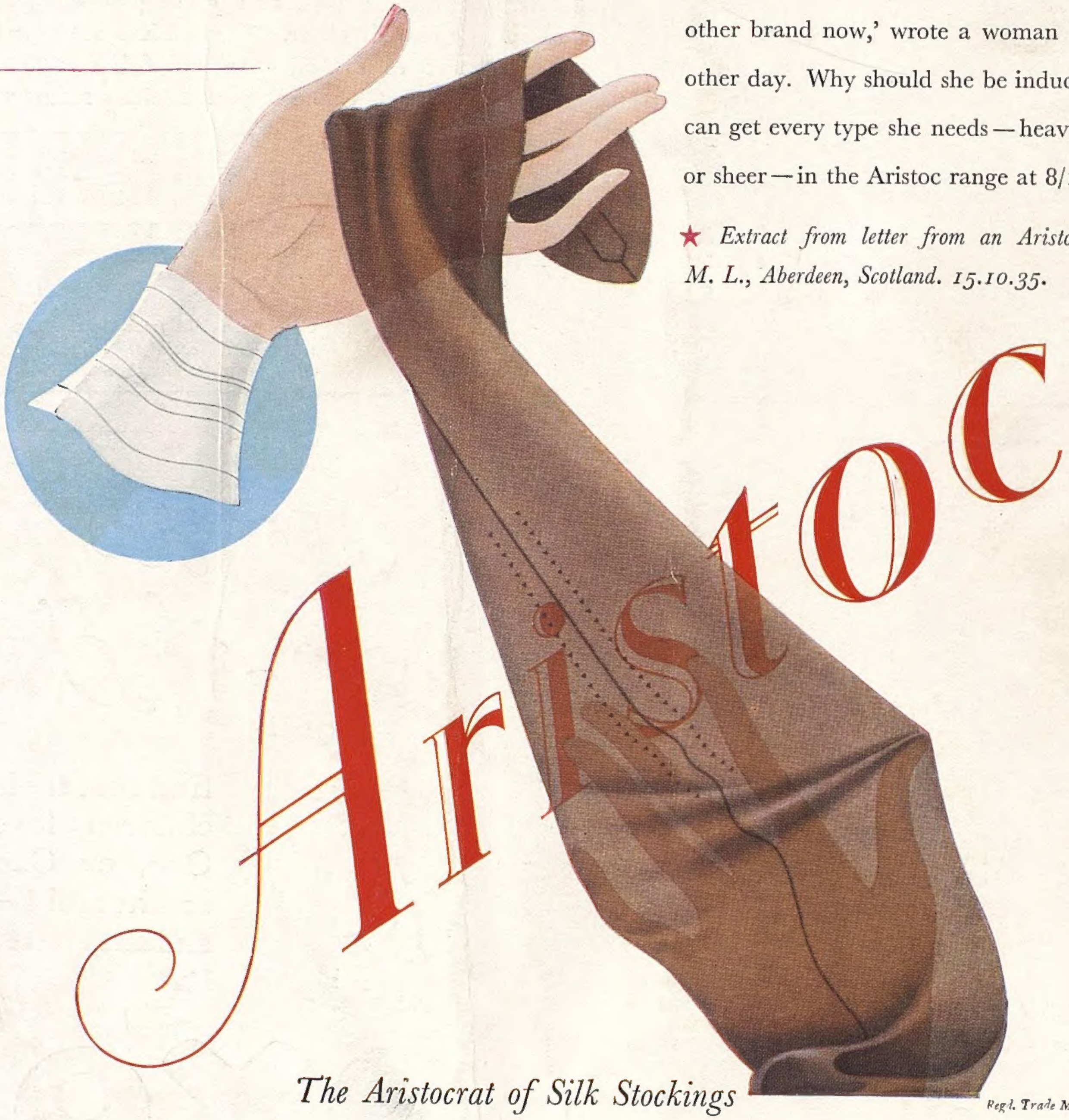

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